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NAC
Brewer

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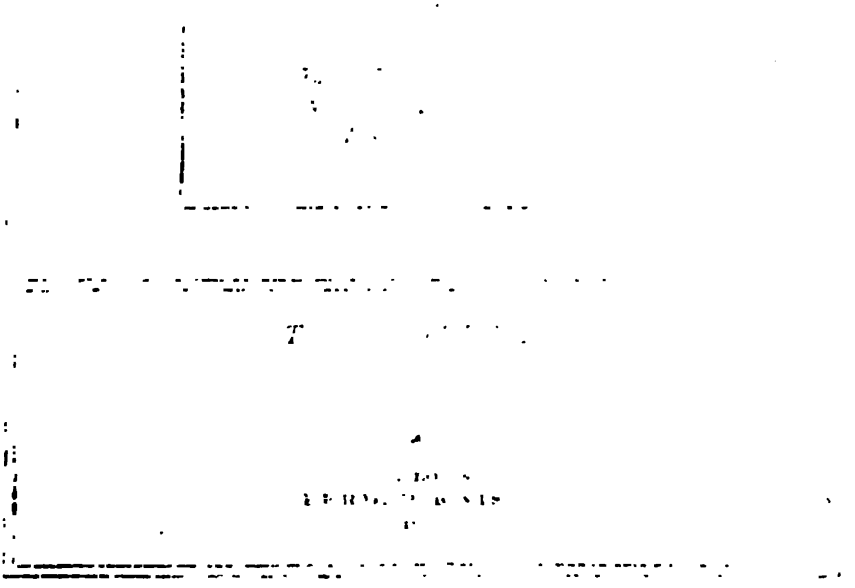

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TEN VOLUMES

VOL. VI

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1902

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HENRY HALLAM

(1777-1859)

HALLAM'S «Literary Essays and Characters,» published in 1852, are made up of selections from his «Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries,»—a work which, until Taine's «History of English Literature» appeared, held the first place among books of its class. Hallam's style is as unlike Taine's as possible and his method is the antithesis of Taine's, but he preceded, if he did not instruct, Taine in the classical method of dividing and subdividing a great subject into essays forming its topical units, so that each topic is presented in its wholeness, as well as in its connection with the larger whole. Hallam's «Literature of Europe»—which the general public has accepted as his masterpiece—becomes, as a result of this method, a true sequence of essays, each of which has an individuality of its own, while in many of them this individuality is so well defined that they are fully as capable of standing alone, outside of their connection, as any detached literary essay of De Quincey or Macaulay. As an essayist, Hallam deals in facts to a much greater extent than Macaulay or any of those essayists who formed their style as critical reviewers. His work represents original research, wide and deep. Professor Edward Robinson says that «in science and theology, mathematics and poetry, metaphysics and law, he is a competent and always a fair, if not a profound, critic,» and adds that «the great qualities displayed in his work, conscientiousness, accuracy, and enormous reading, have been universally acknowledged.» This is especially true of the «History of European Literature,» which shows a range of reading equaled only by Gibbon. Hallam's «View of the Middle Ages» and his «Constitutional History of England» trace the development of modern England from the Feudal system to its present form of aristocratic constitutional government. It lacks the general interest which Blackstone knows how to give to even the most abstract subject, but it has become a recognized authority among English lawyers and public men, and if it is seldomer read than the «History of European Literature,» it is not less widely distributed in England and America. In both countries, Hallam holds his place on the shelves with Gibbon, as he deserves to do because of a faculty of amassing and using details in which Gibbon alone surpasses him.

Hallam was born at Windsor, England, in 1777. After taking his degree at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1799, he studied at the Inner Temple and was called to the bar; but although his knowledge of the principles of law was profound, he never practiced his profession. His life was devoted to literature and to the historical research which appears so unmistakably in his three great works: «A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages,» 1818; «The Constitutional History of England,» 1827; and the «Introduction to the Literature of Europe,» eleven years later. His eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of brilliant promise, died at the age of twenty-one, and was immortalized by Tennyson's «In Memoriam.» In 1834 Hallam published «The Remains in Prose and Verse of Arthur Henry Hallam, with a Sketch of His Life.» The «Literary Essays and Characters» already referred to followed this as the last of his important publications. He died January 21st, 1859, surviving all the great Whigs of the first half of the century except Macaulay, who died in December of the same year, and Brougham, who lingered in second childhood until 1868. Although Hallam took no direct part in politics, he was himself one of the «great Whigs» of his generation, but his Whiggery involved no leaning towards Democracy. He believed in the English constitution as an evolution of national character and in Aristocracy as a part of it, but he had the genuine Whig hatred of despotism. His death and that of Macaulay in the same year left the potent Whig idea of the eighteenth century without adequate representation in the literature of England during the second half of the nineteenth century. Old school Whiggery was succeeded by a quarter of a century of «Liberalism» which, as its logic worked out at the close of the century, has demonstrated itself as something far less masculine than the political idea, which from the days of Chatham to the middle of the nineteenth century was so decisive a factor in the progress of the world. W. V. B.

THE FIRST BOOKS PRINTED IN EUROPE

About the end of the fourteenth century we find a practice of taking impressions from engraved blocks of wood; sometimes for playing cards, which were not generally used long before that time, sometimes for rude cuts of saints. The latter were frequently accompanied by a few lines of letters cut in the block. Gradually entire pages were impressed in this manner; and thus began what are called block books, printed in fixed characters, but never exceeding a very few leaves. Of these

there exist nine or ten, often reprinted, as it is generally thought, between 1400 and 1440. In using the word Printed, it is of course not intended to prejudice the question as to the real art of printing. These block books seem to have been all executed in the Low Countries. They are said to have been followed by several editions of the short grammar of Donatus. These also were printed in Holland. This mode of printing from blocks of wood has been practiced in China from time immemorial.

The invention of printing, in the modern sense, from movable letters, has been referred by most to Gutenberg, a native of Mentz, but settled at Strasburg. He is supposed to have conceived the idea before 1440, and to have spent the next ten years in making attempts at carrying it into effect, which some assert him to have done in short fugitive pieces, actually printed from his movable wooden characters before 1450. But of the existence of these, there seems to be no evidence. Gutenberg's priority is disputed by those who deem Lawrence Costar of Haarlem the real inventor of the art. According to a tradition, which seems not to be traced beyond the middle of the sixteenth century, but resting afterwards upon sufficient testimony to prove its local reception, Costar substituted movable for fixed letters as early as 1430; and some have believed that a book called «Speculum Humanæ Salvationis,» of very rude wooden characters, proceeded from the Haarlem press before any other that is generally recognized. The tradition adds that an unfaithful servant, having fled with the secret, set up for himself at Strasburg or Mentz; and this treachery was originally ascribed to Gutenberg or Fust, but seems, since they have been manifestly cleared of it, to have been laid on one Gensfleisch, reputed to be the brother of Gutenberg. The evidence, however, as to this is highly precarious; and even if we were to admit the claims of Costar, there seems no fair reason to dispute that Gutenberg might also have struck out an idea, which surely did not require any extraordinary ingenuity, and left the most important difficulties to be surmounted, as they undeniably were, by himself and his coadjutors.

It is agreed by all that about 1450 Gutenberg, having gone to Mentz, entered into partnership with Fust, a rich merchant of that city, for the purpose of carrying the invention into effect, and that Fust supplied him with considerable sums of money. The subsequent steps are obscure. According to a passage in the «Annales Hirsargienses» of Trithemius, written sixty years after-

wards, but on the authority of a grandson of Peter Schæffer, their assistant in the work, it was about 1452 that the latter brought the art to perfection, by devising an easier mode of casting types. This passage has been interpreted, according to a lax construction, to mean that Schæffer invented the method of casting types in a matrix; but seems more strictly to intimate that we owe to him the great improvement in letter casting, namely, the punches of engraved steel, by which the matrices or molds are struck, and without which, independent of the economy of labor, there could be no perfect uniformity of shape. Upon the former supposition Schæffer may be reckoned the main inventor of the art of printing; for movable wooden letters, though small books may possibly have been printed by means of them, are so inconvenient, and letters of cut metal so expensive, that few great works were likely to have passed through the press till cast types were employed. Van Praet, however, believes the Psalter of 1457 to have been printed from wooden characters; and some have conceived letters of cut metal to have been employed both in that and in the first Bible. Lambinet, who thinks "the essence of the art of printing is in the engraved punch," naturally gives the chief credit to Schæffer; but this is not the more usual opinion.

The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, a copy having been found, about the middle of the last century, in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. It is remarkable that its existence was unknown before; for it can hardly be called a book of very extraordinary scarcity, nearly twenty copies being in different libraries, half of them in those of private persons in England. No date appears in this Bible, and some have referred its publication to 1452, or even to 1450, which few, perhaps, would at present maintain; while others have thought the year 1455 rather more probable. In a copy belonging to the Royal Library at Paris an entry is made importing that it was completed in binding and illuminating at Mentz, on the Feast of the Assumption (Aug. 15), 1456. But Trithemius, in the passage above quoted, seems to intimate that no book had been printed in 1452; and, considering the lapse of time that would naturally be employed in such an undertaking during the infancy of the art, and that we have no other printed book of the least importance to fill up the interval till 1457, and also that the binding and illuminating

the above-mentioned copy is likely to have followed the publication at no great length of time, we may not err in placing its appearance in the year 1455, which will secure its hitherto unimpeached priority in the records of bibliography.

It is a very striking circumstance that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters, but with some want of uniformity, which has led, perhaps unreasonably, to a doubt whether they were cast in a matrix. We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of heaven.

A metrical exhortation, in the German language, to take arms against the Turks, dated in 1454, has been retrieved in the present century. If this date unequivocally refers to the time of printing, which does not seem a necessary consequence, it is the earliest loose sheet that is known to be extant. It is said to be in the type of what is called the Bamberg Bible, which we shall soon have to mention. Two editions of Letters of indulgence from Nicolas V., bearing the date of 1454, are extant in single printed sheets, and two more editions of 1455; but it has justly been observed that even if published before the Mazarin Bible, the printing of the great volume must have commenced long before. An almanac for the year 1457 has also been detected; and as fugitive sheets of this kind are seldom preserved, we may justly conclude that the art of printing was not dormant so far as these light productions are concerned. A Donatus, with Schæffer's name, but no date, may or may not be older than a Psalter published in 1457 by Fust and Schæffer (the partnership with Gutenberg having been dissolved in November, 1455, and having led to a dispute and litigation), with a colophon, or notice, subjoined in the last page, in these words:—

"*Psalmorum codex venustate capitalium decoratus, rubricationibusque sufficienter distinctus, adinventione artificiosa imprimendi ac caracterizandi, absque calami ulla exaratione sic effigiatus, et ad eusebiam Dei industrie est*

summatus. Per Johannem Fust, civem Moguntinum, et Petrum Schæffer de Gernsheim, anno Domini millesimo cccclvii. In vigilia Assumptionis.»

A colophon, substantially similar, is subjoined to several of the Fustine editions. And this seems hard to reconcile with the story that Fust sold his impressions at Paris, as late as 1463, for manuscripts.

Another Psalter was printed by Fust and Schæffer with similar characters in 1459; and, in the same year, «Durandi Rationale,» a treatise on the liturgical offices of the church; of which Van Praet says that it is perhaps the earliest with cast types to which Fust and Schæffer have given their name and date. The two Psalters he conceives to have been printed from wood. But this would be disputed by other eminent judges. In 1460 a work of considerable size, the «Catholicon» of Balbi, came out from an opposition press established at Mentz by Gutenberg. The Clementine Constitutions, part of the canon law, were also printed by him in the same year.

These are the only monuments of early typography acknowledged to come within the present decennium. A Bible without a date, supposed by most to have been printed by Pfister at Bamberg, though ascribed by others to Gutenberg himself, is reckoned by good judges certainly prior to 1462, and perhaps as early as 1460. Daunou and others refer it to 1461. The antiquities of typography, after all the pains bestowed upon them, are not unlikely to receive still further elucidation in the course of time.

From «Introduction to the Literature of Europe,» Chap. iii.

POETS WHO MADE SHAKESPEARE POSSIBLE

«IN THE latter end of King Henry the Eighth's reign,» says Puttenham in his «Art of Poesie,» «sprung up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder and Henry, Earl of Surrey were the two chieftains, who having travailed into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie, from that it had been before. and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers

of our English metre and style. In the same time or not long after was the Lord Nicolas Vaux, a man of much facility in vulgar makings.» The poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who died in 1544, and of the Earl of Surrey, executed in 1547, were first published in 1557, with a few by other hands, in a scarce little book called «Tottel's Miscellanies.» They were, however, in all probability, known before; and it seems necessary to mention them in this period, as they mark an important epoch in English literature.

Wyatt and Surrey, for we may best name them in the order of time, rather than of civil or poetical rank, have had recently the good fortune to be recommended by an editor of extensive acquaintance with literature, and of still superior taste. It will be a gratification to read the following comparison of the two poets, which I extract the more willingly that it is found in a publication somewhat bulky and expensive for the mass of readers: —

«They were men whose minds may be said to have been cast in the same mold, for they differ only in those minuter shades of character which always must exist in human nature,—shades of difference so infinitely varied, that there never were and never will be two persons in all respects alike. In their love of virtue and their instinctive hatred and contempt of vice, in their freedom from personal jealousy, in their thirst after knowledge and intellectual improvement, in nice observation of nature, promptitude to action, intrepidity and fondness for romantic enterprise, in magnificence and liberality, in generous support of others and high-spirited neglect of themselves, in constancy in friendship, and tender susceptibility of affections of a still warmer nature, and in everything connected with sentiment and principle, they were one and the same; but when those qualities branch out into particulars, they will be found in some respects to differ.

«Wyatt had a deeper and more accurate penetration into the characters of men than Surrey had; hence arises the difference in their satires. Surrey, in his satire against the citizens of London, deals only in reproach; Wyatt, in his, abounds with irony, and those nice touches of ridicule which make us ashamed of our faults, and therefore often silently effect amendment. Surrey's observation of nature was minute; but he directed it towards the works of nature in general, and the movements of the passions, rather than to the foibles and characters of men; hence it is that he excels in the description of rural objects, and is always tender and pathetic. In Wyatt's «Complaint» we hear a strain of manly grief which commands attention,

and we listen to it with respect, for the sake of him that suffers. Surrey's distress is painted in such natural terms that we make it our own, and recognize in his sorrows emotions which we are conscious of having felt ourselves.

«In point of taste and perception of propriety in composition, Surrey is more accurate and just than Wyatt; he therefore seldom either offends with conceits or wearies with repetition, and when he imitates other poets he is original as well as pleasing. In his numerous translations from Petrarch he is seldom inferior to his master; and he seldom improves upon him. Wyatt is almost always below the Italian, and frequently degrades a good thought by expressing it so that it is hardly recognizable. Had Wyatt attempted a translation of Virgil, as Surrey did, he would have exposed himself to unavoidable failure.»

To remarks so delicate in taste and so founded in knowledge, I should not venture to add much of my own. Something, however, may generally be admitted to modify the ardent panegyrics of an editor. Those who, after reading this brilliant passage, should turn for the first time to the poems either of Wyatt or of Surrey, might think the praise too unbounded, and, in some respects perhaps, not appropriate. It seems to be now ascertained, after sweeping away a host of foolish legends and traditionary prejudices, that the Geraldine of Surrey, Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, was a child of thirteen, for whom his passion, if such it is to be called, began several years after his own marriage. But in fact there is more of the conventional tone of amorous song, than of real emotion, in Surrey's poetry. The

«Easy sighs, such as men draw in love,»

are not like the deep sorrows of Petrarch, or the fiery transports of the Castilians.

The taste of this accomplished man is more striking than his poetical genius. He did much for his own country and his native language. The versification of Surrey differs very considerably from that of his predecessors. He introduced, as Dr. Nott says, a sort of involution into his style, which gives an air of dignity and remoteness from common life. It was, in fact, borrowed from the license of Italian poetry, which our own idiom has rejected. He avoids pedantic words, forcibly obtruded from the Latin, of which our earlier poets, both English and Scotch, had been ridiculously fond. The absurd epithets of Hoccleve, Lyd-

gate, Dunbar, and Douglas are applied equally to the most different things, so as to show that they annexed no meaning to them. Surrey rarely lays an unnatural stress on final syllables, merely as such, which they would not receive in ordinary pronunciation,—another usual trick of the school of Chaucer. His words are well chosen and well arranged.

Surrey is the first who introduced blank verse into our English poetry. It has been doubted whether it had been previously employed in Italian, save in tragedy; for the poems of Alamanni and Rucellai were not published before many of our noble poet's compositions had been written. Dr. Nott, however, admits that Boscan and other Spanish poets had used it. The translation by Surrey of the second book of the "Æneid," in blank verse, is among the chief of his productions. No one had, before his time, known how to translate or imitate with appropriate expression. But the structure of his verse is not very harmonious, and the sense is rarely carried beyond the line.

If we could rely on a theory, advanced and ably supported by his editor, Surrey deserves the still more conspicuous praise of having brought about a great revolution in our poetical numbers. It had been supposed to be proved by Tyrwhitt that Chaucer's lines are to be read metrically, in ten or eleven syllables, like the Italian, and, as I apprehend, the French of his time. For this purpose it is necessary to presume that many terminations, now mute, were syllabically pronounced; and where verses prove refractory after all our endeavors, Tyrwhitt has no scruple in declaring them corrupt. It may be added that Gray, before the appearance of Tyrwhitt's essay on the versification of Chaucer, had adopted without hesitation the same hypothesis. But, according to Dr. Nott, the verses of Chaucer, and of all his successors down to Surrey, are merely rhythmical, to be read by cadence, and admitting of considerable variety in the number of syllables, though ten may be the more frequent. In the manuscripts of Chaucer the line is always broken by a cæsura in the middle, which is pointed out by a virgule; and this is preserved in the early editions down to that of 1532. They come near, therefore, to the short Saxon line, differing chiefly by the alternate rhyme, which converts two verses into one. He maintains that a great many lines of Chaucer cannot be read metrically, though harmonious as verses of cadence. This rhythmical measure he proceeds to show in Hoccleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Barclay, Skelton, and

even Wyatt; and thus concludes that it was first abandoned by Surrey, in whom it very rarely occurs.

This hypothesis, it should be observed, derives some additional plausibility from a passage in Gascoyne's "Notes of Instruction concerning the Making of Verse or Rhyme in English," printed in 1575:—

"Whosoever do peruse and well consider his [Chaucer's] works, he shall find that, although his lines are not always of one self-same number of syllables, yet, being read by one that hath understanding, the longest verse, and that which hath most syllables in it, will fall (to the ear) correspondent unto that which hath fewest syllables; and likewise that which hath fewest syllables shall be found yet to consist of words that have such natural sound as may seem equal in length to a verse which hath many more syllables of lighter accents."

A theory so ingeniously maintained, and with so much induction of examples, has naturally gained a good deal of credit. I cannot, however, by any means concur in the extension given to it. Pages may be read in Chaucer, and still more in Dunbar, where every line is regularly and harmoniously decasyllabic; and though the cæsura may perhaps fall rather more uniformly than it does in modern verse, it would be very easy to find exceptions, which could not acquire a rhythmical cadence by any artifice of the reader. The deviations from the normal type, or decasyllable line, were they more numerous than, after allowance for the license of pronunciation, as well as the probable corruption of the text, they appear to be, would not, I conceive, justify us in concluding that it was disregarded. For these aberrant lines are much more common in the dramatic blank verse of the seventeenth century. They are, doubtless, vestiges of the old rhythmical forms; and we may readily allow that English versification had not, in the fifteenth or even sixteenth centuries, the numerical regularity of classical or Italian metre. In the ancient ballads, Scotch and English, the substitution of the anapest for the iambic foot is of perpetual recurrence, and gives them a remarkable elasticity and animation; but we never fail to recognize a uniformity of measure, which the use of nearly equipollent feet cannot, on the strictest metrical principles, be thought to impair.

If we compare the poetry of Wyatt and Surrey with that of Barclay or Skelton, about thirty or forty years before, the difference must appear wonderful. But we should not, with Dr. Nott,

attribute this wholly to superiority of genius. It is to be remembered that the later poets wrote in a court, and in one which, besides the aristocratic manners of chivalry, had not only imbibed a great deal of refinement from France and Italy, but a considerable tinge of ancient literature. Their predecessors were less educated men, and they addressed a more vulgar class of readers. Nor was this polish of language peculiar to Surrey and his friend. In the short poems of Lord Vaux, and of others about the same time, even in those of Nicolas Grimoald, a lecturer at Oxford, who was no courtier, but had acquired a classical taste, we find a rejection of obsolete and trivial phrases, and the beginnings of what we now call the style of our older poetry.

From «Introduction to the Literature of Europe,»
Part I., Chap. viii.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

(1834–1894)

THE «Intellectual Life,» by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, is a series of essays written in the form of letters to imaginary correspondents who are supposed to have consulted the writer on some subject of literature or art. Hamerton was a landscape painter and etcher of ability, and among his most notable publications were «Etching and Etchers,» «The Graphic Arts,» and «Contemporary French Painters,» volumes which are treasured because of his admirably etched illustrations. He was born in Lancashire, England, September 10th, 1834. His taste for rural life was marked, and some of his best books are impregnated with it. His autobiography, left incomplete at his death (November 5th, 1894), was published by his widow, with a supplement. His works include several novels, a number of books of art criticism, and his essays on the «Intellectual Life,» —the latter his most popular production.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE

THE subject of marriage is one concerning which neither I nor anybody else can have more than an infinitesimally small atom of knowledge. Each of us knows how his or her own marriage has turned out; but that, in comparison with a knowledge of marriage generally, is like a single plant in comparison with the flora of the globe. The utmost experience on this subject to be found in this country extends to about three trials or experiments. A man may become twice a widower, and then marry a third time, but it may be easily shown that the variety of his experience is more than counterbalanced by its incompleteness in each instance. For the experiment to be conclusive even as to the wisdom of one decision, it must extend over half a lifetime. A true marriage is not a mere temporary arrangement, and although a young couple are said to be married as soon as the lady has changed her name, the truth is that the real marriage is a long slow intergrowth, like that of two trees planted quite close together in the forest.

The subject of marriage generally is one of which men know less than they know of any other subject of universal interest. People are almost always wrong in their estimates of the marriages of others, and the best proof how little we know the real tastes and needs of those with whom we have been most intimate is our unfailing surprise at the marriages they make. Very old and experienced people fancy they know a great deal about younger couples, but their guesses, there is good reason to believe, never exactly hit the mark.

Ever since this idea, that marriage is a subject we are all very ignorant about, had taken root in my own mind, many little incidents were perpetually occurring to confirm it; they proved to me, on the one hand, how often I had been mistaken about other people, and, on the other hand, how mistaken other people were concerning the only marriage I profess to know anything about, namely, my own.

Our ignorance is all the darker that few men tell us the little that they know, that little being too closely bound up with that innermost privacy of life which every man of right feeling respects in his own case, as in the case of another. The only instances which are laid bare to the public view are the unhappy marriages, which are really not marriages at all. An unhappy alliance bears exactly the same relation to a true marriage that disease does to health, and the quarrels and misery of it are the crises by which nature tries to bring about either the recovery of happiness, or the endurable peace of a settled separation.

All that we really know about marriage is that it is based upon the most powerful of all our instincts, and that it shows its own justification in its fruits, especially in the prolonged and watchful care of children. But marriage is very complex in its effects, and there is one set of effects resulting from it, to which remarkably little attention has been paid hitherto,—I mean its effects upon the intellectual life. Surely they deserve consideration by all who value culture.

I believe that for an intellectual man only two courses are open; either he ought to marry some simple, dutiful woman who will bear him children, and see to the household matters, and love him in a trustful spirit without jealousy of his occupations; or else, on the other hand, he ought to marry some highly intelligent lady, able to carry her education far beyond school experiences, and willing to become his companion in the arduous paths

of intellectual labor. The danger in the first of the two cases is that pointed out by Wordsworth in some verses addressed to lake tourists who might feel inclined to buy a peasant's cottage in Westmoreland. The tourist would spoil the little romantic spot if he bought it; the charm of it is subtly dependent upon the poetry of a simple life, and would be brushed away by the influence of the things that are necessary to people in the middle class. I remember dining in a country inn with an English officer whose ideas were singularly unconventional. We were waited upon by our host's daughter, a beautiful girl, whose manners were remarkable for their natural elegance and distinction. It seemed to us both that no lady of rank could be more distinguished than she was; and my companion said that he thought a gentleman might do worse than ask that girl to marry him, and settle down quietly in that quiet mountain village, far from the cares and vanities of the world. That is a sort of dream which has occurred no doubt to many an honorable man. Some men have gone so far as to try to make the dream a reality, and have married the beautiful peasant. But the difficulty is that she does not remain what she was; she becomes a sort of make-belief lady, and then her ignorance, which in her natural condition was a charming naïveté, becomes an irritating defect. If, however, it were possible for an intellectual man to marry some simple-hearted peasant girl, and keep her carefully in her original condition, I seriously believe that the venture would be less perilous to his culture than an alliance with some woman of our Philistine classes, equally incapable of comprehending his pursuits, but much more likely to interfere with them. I once had a conversation on this subject with a distinguished artist, who is now a widower, and who is certainly not likely to be prejudiced against marriage by his own experience, which had been an unusually happy one. His view was that a man devoted to art might marry either a plain-minded woman, who would occupy herself exclusively with household matters and shield his peace by taking these cares upon herself, or else a woman quite capable of entering into his artistic life; but he was convinced that a marriage which exposed him to unintelligent criticism and interference would be dangerous in the highest degree. And of the two kinds of marriage which he considered possible he preferred the former, that with the entirely ignorant and simple person from whom no interference was to be apprehended. He considered the first Madame Ingres the

true model of an artist's wife, because she did all in her power to guard her husband's peace against the daily cares of life and never herself disturbed it, acting the part of a breakwater which protects a space of calm, and never destroys the peace that it has made. This may be true for artists whose occupation is rather æsthetic than intellectual, and does not get much help or benefit from talk; but the ideal marriage for a man of great literary culture would be one permitting some equality of companionship, or, if not equality, at least interest. That this ideal is not a mere dream, but may consolidate into a happy reality, several examples prove; yet these examples are not so numerous as to relieve me from anxiety about your chances of finding such companionship. The different education of the two sexes separates them widely at the beginning; and to meet on any common ground of culture, a second education has to be gone through. It rarely happens that there is resolution enough for this.

The want of thoroughness and reality in the education of both sexes, but especially in that of women, may be attributed to a sort of policy which is not very favorable to companionship in married life. It appears to be thought wise to teach boys things which women do not learn, in order to give women a degree of respect for men's attainments, which they would not be so likely to feel if they were prepared to estimate them critically; whilst girls are taught arts and languages which until recently were all but excluded from our public schools, and won no rank at our universities. Men and women had consequently scarcely any common ground to meet upon, and the absence of serious mental discipline in the training of women made them indisposed to submit to the irksomeness of that earnest intellectual labor which might have remedied the deficiency. The total lack of accuracy in their mental habits was then, and is still for the immense majority of women, the least easily surmountable impediment to culture. The history of many marriages which have failed to realize intellectual companionship is comprised in a sentence which was actually uttered by one of the most accomplished of my friends: « She knew nothing when I married her. I tried to teach her something; it made her angry, and I gave it up.»

Letter I. on Women and Marriage complete.
From «Intellectual Life.»

TO A LADY OF HIGH CULTURE

I THINK that the greatest misfortune in the intellectual life of women is that they do not hear the truth from men.

All men in cultivated society say to women as much as possible that which they may be supposed to wish to hear, and women are so much accustomed to this that they can scarcely hear without resentment an expression of opinion which takes no account of their personal and private feeling. The consideration for the feelings of women gives an agreeable tone to society, but it is fatal to the severity of truth. Observe a man of the world whose opinions are well known to you,—notice the little pause before he speaks to a lady. During that little pause he is turning over what he has to say, so as to present it in the manner that will please her best; and you may be sure that the integrity of truth will suffer in the process. If we compare what we know of the man with that which the lady hears from him, we perceive the immense disadvantages of her position. He ascertains what will please her, and that is what he administers. He professes to take a deep interest in things which he does not care for in the least, and he passes lightly over subjects and events which he knows to be of the most momentous importance to the world. The lady spends an hour more agreeably than if she heard opinions which would irritate, and prognostics which would alarm her, but she has missed an opportunity for culture, she has been confirmed in feminine illusions. If this happened only from time to time, the effect would not tell so much on the mental constitution; but it is incessant, it is continual. Men disguise their thoughts for women as if to venture into the feminine world were as dangerous as traveling in Arabia, or as if the thoughts themselves were criminal.

There appeared two or three years ago in Punch a clever drawing which might have served as an illustration to this subject. A fashionable doctor was visiting a lady in Belgravia who complained that she suffered from debility. Cod-liver oil being repugnant to her taste, the agreeable doctor, wise in his generation, blandly suggested as an effective substitute a mixture of cream and curaçoa. What that intelligent man did for his patient's physical constitution, all men of politeness do for the intellectual constitution of ladies. Instead of administering the

truth which would strengthen, though unpalatable, they administer intellectual cream and curaçoa.

The primary cause of this tendency to say what is most pleasing to women is likely to be as permanent as the distinction of sex itself. It springs directly from sexual feelings, it is hereditary and instinctive. Men will never talk to women with that rough frankness which they use between themselves. Conversation between the sexes will always be partially insincere. Still I think that the more women are respected, the more men will desire to be approved by them for what they are in reality, and the less they will care for approval which is obtained by dissimulation. It may be observed already that, in the most intellectual society of great capitals, men are considerably more outspoken before women than they are in the provincial middle classes. Where women have most culture, men are most open and sincere. Indeed, the highest culture has a direct tendency to command sincerity in others, both because it is tolerant of variety in opinion, and because it is so penetrating that dissimulation is felt to be of no use. By the side of an uncultivated woman, a man feels that if he says anything different from what she has been accustomed to, she will take offense; whilst if he says anything beyond the narrow range of her information, he will make her cold and uncomfortable. The most honest of men, in such a position, finds it necessary to be very cautious, and can scarcely avoid a little insincerity. But with a woman of culture equal to his own, these causes for apprehension have no existence, and he can safely be more himself.

These considerations lead me to hope that as culture becomes more general women will hear truth more frequently. Whenever this comes to pass, it will be, to them, an immense intellectual gain.

Letter VIII. on Women and Marriage complete.
From «Intellectual Life.»

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

(1757–1804)

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the celebrated founder of the Federalist party, was born in the West Indies, January 11th, 1757. He came to the United States in 1772, and entered actively into politics before attaining his majority. The talent for political writing, which had such marked effect when he displayed it through the Federalist after the Constitution had been framed, attracted attention in 1774–75, and when he entered the army he became a favorite member of Washington's staff. After serving with distinction he was elected to the Continental Congress, and in 1787 to the convention which submitted the Federal Constitution to the states. In the New York convention, called to pass upon the Federal constitution, he met powerful opposition ably represented, and defeated it by a force and flexibility of intellect which had not been shown before in American public affairs. From October, 1787, to April, 1788, he co-operated with Jay and Madison in writing the Federalist essays, which appeared serially in the Independent Journal of New York. They owe their form to the Whig Examiner of Addison's time, and their spirit to strong Anglican conservatism and repugnance to everything French. The contest between English ideals and those of eighteenth-century France was waged in America with bitterness during the decade which preceded the actual hostilities of the Revolution, when Otis, Samuel Adams, and Jefferson represented the extreme of opposition to what was afterwards called Federalism. Otis seems first to have promulgated in America the doctrine of «Individual Sovereignty,» which was held by Virginia «Jacobins» with Jefferson, and afterwards by New England «Radicals» with Ralph Waldo Emerson,—who in his «English Traits» pronounces it the only distinctive «American idea.» Otis died in 1783, however, and during the time of Hamilton's greatest successes, Jefferson was absent in France. Returning and finding how his followers and friends had been overmatched, Jefferson became embittered against Hamilton and began organizing the country for his overthrow. In his «Anas» Jefferson writes characteristically of the beginning of this contest, and the passage, while it cannot be fairly described, except as an exasperated attack, is vital for an understanding of Hamilton's career and of the next half-century of American history.

«The want of some authority which should procure justice to the public creditors,» Jefferson writes, «and an observance of treaties with foreign nations, produced . . . the call of a convention of the states at Annapolis. Although, at this meeting, a difference of opinion was evident on the question of a republican or kingly government, yet so general through the states was the sentiment in favor of the former, that the friends of the latter confined themselves to a course of obstruction only, and delay, to everything proposed; they hoped that nothing being done, and all things going from bad to worse, a kingly government might be usurped, and submitted to by the people, as better than anarchy and wars internal and external, the certain consequences of the present want of a general government. The effect of their manœuvres, with the defective attendance of Deputies from the states, resulted in the measure of calling a more general convention, to be held at Philadelphia. At this the same party exhibited the same practices, and with the same views of preventing a government of concord, which they foresaw would be republican, and of forcing through anarchy their way to monarchy. But the mass of that convention was too honest, too wise, and too steady, to be baffled and misled by their manœuvres. One of these was a form of government proposed by Col. Hamilton, which would have been in fact a compromise between the two parties of royalism and republicanism. According to this, the executive and one branch of the legislature were to be during good behavior, *i. e.*, for life, and the governors of the states were to be named by these two permanent organs. This, however, was rejected; on which Hamilton left the convention, as desperate, and never returned again until near its final conclusion. These opinions and efforts, secret or avowed, of the advocates for monarchy had begotten great jealousy through the states generally; and this jealousy it was which excited the strong opposition to the conventional constitution,—a jealousy which yielded at last only to a general determination to establish certain amendments as barriers against a government either monarchical or consolidated. In what passed through the whole period of these conventions, I have gone on the information of those who were members of them, being absent myself on my mission to France.

«I returned from that mission in the first year of the new government, having landed in Virginia in December, 1789, and proceeded to New York in March, 1790, to enter on the office of Secretary of State. Here, certainly, I found a state of things which, of all I had ever contemplated, I the least expected. I had left France in the first year of her revolution, in the fervor of natural rights, and zeal for reformation. My conscientious devotion to these rights could not be heightened, but it had been aroused and excited by daily exercise. The President received me cordially, and my colleagues and the circle of principal citizens apparently with welcome. The courtesies of dinner parties given me, as a stranger newly arrived among them, placed me at once in their familiar society. But I cannot describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversation filled me. Politics were the chief topic, and a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite; and I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate on the republican side of the question, unless among the guests there chanced to be some member of that

party from the legislative houses. Hamilton's financial system had then passed. It had two objects: first, as a puzzle, to exclude popular understanding and inquiry; second, as a machine for the corruption of the legislature,—for he avowed the opinion that man could be governed by one of two motives only, force or interest; force, he observed, in this country was out of the question, and the interests, therefore, of the members must be laid hold of, to keep the legislative in unison with the executive. And with grief and shame it must be acknowledged that his machine was not without effect; that even in this, the birth of our government, some members were found sordid enough to bend their duty to their interests, and to look after personal rather than public good.»

This defines the partisan issue on which the Federalist party was defeated and disorganized in 1800. Hamilton, who had been Secretary of the Treasury from 1789 to 1795, was appointed Commander in Chief of the army in 1799, and he was the real leader of the Federalist party in the struggle which seemed to result in the complete repudiation of his ideas. This appearance was delusive, however, for his ideas represent the inevitable tendencies of all parties when they are in administration; and regardless of party names and individual preferences, the Hamiltonian idea came back under Jefferson's own administration and developed until it resulted in John Quincy Adams. Briefly stated, it was that governments are founded to do everything which, in their own opinion, promote the general welfare. Jefferson's theory was that their object is the exercise of granted powers as trustees acting under instructions from the grantors. The Embargo and the purchase of Louisiana without waiting for the constitutional amendment which Jefferson said was necessary to authorize it, were in full accord with Hamilton's ideal of government, and but for Burr's bullet he might have lived to indorse as ideal Republicanism that for favoring which he himself had been so hotly denounced as a disguised monarchist. John Adams, who represented with Hamilton the Federalistic idea in the campaign of 1800, did live to renew toward Jefferson the esteem which had characterized their association in the early days of the struggle against England. Every party in opposition must become more or less Jeffersonian to succeed, while the whole tendency of power is to make every party in administration Hamiltonian. Perhaps this is logic in which reason ought never to acquiesce, but it is the logic of events; and except as it is checked by reason, it controls.

W. V. B.

ON WAR BETWEEN THE STATES OF THE UNION

ASSUMING it as an established truth that in case of disunion the several states, or such combinations of them as might happen to be formed out of the wreck of the general confederacy, would be subject to those vicissitudes of peace and war, of friendship and enmity with each other, which have fallen to the lot of all neighboring nations not united under one government, let us enter into a concise detail of some of the consequences that would attend such a situation.

War between the states, in the first periods of their separate existence, would be accompanied with much greater distresses than it commonly is in those countries where regular military establishments have long obtained. The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have, notwithstanding, been productive of the signal advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three frontier garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength, and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighboring country, almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now, a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede, and finally to frustrate the enterprises of one much more considerable. The history of war, in that quarter of the globe, is no longer a history of nations subdued, and empires overturned; but of towns taken and retaken —of battles that decide nothing—of retreats more beneficial than victories—of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontiers of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous states would, with little difficulty, overrun their less populous

neighbors. Conquests would be as easy to be made, as difficult to be retained. War, therefore, would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would make the principal figure in the events which would characterize our military exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought; though, I confess, it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will, after a time, give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort for repose and security to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they at length become willing to run the risk of being less free.

The institutions chiefly alluded to are standing armies, and the correspondent appendages of military establishment. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new constitution; and it is thence inferred that they would exist under it. This inference, from the very form of the proposition, is, at best, problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the confederacy. Frequent war, and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker states or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves upon an equality with their more potent neighbors. They would endeavor to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defense, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would, at the same time, be obliged to strengthen the executive arm of government; in doing which, their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is of the nature of war to increase the executive at the expense of the legislative authority.

The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the states or confederacies that made use of them a superiority over their neighbors. Small states, or states of less natural strength, under vigorous governments, and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large states, or states of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of

these advantages. Neither the pride nor the safety of the more important states or confederacies would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to reinstate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should, in a little time, see established in every part of this country, the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the Old World. This, at least, would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard.

These are not vague inferences, deduced from speculative defects in a constitution, the whole power of which is lodged in the hands of the people, or their representatives and delegates; they are solid conclusions drawn from the natural and necessary progress of human affairs.

It may perhaps be asked by way of objections, why did not standing armies spring up out of the contentions which so often distracted the ancient republics of Greece? Different answers, equally satisfactory, may be given to this question. The industrious habits of the people of the present day, absorbed in the pursuits of gain, and devoted to the improvements of agriculture and commerce, are incompatible with the condition of a nation of soldiers, which was the true condition of the people of those republics. The means of revenue, which have been so greatly multiplied by the increase of gold and silver, and of the arts of industry, and the science of finance, which is the offspring of modern times, concurring with the habits of nations, have produced an entire revolution in the system of war, and have rendered disciplined armies, distinct from the body of citizens, the inseparable companion of frequent hostility.

There is a wide difference, also, between military establishments in a country which, by its situation, is seldom exposed to invasions, and in one which is often subject to them, and always apprehensive of them. The rulers of the former can have no good pretext, if they are even so inclined, to keep on foot armies so numerous as must of necessity be maintained in the latter. These armies being, in the first case, rarely, if at all, called into activity for interior defense, the people are in danger of being broken to military subordination. The laws are not accustomed to relaxations in favor of military exigencies; the civil state remains in full vigor, neither corrupted nor confounded with the

principles or propensities of the other state. The smallness of the army forbids competition with the natural strength of the community, and the citizens, not habituated to look up to the military power for protection, or to submit to its oppressions, neither love nor fear the soldiery: they view them with a spirit of jealous acquiescence in a necessary evil, and stand ready to resist a power which they suppose may be exerted to the prejudice of their rights.

The army, under such circumstances, though it may usefully aid the magistrate to suppress a small faction, or an occasional mob or insurrection, will be utterly incompetent to the purpose of enforcing encroachments against the united efforts of the great body of the people.

But in a country where the perpetual menacings of danger oblige the government to be always prepared to repel it, her armies must be numerous enough for instant defense. The continual necessity for his services enhances the importance of the soldier, and proportionably degrades the condition of the citizen. The military state becomes elevated above the civil. The inhabitants of territories, often the theatre of war, are unavoidably subjected to frequent infringements on their rights, which serve to weaken their sense of those rights; and by degrees, the people are brought to consider the soldiery not only as their protectors, but as their superiors. The transition from this disposition to that of considering them as masters is neither remote nor difficult, but it is very difficult to prevail upon a people under such impressions to make a bold or effectual resistance to usurpations, supported by the military power.

The kingdom of Great Britain falls within the first description. An insular situation and a powerful marine, guarding it in a great measure against the possibility of foreign invasion, supersede the necessity of a numerous army within the kingdom. A sufficient force to make head against a sudden descent till the militia could have time to rally and embody is all that has been deemed requisite. No motive of national policy has demanded, nor would public opinion have tolerated a larger number of troops upon its domestic establishment. This peculiar felicity of situation has, in a great degree, contributed to preserve the liberty which that country to this day enjoys, in spite of the prevalent venality and corruption. If Britain had been situated on the continent, and had been compelled, as she would have been by that

situation, to make her military establishments at home coextensive with those of the other great powers of Europe, she, like them, would, in all probability, at this day be a victim to the absolute power of a single man. It is possible, though not easy, for the people of that island to be enslaved from other causes; but it cannot be by the prowess of an army so inconsiderable as that which has been usually kept up within the kingdom.

If we are wise enough to preserve the union, we may for ages enjoy an advantage similar to that of an insulated situation. Europe is at a great distance from us. Her colonies in our vicinity will be likely to continue too much disproportioned in strength to be able to give us any dangerous annoyance. Extensive military establishments cannot, in this position, be necessary to our security. But if we should be disunited, and the integral parts should either remain separated, or, which is most probable, should be thrown together into two or three confederacies, we should be, in a short course of time, in the predicament of the continental powers of Europe. Our liberties would be a prey to the means of defending ourselves against the ambition and jealousy of each other.

This is an idea not superficial nor futile, but solid and weighty. It deserves the most serious and mature consideration of every prudent and honest man, of whatever party. If such men will make a firm and solemn pause, and meditate dispassionately on its vast importance; if they will contemplate it in all its attitudes, and trace it to all its consequences, they will not hesitate to part with trivial objections to a constitution, the rejection of which would, in all probability, put a final period to the Union. The airy phantoms that now flit before the distempered imaginations of some of its adversaries would then quickly give place to the more substantial prospects of dangers, real, certain, and extremely formidable.

Number VIII. complete. From the Federalist.

J. C. AND A. W. HARE

(1795–1855; 1792–1834)

"GUESSES at Truth," a series of charming essays by Julius Charles and Augustus William Hare, was published as their joint work in 1827. The authors were brothers and both clergymen of the Church of England. Julius Charles Hare, who became Archdeacon of Lewes in 1840, was celebrated as a pulpit orator and as the author of several books on divinity and ecclesiastical subjects. His sermons often present examples of melodious "concords of sweet sounds," which make them almost unique in the pulpit oratory of the English language. "Guesses at Truth," however, is the work by which he is best remembered.

THAT IT IS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN TO CRY

RIDENTEM dicere verum quid vetat? In the first place all the sour faces in the world, stiffening into a yet more rigid asperity at the least glimpse of a smile. I have seen faces, too, which so long as you let them lie in their sleepy torpor, unshaken and unstirred, have a creamy softness and smoothness, and might beguile you into suspecting their owners of being gentle; but if they catch the sound of a laugh, it acts on them like thunder, and they also turn sour. Nay, strange as it may seem, there have been such incarnate paradoxes as would rather see their fellow-creatures cry than smile.

But is not this in exact accordance with the spirit which pronounces a blessing on the weeper, and a woe on the laugher?

Not in the persons I have in view. That blessing and woe are pronounced in the knowledge how apt the course of this world is to run counter to the kingdom of God. They who weep are declared to be blessed, not because they weep, but because they shall laugh; and the woe threatened to the laughers is in like manner, that they shall mourn and weep. Therefore, they who have this spirit in them will endeavor to forward the blessing and to avert the woe. They will try to comfort the mourner, so

as to lead him to rejoice; and they will warn the laugher, that he may be preserved from the mourning and weeping, and may exchange his passing for lasting joy. But there are many who merely indulge in the antipathy, without opening their hearts to the sympathy. Such is the spirit found in those who have cast off the bonds of the lower earthly affections, without having risen as yet into the freedom of heavenly love — in those who have stopped short in the state of transition between the two lives, like so many skeletons stripped of their earthly, and not yet clothed with a heavenly body. It is the spirit of stoicism, for instance, in philosophy, and of vulgar fatalism, which in so many things answers to stoicism in religion. They who feel the harm they have received from worldly pleasures are prone at first to quarrel with pleasure of every kind altogether; and it is one of the strange perversities of our self-will to entertain anger, instead of pity, towards those whom we fancy to judge or act less wisely than ourselves. This, however, is only while the scaffolding is still standing around the edifice of their Christian life, so that they cannot see clearly out of the windows, and their view is broken up into disjointed parts. When the scaffolding is removed, and they look abroad without hindrance, they are readier than any to delight in all the beauty and true pleasure around them. They feel that it is their blessed calling, not only to rejoice always themselves, but likewise to rejoice with all who do rejoice in innocence of heart. They feel that this must be well-pleasing to him who has filled his universe with ever-bubbling springs of gladness; so that whithersoever we turn our eyes, through earth and sky as well as sea, we behold the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα of nature. On the other hand, it is the harshness of an irreligious temper clothing itself in religious zeal, and not seldom exhibiting symptoms of mental disorganization, that looks scowlingly on every indication of happiness and mirth.

Moreover, there is a large class of people who deem the business of life far too weighty and momentous to be made light of; who would leave merriment to children, and laughter to idiots; and who hold that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips as on a gravestone or in a ledger. Wit and wisdom being sisters, not only are they afraid of being indicted for bigamy were they to wed them both, but they shudder at such a union as incestuous. So, to keep clear of temptation, and to preserve their faith where they have plighted it, they turn the

younger out of doors; and if they see or hear of anybody taking her in, they are positive he can know nothing of the elder. They would not be witty for the world. Now, to escape being so is not very difficult for those whom nature has so favored that wit with them is always at zero, or below it. Or, as to their wisdom, since they are careful never to overfeed her, she jogs leisurely along the turnpike road, with lank and meagre carcass, displaying all her bones, and never getting out of her own dust. She feels no inclination to be frisky, but if a coach or wagon passes her, is glad, like her rider, to run behind a thing so big. Now, all these people take grievous offense if any one comes near them better mounted, and they are in a tremor lest the neighing and snorting and prancing should be contagious.

Surely, however, ridicule implies contempt; and so the feeling must be condemnable, subversive of gentleness, incompatible with kindness?

Not necessarily so, or universally; far from it. The word ridicule, it is true, has a narrow, one-sided meaning. From our proneness to mix up personal feelings with those which are more purely objective and intellectual, we have in great measure restricted the meaning of ridicule, which would properly extend over the whole region of the ridiculous, the laughable, where we may disport ourselves innocently, without any evil emotion; and we have narrowed it, so that in common usage it mostly corresponds to derision, which does indeed involve personal and offensive feelings. As the great business of Wisdom in her speculative office is to detect and reveal the hidden harmonies of things, those harmonies which are the sources and the ever-flowing emanations of law, the dealings of wit, on the other hand, are with incongruities. And it is the perception of incongruity, flashing upon us, when unaccompanied, as Aristotle observes (Poet., Chap. v.), by pain, or by any predominant moral disgust, that provokes laughter and excites the feeling of the ridiculous. But it no more follows that the perception of such an incongruity must breed or foster haughtiness or disdain than that the perception of anything else that may be erroneous or wrong should do so. You might as well argue that a man must be proud and scornful because he sees that there is such a thing as sin, or such a thing as folly, in the world. Yet, unless we blind our eyes, and gag our ears, and hoodwink our minds, we shall seldom pass through a day without having some form of

evil brought in one way or other before us. Besides, the perception of incongruity may exist, and may awaken laughter, without the slightest reprobation of the object laughed at. We laugh at a pun, surely without a shade of contempt either for the words punned upon or for the punster; and if a very bad pun be the next best thing to a very good one, this is not from its flattering any feeling of superiority in us, but because the incongruity is broader and more glaring. Nor when we laugh at a droll combination of imagery do we feel any contempt, but often admiration at the ingenuity shown in it, and an almost affectionate thankfulness toward the person by whom we have been amused, such as is rarely excited by any other display of intellectual power, as those who have ever enjoyed the delight of Professor Sedgwick's society will bear witness.

It is true, an exclusive attention to the ridiculous side of things is hurtful to the character and destructive of earnestness and gravity. But no less mischievous is it to fix our attention exclusively, or even mainly, on the vices and other follies of mankind. Such contemplations, unless counteracted by wholesomer thoughts, harden or rot the heart, deaden the moral principle, and make us hopeless and reckless. The objects toward which we should turn our minds habitually are those which are great, and good, and pure; the throne of virtue, and she who sits upon it; the majesty of truth, the beauty of holiness. This is the spiritual sky through which we should strive to mount, "springing from crystal step to crystal step," and bathing our souls in its living, life-giving ether. These are the thoughts by which we should whet and polish our swords for the warfare against evil, that the vapors of the earth may not rust them. But in a warfare against evil, under one or other of its forms, we are all of us called to engage; and it is a childish dream to fancy that we can walk about among mankind without perpetual necessity of remarking that the world is full of many worse incongruities besides those which make us laugh.

Nor do I deny that a laugher may often be a scoffer and a scorner. Some jesters are fools of a worse breed than those who used to wear the cap. Sneering is commonly found along with a bitter splenetic misanthrophy; or it may be a man's mockery at his own hollow heart, venting itself in mockery at others. Cruelty will try to season or to palliate its atrocities by derision. The hyena grins in its den; most wild beasts over their prey.

But though a certain kind of wit, like other intellectual gifts, may coexist with moral depravity, there has often been a playfulness in the best and greatest men,—in Phocion, in Socrates, in Luther, in Sir Thomas More,—which, as it were, adds a bloom to the severer graces of their character, shining forth with amaranthine brightness when storms assail them, and springing up in fresh blossoms under the ax of the executioner. How much is our affection for Hector increased by his tossing his boy in his arms, and laughing at his childish fears! Smiles are the language of love; they betoken the complacency and delight of the heart in the object of its contemplation. Why are we to assume that there must needs be bitterness or contempt in them, when they enforce a truth or reprove an error? On the contrary, some of those who have been richest in wit and humor have been among the simplest and kindest-hearted of men. I will only instance Fuller, Bishop Earle, La Fontaine, Matthias Claudius, Charles Lamb. *Le méchant n'est jamais comique* is wisely remarked by De Maistre, when canvassing the pretensions of Voltaire (Soirées, i. 273); and the converse is equally true: *Le comique, le vrai comique, n'est jamais méchant.* A laugh, to be joyous, must flow from a joyous heart; but without kindness there can be no true joy. And what a dull, plodding, tramping, clanking would the ordinary intercourse of society be without wit to enliven and brighten it! When two men meet they seem to be kept at bay through the estranging effects of absence, until some sportive sally opens their hearts to each other. Nor does anything spread cheerfulness so rapidly over a whole party, or an assembly of people, however large. Reason expands the soul of the philosopher; imagination glorifies the poet, and breathes a breath of spring through the young and genial; but if we take into account the numberless glances and gleams whereby wit lightens our every-day life, I hardly know what power ministers so bountifully to the innocent pleasures of mankind.

Surely, too, it cannot be requisite to a man's being in earnest that he should wear a perpetual frown. Or is there less of sincerity in Nature during her gambols in spring than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? Does not the bird's blithe carolling come from the heart quite as much as the quadruped's monotonous cry? And is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode with Truth, and to let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it, and to smile

upon it as on a kind father or mother, and to sport with it, and hold light and merry talk with it, as with a loved brother or sister; and to fondle it, and play with it, as with a child? No otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with Truth; no otherwise Cervantes and Shakespeare. This playfulness of Truth is beautifully represented by Landor, in the conversation between Marcus Cicero and his brother, in an allegory which has the voice and the spirit of Plato. On the other hand, the outcries of those who exclaim against every sound more lively than a bray or a bleat, as derogatory to truth, are often prompted, not so much by their deep feeling of the dignity of the truth in question, as of the dignity of the person by whom that truth is maintained. It is our vanity, our self-conceit, that makes us so sore and irritable. To a grave argument we may reply gravely, and fancy that we have the best of it; but he who is too dull or too angry to smile cannot answer a smile, except by fretting and fuming. Olivia lets us into the secret of Malvolio's distaste for the Clown.

For the full expansion of the intellect, moreover, to preserve it from that narrowness and partial warp which our proneness to give ourselves up to the sway of the moment is apt to produce, its various faculties, however opposite, should grow and be trained up side by side — should twine their arms together, and strengthen each other by love wrestles. Thus will it be best fitted for discerning and acting upon the multiplicity of things which the world sets before it. Thus, too, will something like a balance and order be upheld, and our minds preserved from that exaggeration on the one side, and depreciation on the other side, which are the sure results of exclusiveness. A poet, for instance, should have much of the philosopher in him; not, indeed, thrusting itself forward at the surface — this would only make a monster of his work, like the Siamese twins, neither one thing nor two — but latent within; the spindle should be out of sight, but the web should be spun by the Fates. A philosopher, on the other hand, should have much of the poet in him. A historian cannot be great without combining the elements of the two minds. A statesman ought to unite those of all the three. A great religious teacher, such as Socrates, Bernard, Luther, Schleiermacher, needs the statesman's practical power of dealing with men and things, as well as the historian's insight into their growth and purpose. He needs the philosopher's ideas, impregnated and impersonated by the imagination of the poet. In like manner, our

graver faculties and thoughts are much chastened and bettered by a blending and interfusion of the lighter, so that «the sable cloud» may «turn her silver lining on the night»; while our lighter thoughts require the graver to substantiate them and keep them from evaporating. Thus Socrates is said, in Plato's «Banquet,» to have maintained that a great tragic poet ought likewise to be a great comic poet—an observation the more remarkable, because the tendency of the Greek mind, as at once manifested in their Polytheism, and fostered by it, was to insulate all their ideas; and, as it were, to split up the intellectual world into a cluster of Cyclades, leading to confusion, is the characteristic of modern times. The combination, however, was realized in himself, and in his great pupil; and may, perhaps, have been so to a certain extent in Æschylus, if we may judge from the fame of his satiric dramas. At all events the assertion, as has been remarked more than once—for instance by Coleridge («Remains,» ii. 12),—is a wonderful prophetical intuition, which has received its fulfillment in Shakespeare. No heart would have been strong enough to hold the woe of Lear and Othello, except that which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and the «Midsummer Night's Dream.» He, too, is an example that the perception of the ridiculous does not necessarily imply bitterness and scorn. Along with his intense humor, and his equally intense piercing insight into the darkest, most fearful depths of human nature, there is still a spirit of universal kindness, as well as universal justice, pervading his works; and Ben Jonson has left us a precious memorial of him, where he calls him «My gentle Shakespeare.» This one epithet sheds a beautiful light on his character; its truth is attested by his wisdom, which could never have been so perfect unless it had been harmonized by the gentleness of the dove. A similar union of the graver and lighter powers is found in several of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and in many others among the greatest poets of the modern world: in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Chaucer, in Goethe, in Tieck; so was it in Walter Scott.

Complete. From «Guesses at Truth.»

JAMES HARRINGTON

(1611–1677)

THE COMMONWEALTH OF OCEANA," by James Harrington, has been called the most curious book in existence, but without attempting to contest its claims to uniqueness, the discriminating reader will remember that Swedenborg and Fourier have written, each in his own way, on the same subjects with which "Oceana" deals. It embodies Harrington's ideas of how model men would live in a model commonwealth. Many of the essays on morals and government in it are in the form of speeches supposed to be delivered in the political discussions of "Oceana." The most distinctive and practical feature of the work is the "Rotation in Office," on which Harrington insists for all executive officers. The attempt at "Rotation" in the United States was made, undoubtedly, as a result of this suggestion.

Harrington was born in Northamptonshire, England, in January, 1611. At Oxford, he had Chillingworth for a tutor, and while still a young man enjoyed the friendship of the Prince of Orange and the Queen of Bohemia. His strong Republican ideas did not lose him the confidence of Charles I., and he was one of the friends who accompanied the deposed king to the scaffold. "Oceana" displeased Cromwell, and he ordered its suppression while it was in the printer's hands; but Harrington won him over, and when the book appeared in 1656 it was with a dedication to the Lord Protector, who then, if not always, was as far removed from Republican ideas as Charles I. himself. Under Charles II., Harrington was imprisoned until his health was broken and his intellectual powers impaired. He died September 11th, 1677.

OF A FREE STATE

IF THE liberty of a man consists in the empire of his reason, the absence whereof would betray him to the bondage of his passions, then the liberty of a commonwealth consists in the empire of her laws, the absence whereof would betray her to the lust of tyrants. And these I conceive to be the principles upon

which Aristotle and Livy (injuriously accused by Leviathan for not writing out of nature) have grounded their assertion that a commonwealth is an empire of laws, and not of men. But they must not carry it so. For, says he, the liberty, whereof there is so frequent and honorable mention in the history and philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and the writings and discourses of those that from them have received all their learning in the politics, is not the liberty of particular men, but the liberty of the commonwealth. He might as well have said that the estates of particular men in a commonwealth are not the riches of particular men, but the riches of the commonwealth; for equality of estates causes equality of power, and equality of power is the liberty not only of the commonwealth, but of every man. But sure a man would never be thus irreverent with the greatest authors, and positive against all antiquity, without some certain demonstration of truth; and, what is it? Why, there is written on the turrets of the city of Lucca in great characters at this day the word Libertas; yet no man can thence infer that a particular man has more liberty or immunity from the service of the commonwealth there than in Constantinople. Whether a commonwealth be monarchical or popular, the freedom is the same. The mountain has brought forth, and we have a little equivocation! for to say that a Lucchese has no more liberty or immunity from the laws of Lucca than a Turk has from those of Constantinople; and to say that a Lucchese has no more liberty or immunity by the laws of Lucca than a Turk has by those of Constantinople, are pretty different speeches. The first may be said of all governments alike; the second scarce of any two; much less of these, seeing it is known that whereas the greatest Basha is a tenant, as well of his head as of his estate, at the will of his lord, the meanest Lucchese that has land is a freeholder of both, and not to be controlled but by the law, and that framed by every private man to no other end (or they may thank themselves) than to protect the liberty of every private man, which by that means comes to be the liberty of the commonwealth.

But seeing they that make the laws of the commonwealth are but men, the main question seems to be, how a commonwealth comes to be an empire of laws and not of men, or how the debate or result of a commonwealth is so sure to be according to

reason; seeing they who debate, and they who resolve, be but men. And as often as reason is against a man, so often will a man be against reason.

From «Oceana.»

THE PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT

All government is founded upon overbalance, in propriety, power, or ownership.

If one man hold the overbalance unto the whole people in propriety, his propriety causeth absolute monarchy.

If the few hold the overbalance unto the whole people in propriety, their propriety causeth aristocracy, or mixed monarchy.

If the whole people be neither overbalanced by the propriety of one, nor of a few, the propriety of the people or of the many causeth democracy, or popular government.

The government of one against the balance is tyranny.

The government of a few against the balance is oligarchy.

The government of the many (or attempt of the people to govern) against the balance is rebellion or anarchy.

Where the balance of propriety is equal, it causeth a state of war.

To hold that government may be founded upon community is to hold that there may be a black swan, or a castle in the air, or that what thing soever is as imaginable, as what hath been in practice, must be as practicable as what hath been in practice.

If the overbalance of propriety be in one man, it necessitateth the form of government to be like that of Turkey.

If the overbalance of propriety be in the few, it necessitateth the form of government to be like that of king, lords, and commons.

If the people be not overbalanced by one or a few, they are not capable of any other form of government than that of a senate and a popular assembly.

From «Oceana.»

FREDERIC HARRISON

(1831–)

FREDERIC HARRISON'S essay «On the Choice of Books,» which appeared in 1886, is one of the most notable literary essays of the generation to which its author belongs. It was widely discussed and, it may be imagined, with some asperity by the generation which it characterized as reading Zola's seventeenth romance and listening to «Pinafore» for three hundred nights. Such a generation, according to Mr. Harrison, will read critical observations on the sublime and the beautiful, but will neither recognize them nor care for them. He speaks in a striking way of the «nausea which idle culture seems to produce» for what is best in literature. The symptoms he thus describes undoubtedly existed to a marked extent and they were undoubtedly diseased, but they belong as naturally to every transition state resulting from the diffusion of knowledge, as measles and similar disagreeable eruptions do to childish growth.

Harrison was born in London, October 18th, 1831. He graduated at Oxford, studied law, and began his literary career as an essayist on legal and ethical subjects. Among his works are «The Weaving of History,» «Order and Progress,» «Social Statics,» «Oliver Cromwell,» and «The Annals of an Old Manor House.»

ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS

IT IS the fashion for those who have any connection with letters, in the presence of thoughtful men and women, eager for knowledge, and anxious after all that can be gotten from books, to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press; to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature:—the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of life in aimless promiscuous vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the man who wrote it? The brightest genius, perhaps, never puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some of the most famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, fit to be listened to, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? Or, to put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth nothing. It is in the end the same thing, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for idle and desultory "information," as it is called—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two plans I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature.

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented, a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, whilst a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us

must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach,—an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat! For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful part of reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of «information,» the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. Is not the accumulation of fresh books a fresh hindrance to our real knowledge of the old? Does not the multiplicity of volumes become a bar upon our use of any? In literature especially does it hold—that we cannot see the wood for the trees.

A man of power, who has got more from books than most of his contemporaries, has lately said: «Form a habit of reading, do not mind what you read, the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior.» I cannot agree with him. I think a habit of reading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all wholesome reading; I think the habit of reading wisely is one of the most difficult habits to acquire, needing strong resolution and infinite pains; and I hold the habit of reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the stuff we gain from reading, to be one of the worst and commonest and most unwholesome habits we have. Why do we still suffer the traditional hypocrisy about the dignity of literature,—literature, I mean, in the gross, which includes about equal parts of what is useful and what is useless? Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious and honorable, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? Why do we pride ourselves on our powers of absorbing print, as our grandfathers did on their gifts in imbibing port, when we know that there is a mode of absorbing print which makes it impossible we can ever learn anything good out of books?

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, «As good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book.» But has he not also said that he would «have a vigilant eye how Bookes demeane themselves as well as

men, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? . . . Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life"; they "spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Bookes." For in the wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, must strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality rather than a life," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be a freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggerel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't"; and every man who can decipher a penny journal is, in one sense, a reader. And your "general reader," like the gravedigger in "Hamlet," is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers — of all writers and of all readers — has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they join in, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they intrust themselves and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant

fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

I have no intention to moralize or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which is by itself no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature, how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them, and as a large proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books as books are entitled *a priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other thoughtful or ornamental products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride,—libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary,—are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious lifeblood of a master spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read, and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, or some author on the mere ground that we never heard of him before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a babel of voices and an everchanging mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar everywhere; the art of right

reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street, for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across," is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization, have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life, such as we are yet unable to cope with. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works that issue from the press each day, how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfill that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossi-

bility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market place — I would rather say in some large steam factory of letterpress, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually — if it be not rather some noisy book fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practicing his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading over the whole of the ancient writers: —

« *Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri.* »

Who now reads the whole of the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics; typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the « Paradise Lost » is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, or why Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the « Paradise Lost, » but the « Paradise Lost » itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. I say it emphatically, a great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many, to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion and a solid gain. I dare say many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for ventur-

ing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: What are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind.

Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose — every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information, *i. e.*, the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those, whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study, can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books — very much in all kinds — is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought: as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

I remember when I was a very young man at college, that a youth, in no spirit of paradox, but out of plenary conviction, undertook to maintain before a body of serious students, the astounding proposition that the invention of printing had been one

of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind. He argued that exclusive reliance on printed matter had destroyed the higher method of oral teaching, the dissemination of thought by the spoken word to the attentive ear. He insisted that the formation of a vast literary class looking to the making of books as a means of making money, rather than as a social duty, had multiplied books for the sake of the writers rather than for the sake of the readers; that the reliance on books as a cheap and common resource had done much to weaken the powers of memory; that it destroyed the craving for a general culture of taste, and the need of artistic expression in all the surroundings of life. And he argued lastly, that the sudden multiplication of all kinds of printed matter had been fatal to the orderly arrangement of thought, and had hindered a system of knowledge and a scheme of education.

I am far from sharing this immature view. Of course I hold the invention of printing to have been one of the most momentous facts in the whole history of man. Without it universal social progress, true democratic enlightenment, and the education of the people would have been impossible, or very slow, even if the cultured few, as is likely, could have advanced the knowledge of mankind without it. We place Gutenberg amongst the small list of the unique and special benefactors of mankind, in the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work, once done, could never be repeated. And no doubt the things which our ardent friend regarded as so fatal a disturbance of society were all inevitable and necessary, part of the great revolution of mind through which men grew out of the mediæval incompleteness to a richer conception of life and of the world.

Yet there is a sense in which this boyish anathema against printing may be true to us by our own fault. We may create for ourselves these very evils. For this I hold that the art of printing has not been a gift wholly unmixed with evils; that it must be used wisely if it is to be a boon to man at all; that it entails on us heavy responsibilities, resolution to use it with judgment and self-control, and the will to resist its temptations and its perils. Indeed, we may easily so act that we may make it a clog on the progress of the human mind, a real curse and not a boon. The power of flying at will through space would probably extinguish civilization and society, for it would release

us from the wholesome bondage of localities. The power of hearing every word that had ever been uttered on this planet would annihilate thought, as the power of knowing all recorded facts by the process of turning a handle would annihilate true science. Our human faculties and our mental forces are not enlarged simply by multiplying our materials of knowledge and our facilities for communication. Telephones, microphones, pantoscopes, steam presses, and ubiquity engines in general may, after all, leave the poor human brain panting and throbbing under the strain of its appliances, and get no bigger and no stronger than the brains of the men who heard Moses speak, and saw Aristotle and Archimedes pondering over a few worn rolls of crabbed manuscript. Until some new Newton or Watt can invent a machine for magnifying the human mind, every fresh apparatus for multiplying its work is a fresh strain on the mind, a new realm for it to order and to rule.

And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest — this is a necessity unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But this warns me that I am entering on a subject which is far too big and solemn for us to touch now. I have no pretension to deal with it as it needs. It is plain, I think, that to organize our knowledge, even to systematize our reading, to make a working selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of education. A scheme of education ultimately implies a system of philosophy, a view of man's duty and powers as a moral and social being — a religion, in fact. Before a problem so great as this, on which a general audience has such different ideas and wants, and differs so profoundly on the very premises from which we start, — before such a problem as a general theory of education, I prefer to retire. I will keep silence even from good words. I have chosen my own part, and adopted

my own teacher. But to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte is almost to ask them to adopt Positivism itself.

Nor will I enlarge on the matter for thought, for foreboding, almost for despair, that is presented to us by the fact of our familiar literary ways and our recognized literary profession. That things infinitely trifling in themselves; men, events, societies, phenomena, in no way otherwise more valuable than the myriad other things which flit around us like the sparrows on the housetop, should be glorified, magnified, and perpetuated, set under a literary microscope and focused in the blaze of a literary magic lantern — not for what they are in themselves, but solely to amuse and excite the world by showing how it can be done — all this is to me so amazing, so heart-breaking, that I forbear now to treat it, as I cannot say all that I would.

I pass from all systems of education — from thought of social duty, from meditation on the profession of letters — to more general and lighter topics. I will deal now only with the easier side of reading, with matter on which there is some common agreement in the world. I am very far from meaning that our whole time spent with books is to be given to study. Far from it. I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use. I take the books that seek to rouse the imagination, to stir up feeling, touch the heart; the books of art, of fancy, of ideals, such as reflect the delight and aroma of life. And here how does the trivial, provided it is the new, that which stares at us in the advertising columns of the day, crowd out the immortal poetry and pathos of the human race, vitiating our taste for those exquisite pieces which are a household word, and weakening our mental relish for the eternal works of genius! Old Homer is the very fountain head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native, and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigor, of purity, of grace. Now Homer is one of the few poets the life of whom can be fairly preserved in a translation. Most men and women can say that they have read Homer, just as most of us can say that we have studied Johnson's Dictionary. But how few of us take him up, time after time, with fresh delight! How few have even read the entire "Iliad" and "Odyssey" through! Whether in the resounding lines of the old Greek, as fresh and ever-stirring as the waves that tumble on the seashore, filling the soul with satisfying silent wonder at its restless unison;

whether in the quaint lines of Chapman, or the clarion couplets of Pope, or the closer versions of Cowper, Lord Derby, of Philip Worsley, or even in the new prose version of the «Odyssey,» Homer is always fresh and rich. And yet how seldom does one find a friend spellbound over the Greek Bible of antiquity, whilst they wade through torrents of magazine quotations from a petty versifier of to-day, and in an idle vacation will graze, as contentedly as cattle in a fresh meadow, through the chopped straw of a circulating library. A generation which will listen to «Pinafore» for three hundred nights, and will read M. Zola's seventeenth romance, can no more read Homer than it could read a cuneiform inscription. It will read about Homer just as it will read about a cuneiform inscription, and will crowd to see a few pots which probably came from the neighborhood of Troy. But to Homer and the primeval type of heroic man in his beauty, and his simpleness, and joyousness, the cultured generation is really dead, as completely as some spoiled beauty of the ballroom is dead to the bloom of the heather or the waving of the daffodils in a glade.

It is a true psychological problem, this nausea which idle culture seems to produce for all that is manly and pure in heroic poetry. One knows — at least every schoolboy has known — that a passage of Homer, rolling along in the hexameter or trumped out by Pope, will give one a hot glow of pleasure and raise a finer throb in the pulse; one knows that Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets; that the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first — and yet we find ourselves (we are all alike) painfully pshaw-ing over some new and uncut barley sugar in rhyme, which a man in the street asked us if we had read, or it may be some learned lucubration about the site of Troy by some one we chanced to meet at dinner. It is an unwritten chapter in the history of the human mind, how this literary prurience after new print unmans us for the enjoyment of the old songs chanted forth in the sunrise of human imagination. To ask a man or woman who spends half a lifetime in sucking magazines and new poems to read a book of Homer would be like asking a butcher's boy to whistle «Adelaida.» The noises and sights and talk, the whirl and volatility of life around us, are too strong for us. A society which is forever gossiping in a sort of perpetual «drum» loses the very faculty of caring for anything but «early copies» and the last

tale out. Thus, like the tares in the noble parable of the Sower, a perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books in the world.

I speak of Homer, but fifty other great poets and creators of eternal beauty would serve my argument as well. Take the latest perhaps in the series of the world-wide and immortal poets of the whole human race — Walter Scott. We all read Scott's romances, as we have all read Hume's « History of England,» but how often do we read them, how zealously, with what sympathy and understanding? I am told that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions. They prefer Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Mallock, and the euphuism of young Oxford, just as some people prefer a Dresden shepherdess to the Caryatides of the Erechtheum, pronounce Fielding to be low, and Mozart to be *passé*. As boys love lollipops, so these juvenile fops love to roll phrases about under the tongue, as if phrases in themselves had a value apart from thoughts, feelings, great conceptions, or human sympathy. For Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose or in verse) of whom one never wearies, just as one can listen to Beethoven or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight. I think I can read the « Antiquary,» or the « Bride of Lammermoor,» « Ivanhoe,» « Quentin Durward,» and « Old Mortality,» at least once a year afresh. Now Scott is a perfect library in himself. A constant reader of romances would find that it needed months to go through even the best pieces of the inexhaustible painter of eight full centuries and every type of man, and he might repeat the process of reading him ten times in a lifetime without a sense of fatigue or sameness. The poetic beauty of Scott's creations is almost the least of his great qualities. It is the universality of his sympathy that is so truly great, the justice of his estimates, the insight into the spirit of each age, his intense absorption of self in the vast epic of human civilization. What are the old almanacs that they so often give us as histories beside these living pictures of the ordered succession of ages? As in Homer himself, we see in this prose « Iliad » of modern history the battle of the old and the new, the heroic defense of ancient strongholds, the long impending and inevitable doom of mediæval life. Strong men and proud women struggle against the destiny

of modern society, unconsciously working out its ways, undauntedly defying its power. How just is our island Homer! Neither Greek nor Trojan sways him; Achilles is his hero; Hector is his favorite; he loves the councils of chiefs and the palace of Priam; but the swineherd, the charioteer, the slave girl, the hound, the beggar, and the herdsman, all glow alike in the harmonious coloring of his peopled epic. We see the dawn of our English nation, the defense of Christendom against the Koran, the grace and the terror of feudalism, the rise of monarchy out of baronies, the rise of parliaments out of monarchy, the rise of industry out of serfage, the pathetic ruin of chivalry, the splendid death struggle of Catholicism, the sylvan tribes of the mountain (remnants of our prehistoric forefathers) beating themselves to pieces against the hard advance of modern industry; we see the grim heroism of the Bible martyrs, the catastrophe of feudalism overwhelmed by a practical age which knew little of its graces and almost nothing of its virtues. Such is Scott, who, we may say, has done for the various phases of modern history what Shakespeare has done for the manifold types of human character. And this glorious and most human and most historical of poets, without whom our very conception of human development would have ever been imperfect, this manliest and truest and widest of romancers we neglect for some hothouse hybrid of psychological analysis, for the wretched imitators of Balzac and the jackanapes phrasemongering of some Osric of the day, who assures us that Scott is an absolute Philistine.

In speaking with enthusiasm of Scott, as of Homer, or of Shakespeare, or of Milton, or of any of the accepted masters of the world, I have no wish to insist dogmatically upon any single name, or two or three in particular. Our enjoyment and reverence of the great poets of the world is seriously injured nowadays by the habit we get of singling out some particular quality, some particular school of art for intemperate praise or, still worse, for intemperate abuse. Mr. Ruskin, I suppose, is answerable for the taste for this one-sided and spasmodic criticism; and every young gentleman who has the trick of a few adjectives will languidly vow that Marlowe is supreme, or Murillo foul. It is the mark of rational criticism as well as of healthy thought to maintain an evenness of mind in judging of great works, to recognize great qualities in due proportion, to feel that defects are made up by beauties, and beauties are often balanced by weak-

ness. The true judgment implies a weighing of each work and each workman as a whole, in relation to the sum of human cultivation and the gradual advance of the movement of ages. And in this matter we shall usually find that the world is right, the world of the modern centuries and the nations of Europe together. It is unlikely, to say the least of it, that a young person who has hardly ceased making Latin verses will be able to reverse the decisions of the civilized world; and it is even more unlikely that Milton and Molière, Fielding and Scott, will ever be displaced by a poet who has unaccountably lain hid for one or two centuries. I know that in the style of to-day I ought hardly to venture to address you about poetry unless I am prepared to unfold to you the mysterious beauties of some unknown genius who has recently been unearthed by the Children of Light and Sweetness. I confess I have no such discovery to announce. I prefer to dwell in Gath and to pitch my tents in Ashdod; and I doubt the use of the sling as a weapon in modern war. I decline to go into hyperbolic eccentricities over unknown geniuses, and a single quality or power is not enough to arouse my enthusiasm. It is possible that no master ever painted a buttercup like this one, or the fringe of a robe like that one; that this poet has a unique subtlety, and that an undefinable music. I am still unconvinced, though the man who cannot see it, we are told, should at once retire to the place where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

I am against all gnashing of teeth, whether for or against a particular idol. I stand by the men, and by all the men, who have moved mankind to the depths of their souls, who have taught generations, and formed our life. If I say of Scott, that to have drunk in the whole of his glorious spirit is a liberal education in itself, I am asking for no exclusive devotion to Scott, to any poet, or any school of poets, or any age, or any country, to any style or any order of poet, one more than another. They are as various, fortunately, and as many-sided as human nature itself. If I delight in Scott, I love Fielding, and Richardson, and Sterne, and Goldsmith, and Defoe. Yes, and I will add Cooper and Marryat, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen — to confine myself to those who are already classics, to our own country, and to one form of art alone, and not to venture on the ground of contemporary romance in general. What I have said of Homer, I would say in a degree, but somewhat lower, of those great Ancients who

are the most accessible to us in English — Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, and Horace. What I have said of Shakespeare I would say of Calderon, of Molière, of Corneille, of Racine, of Voltaire, of Alfieri, of Goethe, of those dramatists, in many forms, and with genius the most diverse, who have so steadily set themselves to idealize the great types of public life and of the phases of human history. Let us all beware lest worship of the idiosyncrasy of our peerless Shakespeare blind us to the value of the great masters who in a different world and with different aims have presented the development of civilization in a series of dramas, where the unity of a few great types of man and of society is made paramount to subtlety of character or brilliancy of language. What I have said of Milton, I would say of Dante, of Ariosto, of Petrarch, and of Tasso; nor less would I say it of Boccaccio and Chaucer, of Camoens and Spenser, of Rabelais and of Cervantes, of Gil Blas and the Vicar of Wakefield, of Byron and of Shelley, of Goethe and of Schiller. Nor let us forget those wonderful idealizations of awakening thought and primitive societies, the pictures of other races and types of life removed from our own: all those primeval legends, ballads, songs, and tales, those proverbs, apologues, and maxims, which have come down to us from distant ages of man's history — the old idyls and myths of the Hebrew race; the tales of Greece, of the Middle Ages of the East; the fables of the Old and the New World; the songs of the Nibelungs; the romances of early feudalism; the "Morte d'Arthur"; the "Arabian Nights"; the ballads of the early nations of Europe.

I protest that I am devoted to no school in particular: I condemn no school; I reject none. I am for the school of all the great men; and I am against the school of the smaller men. I care for Wordsworth as well as for Byron, for Burns as well as Shelley, for Boccaccio as well as for Milton, for Bunyan as well as Rabelais, for Cervantes as much as for Dante, for Corneille as well as for Shakespeare, for Goldsmith as well as Goethe. I stand by the sentence of the world; and I hold that in a matter so human and so broad as the highest poetry the judgment of the nations of Europe is pretty well settled, at any rate, after a century or two of continuous reading and discussing. Let those who will assure us that no one can pretend to culture unless he swear by Fra Angelico and Sandro Botticelli, by Arnolpho the son of Lapo, or the Lombardic bricklayers, by Martini and Galuppi

(all, by the way, admirable men of the second rank); and so, in literature and poetry, there are some who will hear of nothing but Webster or Marlowe; Blake, Herrick or Keats; William Langland or the Earl of Surrey; Heine or Omar Khayyám. All of these are men of genius, and each with a special and inimitable gift of his own. But the busy world, which does not hunt poets as collectors hunt for curios, may fairly reserve these lesser lights for the time when they know the greatest well.

So, I say, think mainly of the greatest, of the best known, of those who cover the largest area of human history and man's common nature. Now when we come to count up these names accepted by the unanimous voice of Europe, we have some thirty or forty names, and amongst them are some of the most voluminous of writers. I have been running over but one department of literature alone, the poetic. I have been naming those only, whose names are household words with us, and the poets for the most part of modern Europe. Yet even here we have a list which is usually found in not less than a hundred volumes at least. Now poetry and the highest kind of romance are exactly that order of literature, which not only will bear to be read many times, but that of which the true value can only be gained by frequent, and indeed habitual reading. A man can hardly be said to know the twelfth Mass or the ninth Symphony, by virtue of having once heard them played ten years ago; he can hardly be said to take air and exercise because he took a country walk once last autumn. And so he can hardly be said to know Scott, or Shakespeare, Molière, or Cervantes, when he once read them since the close of his school days, or amidst the daily grind of his professional life. The immortal and universal poets of our race are to be read and re-read till their music and their spirit are a part of our nature; they are to be thought over and digested till we live in the world they created for us; they are to be read devoutly, as devout men read their Bibles and fortify their hearts with psalms. For as the old Hebrew singer heard the heavens declare the glory of their Maker, and the firmament showing his handiwork, so in the long roll of poetry we see transfigured the strength and beauty of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life-history of our common kind.

I have said but little of the more difficult poetry, and the religious meditations of the great idealists in prose and verse, whom

it needs a concentrated study to master. Some of these are hard to all men, and at all seasons. The "Divine Comedy," in its way, reaches as deep in its thoughtfulness as Descartes himself. But these books, if they are difficult to all, are impossible to the gluttons of the circulating library. To these munchers of vapid memoirs and monotonous tales, such books are closed indeed. The power of enjoyment and of understanding is withered up within them. To the besotted gambler on the turf the lonely hillside glowing with heather grows to be as dreary as a prison; and so, too, a man may listen nightly to burlesques, till "Fidelio" inflicts on him intolerable fatigue. One may be a devourer of books, and be actually incapable of reading a hundred lines of the wisest and most beautiful. To read one of such books comes only by habit, as prayer is impossible to one who habitually dreads to be alone.

In an age of steam it seems almost idle to speak of Dante, the most profound, the most meditative, the most prophetic of all poets, in whose epic the panorama of mediæval life, of feudalism at its best and Christianity at its best, stands, as in a microcosm, transfigured, judged, and measured. To most men, the "Paradise Lost," with all its mighty music and its idyllic pictures of human nature, of our first-child parents in their naked purity and their awakening thought, is a serious and ungrateful task — not to be ranked with the simple enjoyments; it is a possession to be acquired only by habit. The great religious poets, the imaginative teachers of the heart, are never easy reading. But the reading of them is a religious habit, rather than an intellectual effort. I pretend not now to be dealing with a matter so deep and high as religion, or indeed with education in the fuller sense. I will say nothing of that side of reading which is really hard study, an effort of duty, matter of meditation and reverential thought. I need speak not now of such reading as that of the Bible; the moral reflections of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Confucius; the "Confessions" of St. Augustine and the "City of God"; the discourses of St. Bernard, of Bossuet, of Bishop Butler, of Jeremy Taylor; the vast philosophical visions that were opened to the eyes of Bacon and Descartes; the thoughts of Pascal and Vauvenargues, of Diderot and Hume, of Condorcet and de Maistre; the problem of man's nature as it is told in the "Excursion," or in "Faust," in "Cain," or in the "Pilgrim's Progress"; the unsearchable outpouring of the heart in the great mystics, of

many ages and many races; be the mysticism that of David or of John, of Mahomet or of Buddha; of Fénelon or of Shelley.

I pass by all these. For I am speaking now of the use of books in our leisure hours. I will take th books of simple enjoyment, books that one can laugh over and weep over; and learn from, and laugh and weep again: which have in them humor, truth, human nature in all its sides, pictures of the great phases of human history; and withal sound teaching in honesty, manliness, gentleness, patience. Of such books, I say, books accepted by the voice of all mankind as matchless and immortal, there is a complete library at hand for every man, in his every mood, whatever his tastes or his acquirements. To know merely the hundred volumes or so of which I have spoken would involve the study of years. But who can say that these books are read as they might be, that we do not neglect them for something in a new cover, or which catches our eye in a library? It is not merely to the idle and unreading world that this complaint holds good. It is the insatiable readers themselves who so often read to the least profit. Of course they have read all these household books many years ago, read them, and judged them, and put them away forever. They will read infinite dissertations about these authors; they will write you essays on their works; they will talk most learned criticism about them. But it never occurs to them that such books have a daily and perpetual value, such as the devout Christian finds in his morning and evening psalm; that the music of them has to sink into the soul by continual renewal; that we have to live with them and in them, till their ideal world habitually surrounds us in the midst of the real world; that their great thoughts have to stir us daily anew, and their generous passion has to warm us hour by hour; just as we need each day to have our eyes filled by the light of heaven, and our blood warmed by the glow of the sun. I vow that when I see men forgetful of the perennial poetry of the world, muck-raking in a litter of fugitive refuse, I think of that wonderful scene in the "Pilgrim's Progress," where the Interpreter shows the wayfarers the old man raking in the straw and dust, whilst he will not see the Angel who offers him a crown of gold and precious stones.

This gold, refined beyond the standard of the goldsmith, these pearls of great price, the united voice of mankind has assured us are found in those immortal works of every age and of every race whose names are household words throughout the world.

And we shut our eyes to them for the sake of the straw and litter of the nearest library or bookshop. A lifetime will hardly suffice to know, as they ought to be known, these great masterpieces of man's genius. How many of us can name ten men who may be said entirely to know (in the sense in which a thoughtful Christian knows the Psalms and the Epistles) even a few of the greatest poets? I take them almost at random, and I name Homer, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Calderon, Corneille, Molière, Milton, Fielding, Goethe, Scott. Of course every one has read these poets, but who really knows them, the whole of them, the whole meaning of them? They are too often taken «as read,» as they say in the railway meetings.

Take of this immortal choir the liveliest, the easiest, the most familiar, take for the moment the three — Cervantes, Molière, Fielding. Here we have three poets who unite the profoundest insight into human nature with the most inimitable wit: «Penseroso» and «L'Allegro» in one; «sober, steadfast, and demure,» and yet with «Laughter holding both his sides.» And in all three, different as they are, is an unfathomable pathos, a brotherly pity for all human weakness, spontaneous sympathy with all human goodness. To know «Don Quixote,» that is to follow out the whole mystery of its double world, is to know the very tragicomedy of human life, the contrast of the ideal with the real, of chivalry with good sense, of heroic failure with vulgar utility, of the past with the present, of the impossible sublime with the possible commonplace. And yet to how many reading men is «Don Quixote» little more than a book to laugh over in boyhood! So Molière is read or witnessed; we laugh and we praise. But how little do we study with insight that elaborate gallery of human character; those consummate types of almost every social phenomenon; that genial and just judge of imposture, folly, vanity, affectation, and insincerity; that tragic picture of the brave man born out of his time, too proud and too just to be of use in his age! Was ever truer word said than that about Fielding as «the prose Homer of human nature»? And yet how often do we forget in «Tom Jones» the beauty of unselfishness, the wellspring of goodness, the tenderness, the manly healthiness and heartiness underlying its frolic and its satire, because we are absorbed, it may be, in laughing at its humor, or are simply irritated by its grossness! Nay, «Robinson Crusoe» contains (not for boys,

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but for men) more religion, more philosophy, more psychology, more political economy, more anthropology, than are found in many elaborate treatises on these special subjects. And yet, I imagine, grown men do not often read «Robinson Crusoe» as the article has it, «for instruction of life and ensample of manners.» The great books of the world we have once read; we take them as read; we believe that we read them; at least, we believe that we know them. But to how few of us are they daily mental food! For once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that «voice,» as Wordsworth says, «whose sound is like the sea,» we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife.

And whilst the roll of the great men yet unread is to all of us so long, whilst years are not enough to master the very least of them, we are incessantly searching the earth for something new or strangely forgotten. Brilliant essays are forever extolling some minor light. It becomes the fashion to grow rapturous about the obscure Elizabethan dramatists; about the note of refinement in the lesser men of Queen Anne; it is pretty to swear by Lyly's «Euphues» and Sidney's «Arcadia»; to vaunt Lovelace and Herrick, Marveil and Donne, Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. All of them are excellent men, who have written delightful things, that may very well be enjoyed when we have utterly exhausted the best. But when one meets bevies of hyperesthetic young maidens, in lackadaisical gowns, who simper about Greene and John Ford (authors, let us trust, that they never have read), one wonders if they all know «Lear» or ever heard of «Alceste.» Since to nine out of ten of the «general readers» the very best is as yet more than they have managed to assimilate, this fidgeting after something curious is a little premature and perhaps artificial.

For this reason I stand amazed at the lengths of fantastic curiosity to which persons far from learned have pushed the mania for collecting rare books, or prying into out-of-the-way holes and corners of literature. They conduct themselves as if all the works attainable by ordinary diligence were to them sucked as dry as an orange. Says one, «I came across a very curious book mentioned in a parenthesis in the 'Religio Medici.' Only one other copy exists in this country.» I will not mention the

work to-night, because I know that, if I did, to-morrow morning at least fifty libraries would be ransacked for it, which would be unpardonable waste of time. «I am bringing out,» says another, quite simply, «'The Lives of the Washerwomen of the Queens of England.'» And when it comes out we shall have a copious collection of washing books some centuries old, and at length understand the mode of ironing a ruff in the early mediæval period. A very learned friend of mine thinks it perfectly monstrous that a public library should be without an adequate collection of works in Dutch, though I believe he is the only frequenter of it who can read that language. Not long ago I procured for a Russian scholar a manuscript copy of a very rare work by Greene, the contemporary of Shakespeare. Greene's «Funeralls» is, I think, as dismal and worthless a set of lines as one often sees; and as it has slumbered for nearly three hundred years, I should be willing to let it be its own undertaker. But this unsavory carrion is at last to be dug out of its grave, for it is now translated into Russian and published in Moscow (to the honor and glory of the Russian professor) in order to delight and inform the Muscovite public, where perhaps not ten in a million can as much as read Shakespeare. This or that collector again, with the labor of half a lifetime and by means of half his fortune, has amassed a library of old plays, every one of them worthless in diction, in plot, in sentiment, and in purpose; a collection far more stupid and uninteresting in fact than the burlesques and pantomimes of the last fifty years. And yet this insatiable student of old plays will probably know less of Molière and Alfieri than Molière's housekeeper or Alfieri's valet, and possibly he has never looked into such poets as Calderon and Vondel.

Collecting rare books and forgotten authors is perhaps of all the collecting manias the most foolish in our day. There is much to be said for rare china and curious beetles. The china is occasionally beautiful, and the beetles at least are droll. But rare books now are, by the nature of the case, worthless books, and their rarity usually consists in this: that the printer made a blunder in the text, or that they contain something exceptionally nasty or silly. To affect a profound interest in neglected authors and uncommon books is a sign, for the most part, not that a man has exhausted the resources of ordinary literature, but that he has no real respect for the greatest productions of the greatest

men in the world. This bibliomania seizes hold of rational beings and so perverts them, that in the sufferer's mind the human race exists for the sake of the books, and not the books for the sake of the human race. There is one book they might read to good purpose — the doings of a great book collector who once lived in La Mancha. To the collector, and sometimes to the scholar, the book becomes a fetich or idol, and is worthy of the worship of mankind, even if it cannot be the slightest use to anybody. As the book exists, it must have the compliment paid it of being invited to the shelves. The "library is imperfect without it," although the library will, so to speak, stink when it has got it. The great books are of course the common books, and these are treated by collectors and librarians with sovereign contempt. The more dreadful an abortion of a book the rare volume may be, the more desperate is the struggle of libraries to possess it. Civilization in fact has evolved a complete apparatus, an order of men and a code of ideas for the express purpose, one may say, of degrading the great books. It suffocates them under mountains of little books, and give the place of honor to that which is plainly literary carrion.

Now I suppose, at the bottom of all this lies that rattle and restlessness of life which belongs to the industrial maelstrom wherein we ever revolve. And connected therewith comes also that literary dandyism which results from the pursuit of letters without any social purpose or any systematic faith. To read from the pricking of some cerebral itch rather than from a desire of forming judgments; to get, like an Alpine club stripling, to the top of some unscaled pinnacle of culture; to use books as a sedative, as a means of exciting a mild intellectual titillation, instead of as a means of elevating the nature; to dribble on in a perpetual literary gossip in order to avoid the effort of bracing the mind to think — such is our habit in an age of utterly chaotic education. We read, as the bereaved poet made rhymes —

> "For the unquiet heart and brain,
> A use in measured language lies;
> The sad mechanic exercise,
> Like dull narcotics, numbing pain."

We, for whom steam and electricity have done almost everything except give us bigger brains and hearts, who have a new inven-

tion ready for every meeting of the Royal Institution, who want new things to talk about faster than children want new toys to break, we cannot take up the books we have seen about us since our childhood: Milton, or Molière, or Scott. It feels like donning knee breeches and buckles, to read what everybody has read, that everybody can read, and which our very fathers thought good entertainment scores of years ago. Hard-worked men and overwrought women crave an occupation which shall free them from their thoughts and yet not take them from their world. And thus it comes that we need at least a thousand new books every season, whilst we have rarely a spare hour left for the greatest of all. But I am getting into a vein too serious for our purpose: education is a long and thorny topic. I will cite but the words, on this head, of the great Bishop Butler: « The great number of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or another, daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humor, this idle way of reading and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of, without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying, is spent with less thought than great part of that which is spent in reading.» But this was written exactly a century and a half ago, in 1729; since which date, let us trust, the multiplicity of print and the habits of desultory reading have considerably abated.

A philosopher with whom I hold (but with whose opinion I have no present intention of troubling you) has proposed a method of dealing with this indiscriminate use of books, which I think is worthy of attention. He has framed a short collection of books for constant and general reading. He put it forward « with the view of guiding the more thoughtful minds among the people in their choice for constant use.» He declares that, « both the intellect and the moral character suffer grievously at the present time from irregular reading.» It was not intended to put a bar upon other reading, or to supersede special study. It is designed as a type of a healthy and rational syllabus of essential books, fit for common teaching and daily use. It presents a working epitome of what is best and most enduring in the literature of the world. The entire collection would form, in the shape in which books now exist in modern libraries, something like five hundred volumes. They embrace books both of ancient and modern times, in all the

five principal languages of modern Europe. It is divided into four sections: poetry, science, history, religion.

The principles on what it is framed are these: First it collects the best in all the great departments of human thought, so that no part of education shall be wholly wanting. Next it puts together the greatest books, of universal and permanent value, and the greatest and the most enduring only. Next it measures the greatness of books not by their brilliancy, or even their learning, but by their power of presenting some typical chapter in thought, some dominant phase of history; or else it measures them by their power of idealizing man and nature, or of giving harmony to our moral and intellectual activity. Lastly, the test of the general value of books is the permanent relation they bear to the common civilization of Europe.

Some such firm foothold in the vast and increasing torrent of literature it is certainly urgent to find, unless all that is great in literature is to be borne away in the flood of books. With this we may avoid an interminable wandering over a pathless waste of waters. Without it, we may read everything and know nothing; we may be curious about anything that chances, and indifferent to everything that profits. Having such a catalogue before our eyes, with its perpetual warning,— *non multa sed multum*,— we shall see how with our insatiable consumption of print we wander, like unclassed spirits, round the outskirts only of these Elysian fields where the great dead dwell and hold high converse. As it is we hear but in a faint echo that voice which cries: —

> «*Onorate l'altissimo Poeta:*
> *L'ombra sua torna, ch'era dipartita.*»

We need to be reminded every day how many are the books of inimitable glory, which, with all our eagerness after reading, we have never taken in our hands. It will astonish most of us to find how much of our very industry is given to the books which leave no mark, how often we rake in the litter of the printing press, whilst a crown of gold and rubies is offered us in vain.

Complete. From the original text as it was read before the London Institution and published in the Fortnightly Review, April 1st, 1879.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH

(*c.* 1715–1773)

THE Adventurer, which gave Hawkesworth his place among classical English essayists, was founded by him in 1752. He had Johnson, Bathurst, and Warton for coadjutors, but of the one hundred and forty numbers which appeared, seventy-six are attributed to Hawkesworth himself. He is highly praised by the author of the «Readers' Handbook,» and in his own generation the Archbishop of Canterbury made him a LL.D. for his essays. A single one of them, however, will be sufficient to illustrate both the Johnsonian style and the moral ideas of the others. Hawkesworth was born in London about 1715. He began life as apprentice to a clockmaker, but getting a similar place in an attorney's office, he found opportunity to develop his taste for books. When in 1744 Dr. Johnson ceased compiling (or composing) his remarkable parliamentary reports for the Gentleman's Magazine, Hawkesworth succeeded him. In 1761 he edited Swift's works and published a volume of «Fairy Tales.» In 1773 he published three volumes of the papers of Captain Cook, for editing which the English government paid him £6,000. His work was severely criticized, however, and it is said that his death (November 17th, 1773) was hastened by his abnormal sensitiveness.

ON GOSSIP AND TATTLING

Μισω μνημονα Συμποτην.

—*Greek Proverb.*

«Far from my table be the telltale guest.»

IT HAS been remarked that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said even of the devil, that he is good-humored when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and expresses great malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good-humor, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices, which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because, by detraction, that is not gained which is taken away: «He who filches from me my good name,» says Shakespeare, «enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed»: as nothing, therefore, degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonor upon his company than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species should be more diligently avoided than he who is scandalous only by his office.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending that the report by which they injured an absent character was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and if this practice were universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villainy by which the law is evaded than in those by which it is violated and defied. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution; and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach: they do not say that Chloe forfeited her honor to Lysander, but they say that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports frequently invent them, and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case, because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it, and he who should diffuse poison in a brook would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should allege that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature should indeed be excluded from our conversation. As companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves, but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the

presence of each other are become obdurate in guilt and insensible to infamy.

Reverence thyself, is one of the sublime precepts of that amiable philosopher, whose humanity alone was an incontestible proof of the dignity of his mind. Pythagoras, in his idea of virtue, comprehended intellectual purity; and he supposed that by him who reverenced himself those thoughts would be suppressed by which a being capable of virtue is degraded. This divine precept evidently presupposes a reverence of others, by which men are restrained from more gross immoralities; and with which he hoped a reverence of self would also co-operate as an auxiliary motive.

The great Duke of Marlborough, who was perhaps the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would never suffer any approaches to obscenity in his presence; and it was said by the late Lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in the speaker, but resented it as an indignity to himself: and it is evident that to speak evil of the absent, to utter lewdness, blasphemy, or treason, must degrade not only him who speaks, but those who hear; for surely that dignity of character which a man ought always to sustain is in danger when he is made the confidant of treachery, detraction, impiety, or lust: for he, who in conversation displays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts to another of a robbery presupposes that he is a thief.

It should be a general rule never to utter anything in conversation which would justly dishonor us if it should be reported to the world. If this rule could be always kept, we should be secure in our own innocence against the craft of knaves and parasites, the stratagems of cunning, and the vigilance of envy.

But after all the bounty of nature, and all the labor of virtue, many imperfections will be still discerned in human beings, even by those who do not see with all the perspicacity of human wisdom; and he is guilty of the most aggravated detraction, who reports the weakness of a good mind discovered in an unguarded hour; something which is rather the effect of negligence than design; rather a folly than a fault; a sally of vanity rather than an eruption of malevolence. It has therefore been a maxim inviolably sacred among good men, never to disclose the secrets of private conversation; a maxim, which though it seems to arise from the breach of some other, does yet imply that general rectitude, which is produced by a consciousness of virtuous dignity, and a regard to that reverence which is due to ourselves and

others: for to conceal any immoral purpose, which to disclose is to disappoint; any crime, which to hide is to countenance; or any character, which to avoid is to be safe; as it is incompatible with virtue, and injurious to society, can be a law only among those who are enemies to both.

Among such, indeed, it is a law which there is some degree of obligation to fulfill; and the secrets even of their conversation are, perhaps, seldom disclosed, without an aggravation of their guilt; it is the interest of society, that the veil of taciturnity should be drawn over the mysteries of drunkenness and lewdness; and to hide even the machinations of envy, ambition, or revenge, if they happen to mingle in these orgies among the rites of Bacchus, seems to be the duty of the initiated, though not of the profane.

If he who has associated with robbers, who has reposed and accepted a trust, and whose guilt is a pledge of his fidelity, should betray his associates for hire; if he is urged to secure himself, by the anxiety of suspicion, or the terrors of cowardice, or to punish others by the importunity of resentment and revenge; though the public receive benefit from his conduct, and may think it expedient to reward him, yet he has only added to every other species of guilt that of treachery to his friends: he has demonstrated that he is so destitute of virtue as not to possess even those vices which resemble it; and that he ought to be cut off as totally unfit for human society, but that, as poison is an antidote to poison, his crimes are a security against the crimes of others.

It is, however, true that if such an offender is stung with remorse, if he feels the force of higher obligations than those of an iniquitous compact, and if urged by a desire to atone for the injury which he has done to society, he gives in his information and delivers up his associates, with whatever reluctance, to the laws; by this sacrifice he ratifies his repentance, he becomes again the friend of his country, and deserves not only protection, but esteem: for the same action may be either virtuous or vicious, and may deserve either honor or infamy, as it may be performed upon different principles; and indeed no action can be morally classed or estimated without some knowledge of the motive by which it is produced.

But as there is seldom any other clue to the motives of particular actions than the general tenor of his life by whom they

are performed; and as the lives of those who serve their country by bringing its enemies to punishment are commonly flagitious in the highest degree; the ideas of this service, and the most sordid villainy are so connected that they always recur together: if only this part of a character is known, we immediately infer that the whole is infamous; and it is, therefore, no wonder that the name by which it is expressed, especially when it is used to denominate a profession, should be odious; or that a good man should not always have sufficient fortitude to strike away the mask of dissimulation, and direct the sword of justice.

But whatever might be thought of those who discharge their obligations to the public by treachery to their companions, it cannot be pretended that he to whom an immoral design is communicated by inadvertence or mistake is under any private obligation to conceal it; the charge which devolves upon him, he must instantly renounce: for while he hesitates, his virtue is suspended: and he who communicates such design to another, not by inadvertence or mistake, but upon presumption of concurrence, commits an outrage upon his honor, and defies his resentment.

Let none, therefore, be encouraged to profane the rites of conversation, much less of friendship, by supposing there is any law which ought to restrain the indignation of virtue, or deter repentance from reparation.

From the Adventurer complete.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(1804–1864)

IF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE had not been one of the best story-tellers of modern times, he might have been the greatest American essayist. As it is, he has left only a few idyls to suggest what he might have done as an essayist, if he had loved to express his thoughts directly as well as he does to involve them in allegory. In the subtlety with which he conceals a deep allegorical meaning under what is seemingly a story told for its own sake, he often approaches the «Odyssey» itself, and perhaps among Moderns he is only approached by De la Motte Fouqué. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4th, 1804. At Bowdoin College, where he was graduated in 1825, he had John S. C. Abbott and Longfellow for classmates. And in 1837, when his «Twice-Told Tales» appeared, Longfellow noticed them favorably in the North American Review. It was not until 1839, however, that Hawthorne's genius was officially recognized by his appointment as «weigher and gauger» in the Federal customs service,— a position he owed to the good offices of the historian Bancroft, then collector of customs at Boston. From 1846 to 1850 Hawthorne was himself «surveyor of the port» of Salem, and during this period he found leisure to write «The Scarlet Letter,» an immortal work which if it be thus the result of the favoritism of President Polk for a fellow-Democrat, is the one result of his administration for which posterity will thank him more than for all the rest. In accounting for it, it is worth remembering that one of Hawthorne's own ancestors was a Puritan magistrate, a witch-finder and a persecutor of Quakers. After taking up his residence in the «Manse» at Concord, Hawthorne enjoyed the friendship of Emerson and Thoreau, to whom, in nearly everything, he was as unlike as possible. He died — or perhaps we should say, his avatar ended —May 19th, 1864. His was a mind which took hold on the supernatural as part of its own essence. Among the story-tellers of all ages, no higher or sweeter soul has come on earth to give human nature assurance of its divine possibilities. It is the consciousness of such divinity which sounds in the minor chords of Hawthorne's harmonies. His feeling for eternal things saddened him with the things of time, but his sadness is a manifestation of his highest hope, —a part of that pain which the genius of Edmund Burke has recognized as inevitably incident to consciousness of the sublime.

THE HALL OF FANTASY

IT HAS happened to me on various occasions to find myself in a certain edifice which would appear to have some of the characteristics of a public exchange. Its interior is a spacious hall, with a pavement of white marble. Overhead is a lofty dome, supported by long rows of pillars of fantastic architecture, the idea of which was probably taken from the Moorish ruins of the Alhambra, or perhaps from some enchanted edifice in the Arabian tales. The windows of this hall have a breadth and grandeur of design and an elaborateness of workmanship that have nowhere been equaled, except in the Gothic cathedrals of the Old World. Like their prototypes, too, they admit the light of heaven only through stained and pictured glass, thus filling the hall with many-colored radiance and painting its marble floor with beautiful or grotesque designs; so that its inmates breathe, as it were, a visionary atmosphere, and tread upon the fantasies of poetic minds. These peculiarities, combining a wilder mixture of styles than even an American architect usually recognizes as allowable,—Grecian, Gothic, Oriental, and nondescript,—cause the whole edifice to give the impression of a dream, which might be dissipated and shattered to fragments by merely stamping the foot upon the pavement. Yet, with such modifications and repairs as successive ages demand, the Hall of Fantasy is likely to endure longer than the most substantial structure that ever cumbered the earth.

It is not at all times that one can gain admittance into this edifice, although most persons enter it at some period or other of their lives; if not in their waking moments, then by the universal passport of a dream. At my last visit I wandered thither unawares while my mind was busy with an idle tale, and was startled by the throng of people who seemed suddenly to rise up around me.

"Bless me! Where am I?" cried I, with but a dim recognition of the place.

"You are in a spot," said a friend who chanced to be near at hand, "which occupies in the world of fancy the same position which the Bourse, the Rialto, and the Exchange do in the commercial world. All who have affairs in that mystic region, which lies above, below, or beyond the actual, may here meet and talk over the business of their dreams."

"It is a noble hall," observed I.

"Yes," he replied. "Yet we see but a small portion of the edifice. In its upper stories are said to be apartments where the inhabitants of earth may hold converse with those of the moon; and beneath our feet are gloomy cells, which communicate with the infernal regions, and where monsters and chimeras are kept in confinement and fed with all unwholesomeness."

In niches and on pedestals around about the hall stood the statues or busts of men who in every age have been rulers and demigods in the realms of imagination and its kindred regions. The grand old countenance of Homer; the shrunken and decrepit form, but vivid face of Æsop; the dark presence of Dante; the wild Ariosto; Rabelais's smile of deep-wrought mirth; the profound, pathetic humor of Cervantes; the all-glorious Shakespeare; Spenser, meet guest for an allegoric structure; the severe divinity of Milton; and Bunyan, molded of homeliest clay, but instinct with celestial fire,— were those that chiefly attracted my eye. Fielding, Richardson, and Scott occupied conspicuous pedestals. In an obscure and shadowy niche was deposited the bust of our countryman, the author of "Arthur Mervyn."

"Besides these indestructible memorials of real genius," remarked my companion, "each century has erected statues of its own ephemeral favorites in wood."

"I observe a few crumbling relics of such," said I. "But ever and anon, I suppose, Oblivion comes with her huge broom and sweeps them all from the marble floor. But such will never be the fate of this fine statue of Goethe."

"Nor of that next to it,— Emanuel Swedenborg," said he. "Were ever two men of transcendent imagination more unlike?"

In the centre of the hall springs an ornamental fountain, the water of which continually throws itself into new shapes and snatches the most diversified hues from the stained atmosphere around. It is impossible to conceive what a strange vivacity is imparted to the scene by the magic dance of this fountain, with its endless transformations, in which the imaginative beholder may discern what form he will. The water is supposed by some to flow from the same source as the Castilian spring, and is extolled by others as uniting the virtues of the Fountain of Youth with those of many other enchanted wells long celebrated in tale and song. Having never tasted it, I can bear no testimony to its quality.

«Did you ever drink this water?» I inquired of my friend.

«A few sips now and then,» answered he. «But there are men here who make it their constant beverage,—or, at least, have the credit of doing so. In some instances it is known to have intoxicating qualities.»

«Pray, let us look at these water drinkers,» said I.

So we passed among the fantastic pillars till we came to a spot where a number of persons were clustered together in the light of one of the great stained windows, which seemed to glorify the whole group as well as the marble that they trod on. Most of them were men of broad foreheads, meditative countenances, and thoughtful, inward eyes; yet it required but a trifle to summon up mirth, peeping out from the very midst of grave and lofty musings. Some strode about, or leaned against the pillars of the hall, alone and in silence; their faces wore a rapt expression, as if sweet music were in the air around them, or as if their inmost souls were about to float away in song. One or two, perhaps, stole a glance at the bystanders, to watch if their poetic absorption were observed. Others stood talking in groups, with a liveliness of expression, a ready smile, and a light, intellectual laughter, which showed how rapidly the shafts of wit were glancing to and fro among them.

A few held higher converse, which caused their calm and melancholy souls to beam moonlight from their eyes. As I lingered near them,—for I felt an inward attraction towards these men, as if the sympathy of feeling, if not of genius, had united me to their order,—my friend mentioned several of their names. The world has likewise heard those names; with some it has been familiar for years; and others are daily making their way deeper into the universal heart.

«Thank Heaven,» observed I to my companion, as we passed to another part of the hall, «we have done with this techy, wayward, shy, proud unreasonable set of laurel gatherers. I love them in their works, but have little desire to meet them elsewhere.»

«You have adopted an old prejudice, I see,» replied my friend, who was familiar with most of these worthies, being himself a student of poetry, and not without the poetic flame. «But, so far as my experience goes, men of genius are fairly gifted with the social qualities; and in this age there appears to be a fellowfeeling among them which had not heretofore been devel-

oped. As men, they ask nothing better than to be on equal terms with their fellowmen; and as authors, they have thrown aside their proverbial jealousy, and acknowledge a generous brotherhood.»

«The world does not think so,» answered I. «An author is received in general society pretty much as we honest citizens are in the Hall of Fantasy. We gaze at him as if he had no business among us, and question whether he is fit for any of our pursuits.»

«Then it is a very foolish question,» said he. «Now, here are a class of men whom we may daily meet on 'Change. Yet what poet in the hall is more a fool of fancy than the sagest of them?»

He pointed to a number of persons, who, manifest as the fact was, would have deemed it an insult to be told that they stood in the Hall of Fantasy. Their visages were traced into wrinkles and furrows, each of which seemed the record of some actual experience in life. Their eyes had the shrewd, calculating glance which detects so quickly and so surely all that it concerns a man of business to know about the characters and purposes of his fellowmen. Judging them as they stood, they might be honored and trusted members of the Chamber of Commerce, who had found the genuine secret of wealth and whose sagacity gave them the command of fortune. There was a character of detail and matter of fact in their talk which concealed the extravagance of its purport, insomuch that the wildest schemes had the aspect of every-day realities. Thus the listener was not startled at the idea of cities to be built, as if by magic, in the heart of pathless forests; and of streets to be laid out where now the sea was tossing; and of mighty rivers to be stayed in their courses in order to turn the machinery of a cotton mill. It was only by an effort, and scarcely then, that the mind convinced itself that such speculations were as much matter of fantasy as the old dream of Eldorado, or as Mammon's Cave, or any other vision of gold ever conjured up by the imagination of needy poet or romantic adventurer.

«Upon my word,» said I, «it is dangerous to listen to such dreamers as these. Their madness is contagious.»

«Yes,» said my friend, «because they mistake the Hall of Fantasy for actual brick and mortar, and its purple atmosphere for unsophisticated sunshine. But the poet knows his where-

about, and therefore is less likely to make a fool of himself in real life."

"Here again," observed I, as we advanced a little further, "we see another order of dreamers, peculiarly characteristic, too, of the genius of our country."

These were the inventors of fantastic machines. Models of their contrivances were placed against some of the pillars of the hall, and afforded good emblems of the result generally to be anticipated from an attempt to reduce daydreams to practice. The analogy may hold in morals as well as physics; for instance, here was the model of a railroad through the air and a tunnel under the sea. Here was a machine — stolen, I believe — for the distillation of heat from moonshine; and another for the condensation of morning mist into square blocks of granite, wherewith it was proposed to rebuild the entire Hall of Fantasy. One man exhibited a sort of lens whereby he had succeeded in making sunshine out of a lady's smile; and it was his purpose wholly to irradiate the earth by means of this wonderful invention.

"It is nothing new," said I; "for most of our sunshine comes from woman's smile already."

"True," answered the inventor; "but my machine will secure a constant supply for domestic use, whereas hitherto it has been very precarious."

Another person had a scheme for fixing the reflections of objects in a pool of water, and thus taking the most lifelike portraits imaginable; and the same gentleman demonstrated the practicability of giving a permanent dye to ladies' dresses, in the gorgeous clouds of sunset. There were at least fifty kinds of perpetual motion, one of which was applicable to the wits of newspaper editors and writers of every description. Professor Espy was here, with a tremendous storm in a gum-elastic bag. I could enumerate many more of these Utopian inventions; but, after all, a more imaginative collection is to be found in the Patent Office at Washington.

Turning from the inventors, we took a more general survey of the inmates of the hall. Many persons were present whose right of entrance appeared to consist in some crotchet of the brain, which, so long as it might operate, produced a change in their relation to the actual world. It is singular how very few there are who do not occasionally gain admittance on such a score,

either in abstracted musings, or momentary thoughts, or bright anticipations, or vivid remembrances; for even the actual becomes ideal, whether in hope or memory, and beguiles the dreamer into the Hall of Fantasy. Some unfortunates make their whole abode and business here, and contract habits which unfit them for all the real employments of life. Others — but these are few — possess the faculty, in their occasional visits, of discovering a purer truth than the world can impart among the lights and shadows of these pictured windows.

And with all its dangerous influences, we have reason to thank God that there is such a place of refuge from the gloom and chillness of actual life. Hither may come the prisoner, escaping from his dark and narrow cell and cankerous chain, to breathe free air in this enchanted atmosphere. The sick man leaves his weary pillow, and finds strength to wander hither, though his wasted limbs might not support him even to the threshold of his chamber. The exile passes through the Hall of Fantasy to revisit his native soil. The burden of years rolls down from the old man's shoulders the moment that the door uncloses. Mourners leave their heavy sorrows at the entrance, and here rejoin the lost ones whose faces would else be seen no more, until thought shall have become the only fact. It may be said, in truth, that there is but half a life — the meaner and earthlier half — for those who never find their way into the hall. Nor must I fail to mention that in the observatory of the edifice is kept that wonderful perspective-glass, through which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains showed Christian the far-off gleam of the Celestial City. The eye of Faith still loves to gaze through it.

« I observe some men here,» said I to my friend, « who might set up a strong claim to be reckoned among the most real personages of the day.»

« Certainly,» he replied. « If a man be in advance of his age, he must be content to make his abode in this hall until the lingering generations of his fellowmen come up with him. He can find no other shelter in the universe. But the fantasies of one day are the deepest realities of a future one.»

« It is difficult to distinguish them apart amid the gorgeous and bewildering light of this hall,» rejoined I. « The white sunshine of actual life is necessary in order to test them. I am rather apt to doubt both men and their reasonings till I meet them in that truthful medium.»

"Perhaps your faith in the ideal is deeper than you are aware," said my friend. "You are at least a democrat; and methinks no scanty share of such faith is essential to the adoption of that creed."

Among the characters who had elicited these remarks were most of the noted reformers of the day, whether in physics, politics, morals, or religion. There is no surer method of arriving at the Hall of Fantasy than to throw oneself into the current of a theory; for, whatever landmarks of fact may be set up along the stream, there is a law of nature that impels it thither. And let it be so; for here the wise head and capacious heart may do their work; and what is good and true becomes gradually hardened into fact, while error melts away and vanishes among the shadows of the hall. Therefore may none who believe and rejoice in the progress of mankind be angry with me because I recognized their apostles and leaders amid the fantastic radiance of those pictured windows. I love and honor such men as well as they.

It would be endless to describe the herd of real or self-styled reformers that peopled this place of refuge. They were the representatives of an unquiet period, when mankind is seeking to cast off the whole tissue of ancient custom like a tattered garment. Many of them had got possession of some crystal fragment of truth, the brightness of which so dazzled them that they could see nothing else in the wide universe. Here were men whose faith had embodied itself in the form of a potato; and others whose long beards had a deep spiritual significance. Here was the abolitionist, brandishing his one idea like an iron flail. In a word, there were a thousand shapes of good and evil, faith and infidelity, wisdom and nonsense,—a most incongruous throng.

Yet, withal, the heart of the stanchest conservative, unless he abjured his fellowship with man, could hardly have helped throbbing in sympathy with the spirit that pervaded these innumerable theorists. It was good for the man of unquickened heart to listen even to their folly. Far down beyond the fathom of the intellect the soul acknowledged that all these varying and conflicting developments of humanity were united in one sentiment. Be the individual theory as wild as fancy could make it, still the wiser spirit would recognize the struggle of the race after a better and purer life than had yet been realized on earth. My faith revived even while I rejected all their schemes. It could

not be that the world should continue forever what it has been; a soil where Happiness is so rare a flower and Virtue so often a blighted fruit; a battlefield where the good principle, with its shield flung above its head, can hardly save itself amid the rush of adverse influences. In the enthusiasm of such thoughts I gazed through one of the pictured windows, and behold! the whole external world was tinged with the dimly glorious aspect that is peculiar to the Hall of Fantasy, insomuch that it seemed practicable at that very instant to realize some plan for the perfection of mankind. But, alas! if reformers would understand the sphere in which their lot is cast, they must cease to look through pictured windows. Yet they not only use this medium, but mistake it for the whitest sunshine.

"Come," said I to my friend, starting from a deep reverie, "let us hasten hence, or I shall be tempted to make a theory, after which there is little hope of any man."

"Come hither, then," answered he. "Here is one theory that swallows up and annihilates all others."

He led me to a distant part of the hall where a crowd of deeply attentive auditors were assembled round an elderly man of plain, honest, trustworthy aspect. With an earnestness that betokened the sincerest faith in his own doctrine, he announced that the destruction of the world was close at hand.

"It is Father Miller himself!" exclaimed I.

"No less a man," said my friend; "and observe how picturesque a contrast between his dogma and those of the reformers whom we have just glanced at. They look for the earthly perfection of mankind, and are forming schemes which imply that the immortal spirit will be connected with a physical nature for innumerable ages of futurity. On the other hand, here comes good Father Miller, and with one puff of his relentless theory scatters all their dreams like so many withered leaves upon the blast."

"It is, perhaps, the only method of getting mankind out of the various perplexities into which they have fallen," I replied. "Yet I could wish that the world might be permitted to endure until some great moral shall have been evolved. A riddle is propounded. Where is the solution? The sphinx did not slay herself until her riddle had been guessed. Will it not be so with the world? Now, if it should be burned to-morrow morning, I am at a loss to know what purpose will have been accomplished,

or how the universe will be wiser or better for our existence and destruction."

"We cannot tell what mighty truths may have been embodied in act through the existence of the globe and its inhabitants," rejoined my companion. "Perhaps it may be revealed to us after the fall of the curtain over our catastrophe; or not impossibly, the whole drama, in which we are involuntary actors, may have been performed for the instruction of another set of spectators. I cannot perceive that our own comprehension of it is at all essential to the matter. At any rate, while our view is so ridiculously narrow and superficial it would be absurd to argue the continuance of the world from the fact that it seems to have existed hitherto in vain."

"The poor old earth," murmured I. "She has faults enough, in all conscience; but I cannot bear to have her perish."

"It is no great matter," said my friend. "The happiest of us has been weary of her many a time and oft."

"I doubt it," answered I, pertinaciously; "the root of human nature strikes down deep into this earthly soil, and it is but reluctantly that we submit to be transplanted, even for a higher cultivation in heaven. I query whether the destruction of the earth would gratify any one individual, except perhaps some embarrassed man of business whose notes fall due a day after the day of doom."

Then methought I heard the expostulating cry of a multitude against the consummation prophesied by Father Miller. The lover wrestled with Providence for his foreshadowed bliss. Parents entreated that the earth's span of endurance might be prolonged by some seventy years, so that their newborn infant should not be defrauded of his lifetime. A youthful poet murmured because there would be no posterity to recognize the inspiration of his song. The reformers, one and all, demanded a few thousand years to test their theories, after which the universe might go to wreck. A mechanician, who was busied with an improvement of the steam engine, asked merely time to perfect his model. A miser insisted that the world's destruction would be a personal wrong to himself, unless he should first be permitted to add a specified sum to his enormous heap of gold. A little boy made dolorous inquiry whether the last day would come before Christmas, and thus deprive him of his anticipated dainties. In short, nobody seemed satisfied that this mortal scene of things

should have its close just now. Yet, it must be confessed, the motives of the crowd for desiring its continuance were mostly so absurd that unless Infinite Wisdom had been aware of much better reasons, the solid earth must have melted away at once.

For my own part, not to speak of a few private and personal ends, I really desired our old mother's prolonged existence for her own dear sake.

«The poor old earth!» I repeated. «What I should chiefly regret in her destruction would be that very earthliness which no other sphere or state of existence can renew or compensate. The fragrance of flowers and of new-mown hay; the genial warmth of sunshine, and the beauty of a sunset among clouds; the comfort and cheerful glow of the fireside; the deliciousness of fruits and of all good cheer; the magnificence of mountains, and seas, and cataracts, and the softer charm of rural scenery; even the fast-falling snow and the gray atmosphere through which it descends,—all these and innumerable other enjoyable things of earth must perish with her. Then the country frolics; the homely humor; the broad, open-mouthed roar of laughter, in which body and soul conjoin so heartily! I fear that no other world can show us anything just like this. As for purely moral enjoyments, the good will find them in every state of being. But where the material and the moral exist together, what is to happen then? And then our mute four-footed friends and the winged songsters of our woods! Might it not be lawful to regret them, even in the hallowed groves of Paradise?»

«You speak like the very spirit of earth, imbued with a scent of freshly turned soil,» exclaimed my friend.

«It is not that I so much object to giving up these enjoyments on my own account,» continued I, «but I hate to think that they will have been eternally annihilated from the list of joys.»

«Nor need they be,» he replied. «I see no real force in what you say. Standing in this Hall of Fantasy, we perceive what even the earth-clogged intellect of man can do in creating circumstances which, though we call them shadowy and visionary, are scarcely more so than those that surround us in actual life. Doubt not, then, that man's disembodied spirit may re-create time and the world for itself, with all their peculiar enjoyments, should there still be human yearnings amid life eternal and infinite. But I doubt whether we shall be inclined to play such a poor scene over again.»

«Oh, you are ungrateful to our mother earth!» rejoined I. «Come what may, I never will forget her! Neither will it satisfy me to have her exist merely in idea. I want her great, round, solid self to endure interminably, and still to be peopled with the kindly race of man, whom I uphold to be much better than he thinks himself. Nevertheless, I confide the whole matter to Providence, and shall endeavor so to live that the world may come to an end at any moment without leaving me at a loss to find foothold somewhere else.»

«It is an excellent resolve,» said my companion, looking at his watch. «But come; it is the dinner hour. Will you partake of my vegetable diet?»

A thing so matter of fact as an invitation to dinner, even when the fare was to be nothing more substantial than vegetables and fruit, compelled us forthwith to remove from the Hall of Fantasy. As we passed out of the portal we met the spirits of several persons who had been sent thither in magnetic sleep. I looked back among the sculptured pillars and at the transformations of the gleaming fountain, and almost desired that the whole of life might be spent in that visionary scene where the actual world, with its hard angles, should never rub against me, and only be viewed through the medium of pictured windows. But for those who waste all their days in the Hall of Fantasy, good Father Miller's prophecy is already accomplished, and the solid earth has come to an untimely end. Let us be content, therefore, with merely an occasional visit, for the sake of spiritualizing the grossness of this actual life, and prefiguring to ourselves a state in which the Idea shall be all in all.

Complete. From «Mosses from an Old Manse.»

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP

(*Scene — The corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.*)

NOON, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers,

not be that the world should continue forever what it has been; a soil where Happiness is so rare a flower and Virtue so often a blighted fruit; a battlefield where the good principle, with its shield flung above its head, can hardly save itself amid the rush of adverse influences. In the enthusiasm of such thoughts I gazed through one of the pictured windows, and behold! the whole external world was tinged with the dimly glorious aspect that is peculiar to the Hall of Fantasy, insomuch that it seemed practicable at that very instant to realize some plan for the perfection of mankind. But, alas! if reformers would understand the sphere in which their lot is cast, they must cease to look through pictured windows. Yet they not only use this medium, but mistake it for the whitest sunshine.

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fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dramshop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir,—no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again. Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strown earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains Endicott and his followers

came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity — whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages and gaze at them afterwards — at least the pretty maidens did — in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cartloads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place — and then another, and still another — till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people; I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with

sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me — if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class — of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, find no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw her own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by

fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war — the drunkenness of nations — perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy — a calm bliss of temperate affections — shall pass hand and hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now, listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine — and true friends I know they are — who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging, slap dash, into hot water, and woefully scalding yourself and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage — and indeed in the whole conduct of your lives — you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulent and manifold disquietudes of the world

around me, to reach that deep calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old! Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink «Success to the Town Pump!»

Complete. From «Twice-Told Tales.»

WILLIAM HAZLITT

(1778–1830)

HAZLITT was born in Kent, England, April 10th, 1778. His tastes as a young man led him to join the study of metaphysics to that of painting. When he went to London, it was to develop what he conceived to be his faculties for these antagonistic modes of intellectual activity. Naturally, he failed in both, but he established himself as a literary critic and popular essayist. It is said that he had Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, and Thomas Moore for friends, and that he quarreled with them all. His nerves were too sensitive for the protracted literary work he attempted and the reaction from it gave him the irritability which, as it is said to characterize all «the race of poets,» is perhaps no less liable to attack those who make a profession of criticizing them. This Hazlitt did with such success that though he is under the sweeping condemnation of some, who accuse him of habitual «cramming,» others praise him as one of the first to demonstrate that Shakespeare's apparent simplicity is due to the highest art. He died September 18th, 1830, after a life which was far from happy. Among his most notable works are his «Lectures on English Poetry,» «Lectures on the English Comic Writers,» «Characters of Shakespeare's Plays,» «Table Talk,» «Original Essays,» and «Political Essays.» «Other men have been said to speak like books,» writes Richard Garnett, «Hazlitt's books speak like men.»

ON THE PERIODICAL ESSAYISTS

«The proper study of mankind is man.»

I NOW come to speak of that sort of writing which has been so successfully cultivated in this country by our Periodical Essayists, and which consists in applying the talents and resources of the mind to all that mixed mass of human affairs, which, though not included under the head of any regular art, science, or profession, falls under the cognizance of the writer, and «comes home to the business and bosoms of men.» *Quicquid agunt*

homines nostri farrago libelli, is the general motto of this department of literature. It does not treat of minerals or fossils, of the virtues of plants, or the influence of planets; it does not meddle with forms of belief, or systems of philosophy, nor launch into the world of spiritual existences; but it makes familiar with the world of men and women, records their actions, assigns their motives, exhibits their whims, characterizes their pursuits in all their singular and endless variety, ridicules their absurdities, exposes their inconsistencies, « holds the mirror up to nature, and shows the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure »; takes minutes of our dress, air, looks, words, thoughts, and actions; shows us what we are, and what we are not; plays the whole game of human life over before us, and by making us enlightened spectators of its many-colored scenes, enables us (if possible) to become tolerably reasonable agents in the one in which we have to perform a part. « The act and practic part of life is thus made the mistress of our theorique. » It is the best and most natural course of study. It is in morals and manners what the experimental is in natural philosophy, as opposed to the dogmatical method. It does not deal in sweeping clauses of proscription and anathema, but in nice distinctions and liberal constructions. It makes up its general accounts from details, its few theories from many facts. It does not try to prove all black or all white as it wishes, but lays on the intermediate colors (and most of them not unpleasing ones), as it finds them blended with « the web of our life, which is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. » It inquires what human life is and has been, to show what it ought to be. It follows it into courts and camps, into town and country, into rustic sports or learned disputations, into the various shades of prejudice or ignorance, of refinement or barbarism, into its private haunts or public pageants, into its weaknesses and littlenesses, its professions and its practices — before it pretends to distinguish right from wrong, or one thing from another. How, indeed, should it do so otherwise?

> « *Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,*
> *Plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.* »

The writers I speak of are, if not moral philosophers, moral historians, and that's better: or if they are both, they found the one character upon the other; their premises precede their con-

clusions; and we put faith in their testimony, for we know that it is true.

Montaigne was the first person who in his « Essays » led the way to this kind of writing among the Moderns. The great merit of Montaigne then was, that he may be said to have been the first who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man. And as courage is generally the effect of conscious strength, he was probably led to do so by the richness, truth, and force of his own observations on books and men. He was, in the truest sense, a man of original mind, that is, he had the power of looking at things for himself, or as they really were, instead of blindly trusting to, and fondly repeating what others told him that they were. He got rid of the go-cart of prejudice and affectation, with the learned lumber that follows at their heels, because he could do without them. In taking up his pen he did not set up for a philosopher, wit, orator, or moralist, but he became all these by merely daring to tell us whatever passed through his mind, in its naked simplicity and force, that he thought always worth communicating. He did not, in the abstract character of an author, undertake to say all that could be said upon a subject, but what in his capacity as an inquirer after truth he happened to know about it. He was neither a pedant nor a bigot. He neither supposed that he was bound to know all things, nor that all things were bound to conform to what he had fancied or would have them to be. In treating of men and manners, he spoke of them as he found them, not according to preconceived notions and abstract dogmas; and he began by teaching us what he himself was. In criticizing books he did not compare them with rules and systems, but told us what he saw to like or dislike in them. He did not take his standard of excellence « according to an exact scale » of Aristotle, or fall out with a work that was good for anything, because « not one of the angles at the four corners was a right one. » He was, in a word, the first author who was not a bookmaker, and who wrote, not to make converts of others to established creeds and prejudices, but to satisfy his own mind of the truth of things. In this respect we know not which to be most charmed with, the author or the man. There is an inexpressible frankness and sincerity, as well as power, in what he writes. There is no attempt at imposition or concealment, no juggling tricks or solemn mouthings, no labored attempts at proving himself always in the right, and everybody

else in the wrong; he says what is uppermost, lays open what floats at the top or the bottom of his mind, and deserves Pope's character of him, where he professes to—

> «——— pour out all as plain
> As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne.»

He does not converse with us like a pedagogue with his pupil, whom he wishes to make as great a blockhead as himself, but like a philosopher and friend who has passed through life with thought and observation, and is willing to enable others to pass through it with pleasure and profit. A writer of this stamp, I confess, appears to me as much superior to a common bookworm as a library of real books is superior to a mere bookcase, painted and lettered on the outside with the names of celebrated works. As he was the first to attempt this new way of writing, so the same strong natural impulse which prompted the undertaking, carried him to the end of his career. The same force and honesty of mind which urged him to throw off the shackles of custom and prejudice would enable him to complete his triumph over them. He has left little for his successors to achieve in the way of just and original speculation on human life. Nearly all the thinking of the two last centuries of that kind which the French denominate *morale observatrice* is to be found in Montaigne's «Essays»: there is a germ, at least, and generally much more. He sowed the seed and cleared away the rubbish, even where others have reaped the fruit, or cultivated and decorated the soil to a greater degree of nicety and perfection. There is no one to whom the old Latin adage is more applicable than to Montaigne, *Pereant isti qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.* There has been no new impulse given to thought since his time. Among the specimens of criticisms on authors which he has left us, are those on Virgil, Ovid, and Boccaccio, in the account of books which he thinks worth reading, or (which is the same thing) which he finds he can read in his old age, and which may be reckoned among the few criticisms which are worth reading at any age.

Montaigne's «Essays» were translated into English by Charles Cotton, who was one of the wits and poets of the age of Charles II.; and Lord Halifax, one of the noble critics of that day, declared it to be «the book in the world he was the best pleased with.» This mode of familiar essay-writing, free from

the trammels of the schools and the airs of professed authorship, was successfully imitated, about the same time, by Cowley and Sir William Temple in their miscellaneous essays, which are very agreeable and learned talking upon paper. Lord Shaftesbury, on the contrary, who aimed at the same easy, *degagé* mode of communicating his thoughts to the world, has quite spoiled his matter, which is sometimes valuable, by his manner, in which he carries a certain flaunting, flowery, figurative, flirting style of amicable condescension to the reader, to an excess more tantalizing than the most starched and ridiculous formality of the age of James I. There is nothing so tormenting as the affectation of ease and freedom from affectation.

The ice being thus thawed, and the barrier that kept authors at a distance from common sense and feeling broken through, the transition was not difficult from Montaigne and his imitators to our Periodical Essayists. These last applied the same unrestrained expression of their thoughts to the more immediate and passing scenes of life, to temporary and local matters; and in order to discharge the invidious office of *Censor Morum* more freely, and with less responsibility, assumed some fictitious and humorous disguise, which, however, in a degree, corresponded to their own peculiar habits and character. By thus concealing their own name and person under the title of the Tatler, Spectator, etc., they were enabled to inform us more fully of what was passing in the world, while the dramatic contrast and ironical point of view to which the whole is subjected, added a greater liveliness and piquancy to the descriptions. The philosopher and wit here commences newsmonger, makes himself master of "the perfect spy o' th' time," and from his various walks and turns through life, brings home little curious specimens of the humors, opinions, and manners of his contemporaries, as the botanist brings home different plants and weeds, or the mineralogist different shells and fossils, to illustrate their several theories, and be useful to mankind.

The first of these papers that was attempted in this country was set up by Steele in the beginning of the last century; and of all our Periodical Essayists, the Tatler (for that was the name he assumed) has always appeared to me the most accomplished and agreeable. Montaigne, whom I have proposed to consider as the father of this kind of personal authorship among the Moderns, in which the reader is admitted behind the curtain, and

sits down with the writer in his gown and slippers, was a most magnanimous and undisguised egotist; but Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., was the more disinterested gossip of the two. The French author is contented to describe the peculiarities of his own mind and person, which he does with a most copious and unsparing hand. The English journalist good-naturedly lets you into the secret both of his own affairs and those of his neighbors. A young lady, on the other side of Temple Bar, cannot be seen at her glass for half a day together, but Mr. Bickerstaff takes due notice of it; and he has the first intelligence of the symptoms of the *belle passion* appearing in any young gentleman at the west end of the town. The departures and arrivals of widows with handsome jointures, either to bury their grief in the country, or to procure a second husband in town, are regularly recorded in his pages. He is well acquainted with the celebrated beauties of the preceding age at the court of Charles II.; and the old gentleman (as he feigns himself) often grows romantic in recounting « the disastrous strokes which his youth suffered » from the glances of their bright eyes, and their unaccountable caprices. In particular he dwells with a secret satisfaction on the recollection of one of his mistresses, who left him for a richer rival, and whose constant reproach to her husband, on occasion of any quarrel between them, was « I, that might have married the famous Mr. Bickerstaff, to be treated in this manner! » The club at the Trumpet consists of a set of persons almost as well worth knowing as himself. The cavalcade of the justice of the peace, the knight of the shire, the country squire, and the young gentleman, his nephew, who came to wait on him at his chambers, in such form and ceremony, seem not to have settled the order of their precedence to this hour; and I should hope that the upholsterer and his companions, who used to sun themselves in the Green Park, and who broke their rest and fortunes to maintain the balance of power in Europe, stand as fair a chance for immortality as some modern politicians. Mr. Bickerstaff himself is a gentleman and a scholar, a humorist and a man of the world, with a great deal of nice, easy *naïveté* about him. If he walks out and is caught in a shower of rain, he makes amends for this unlucky accident by a criticism on the shower in Virgil, and concludes with a burlesque copy of verses on a city shower. He entertains us, when he dates from his own apartment, with a quotation from Plutarch, or a moral reflection; from the Grecian coffeehouse with politics, and from Will's, or the

Temple, with the poets and players, the beaux and men of wit and pleasure about town. In reading the pages of the Tatler, we seem as if suddenly carried back to the age of Queen Anne, of toupees and full-bottomed periwigs. The whole appearance of our dress and manners undergoes a delightful metamorphosis. We are surprised with the rustling of hoops, and the glittering of paste buckles. The beaux and the belles are of a quite different species from what they are at present; we distinguish the dappers, the smarts, and the pretty fellows, as they pass by Mr. Lily's shop windows in the Strand; we are introduced to Betterton and Mrs. Oldfield behind the scenes; are made familiar with the persons and performances of Mr. Penkethman and Mr. Bullock; we listen to a dispute at a tavern on the merits of the Duke of Marlborough, or Marshal Turenne; or are present at the first rehearsal of a play by Vanbrugh, or the reading of a new poem by Mr. Pope. The privilege of thus virtually transporting ourselves to past times is even greater than that of visiting distant places in reality. London a hundred years ago would be much better worth seeing than Paris at the present moment.

It may be said that all this is to be found, in the same or a greater degree, in the Spectator. For myself, I do not think so; or, at least, there is in the last work a much greater proportion of commonplace matter. I have on this account always preferred the Tatler to the Spectator. Whether it is owing to my having been earlier or better acquainted with the one than the other, my pleasure in reading these two admirable works is not at all in proportion to their comparative reputation. The Tatler contains only half the number of volumes, and, I will venture to say, at least an equal quantity of sterling wit and sense. «The first sprightly runnings» are there—it has more of the original spirit, more of the freshness and stamp of nature. The indications of character and strokes of humor are more true and frequent; the reflections that suggest themselves arise more from the occasion, and are less spun out into regular dissertations. They are more like the remarks which occur in sensible conversation, and less like a lecture. Something is left to the understanding of the reader. Steele seems to have gone into his closet chiefly to set down what he observed out of doors. Addison seems to have spent most of his time in his study, and to have spun out and wire-drawn the hints, which he borrowed from Steele, or took from nature, to the utmost. I am far from wish-

ing to depreciate Addison's talents, but I am anxious to do justice to Steele, who was, I think, upon the whole, a less artificial and more original writer. The humorous descriptions of Steele resemble loose sketches, or fragments of a comedy; those of Addison are rather comments, or ingenious paraphrases, on the genuine text. The characters of the club not only in the Tatler, but in the Spectator, were drawn by Steele. That of Sir Roger de Coverley is among the number. Addison has, however, gained himself immortal honor by his manner of filling up this last character. Who is there that can forget, or be insensible to, the inimitable, nameless graces, and varied traits of nature and of old English character, in it — to his unpretending virtues and amiable weaknesses — to his modesty, generosity, hospitality, and eccentric whims — to the respect of his neighbors, and the affection of his domestics — to his wayward, hopeless, secret passion for his fair enemy, the widow, in which there is more of real romance and true delicacy than in a thousand tales of knight-errantry — (we perceive the hectic flush of his cheek, the faltering of his tongue in speaking of her bewitching airs and «the whiteness of her hand») — to the havoc he makes among the game in his neighborhood — to his speech from the bench, to show the Spectator what is thought of him in the country — to his unwillingness to be put up as a signpost, and his having his own likeness turned into the Saracen's head — to his gentle reproof of the baggage of a gipsy that tells him «he has a widow in his line of life» — to his doubts as to the existence of witchcraft, and protection of reputed witches — to his account of the family pictures, and his choice of a chaplain — to his falling asleep at church, and his reproof of John Williams, as soon as he recovered from his nap, for talking in sermon time. The characters of Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb are not a whit behind their friend, Sir Roger, in delicacy and felicity. The delightful simplicity and good-humored officiousness in the one are set off by the graceful affectation and courtly pretension in the other. How long since I first became acquainted with these two characters in the Spectator! What old-fashioned friends they seem, and yet I am not tired of them, like so many other friends, nor they of me! How airy these abstractions of the poet's pen stream over the dawn of our acquaintance with human life! How they glance their fairest colors on the prospect before us! How pure they remain in it to the last, like the rainbow in the even-

ing cloud, which the rude hand of time can neither soil nor dissipate! What a pity that we cannot find the reality, and yet if we did, the dream would be over. I once thought I knew a Will Wimble, and a Will Honeycomb, but they turned out but indifferently: the originals in the Spectator still read word for word, the same that they always did. We have only to turn to the page, and find them where we left them! Many of the most exquisite pieces in the Tatler, it is to be observed, are Addison's, as the «Court of Honor» and the «Personification of Musical Instruments,» with almost all those papers that form regular sets or series. I do not know whether the picture of the family of an old college acquaintance, in the Tatler, where the children run to let Mr. Bickerstaff in at the door, and where the one that loses the race that way turns back to tell the father that he is come; with the nice gradation of incredulity in the little boy, who is got into «Guy of Warwick,» and the «Seven Champions,» and who shakes his head at the improbability of «Æsop's Fables,» is Steele's or Addison's, though I believe it belongs to the former. The account of the two sisters, one of whom held up her head higher than ordinary, from having on a pair of flowered garters, and that of the married lady who complained to the Tatler of the neglect of her husband, with her answers to some home questions that were put to her, are unquestionably Steele's. If the Tatler is not inferior to the Spectator as a record of manners and character, it is very superior to it in the interest of many of the stories. Several of the incidents related there by Steele have never been surpassed in the heartrending pathos of private distress. I might refer to those of the lover and his mistress, when the theatre, in which they were, caught fire; of the bridegroom, who by accident kills his bride on the day of their marriage; the story of Mr. Eustace and his wife; and the fine dream about his own mistress when a youth. What has given its superior reputation to the Spectator is the greater gravity of its pretensions, its moral dissertations and critical reasonings, by which I confess myself less edified than by other things, which are thought more lightly of. Systems and opinions change, but nature is always true. It is the extremely moral and didactic tone of the Spectator which makes us apt to think of Addison (according to Mandeville's sarcasm) as «a parson in a tiewig.» Many of his moral essays are, however, exquisitely beautiful and happy. Such are the

reflections on cheerfulness, those in Westminster Abbey, on the Royal Exchange, and particularly some very affecting ones on the death of a young lady in the fourth volume. These, it must be allowed, are the perfection of elegant sermonizing. His critical essays are not so good. I prefer Steele's occasional selection of beautiful poetical passages, without any affectation of analyzing their beauties, to Addison's fine-spun theories. The best criticism in the Spectator, that on the Cartoons of Raphael, of which Mr. Fuseli has availed himself with great spirit in his lectures, is by Steele. I owed this acknowledgment to a writer who has so often put me in good-humor with myself, and everything about me, when few things else could, and when the tomes of casuistry and ecclesiastical history, with which the little duodecimo volumes of the Tatler were overwhelmed and surrounded, in the only library to which I had access when a boy, had tried their tranquillizing effects upon me in vain. I had not long ago in my hands, by favor of a friend, an original copy of the quarto edition of the Tatler, with a list of the subscribers. It is curious to see some names there which we should hardly think of (that of Sir Isaac Newton is among them), and also to observe the degree of interest excited by those of the different persons, which is not determined according to the rules of the Herald's College. One literary name lasts as long as a whole race of heroes and their descendants! The Guardian, which followed the Spectator, was, as may be supposed, inferior to it.

The dramatic and conversational turn which forms the distinguishing feature and greatest charm of the Spectator and Tatler is quite lost in the Rambler, by Dr. Johnson. There is no reflected light thrown on human life from an assumed character, nor any direct one from a display of the author's own. The Tatler and Spectator are, as it were, made up of notes and memorandums of the events and incidents of the day, with finished studies after nature, and characters fresh from the life, which the writer moralizes upon, and turns to account as they come before him. The Rambler is a collection of moral essays, or scholastic theses, written on set subjects, and of which the individual characters and incidents are merely artificial illustrations, brought in to give a pretended relief to the dryness of didactic discussion. The Rambler is a splendid and imposing commonplace book of general topics, and rhetorical declamation

on the conduct and business of human life. In this sense, there is hardly a reflection that had been suggested on such subjects which is not to be found in this celebrated work, and there is, perhaps, hardly a reflection to be found in it which had not been already suggested and developed by some other author, or in the common course of conversation. The mass of intellectual wealth here heaped together is immense, but it is rather the result of gradual accumulation, the produce of the general intellect, laboring in the mine of knowledge and reflection, than dug out of the quarry, and dragged into the light by the industry and sagacity of a single mind. I am not here saying that Dr. Johnson was a man without originality, compared with the ordinary run of men's minds, but he was not a man of original thought or genius, in the sense in which Montaigne or Lord Bacon was. He opened no new vein of precious ore, nor did he light upon any single pebbles of uncommon size and unrivaled lustre. We seldom meet with anything to «give us pause»; he does not set us thinking for the first time. His reflections present themselves like reminiscences; do not disturb the ordinary march of our thoughts; arrest our attention by the stateliness of their appearance, and the costliness of their garb, but pass on and mingle with the throng of our impressions. After closing the volumes of the Rambler, there is nothing that we remember as a new truth gained to the mind, nothing indelibly stamped upon the memory; nor is there any passage that we wish to turn to as embodying any known principle or observation, with such force and beauty that justice can only be done to the idea in the author's own words. Such, for instance, are many of the passages to be found in Burke, which shine by their own light, belong to no class, have neither equal nor counterpart, and of which we say that no one but the author could have written them! There is neither the same boldness of design nor mastery of execution in Johnson. In the one, the spark of genius seems to have met with its congenial matter; the shaft is sped: the forked lightning dresses up the face of nature in ghastly smiles, and the loud thunder rolls far away from the ruin that is made. Dr. Johnson's style, on the contrary, resembles rather the rumbling of mimic thunder at one of our theatres; and the light he throws upon a subject is like the dazzling effect of phosphorus, or an *ignis fatuus* of words. There is a wide difference, however, between perfect originality and perfect commonplace: neither ideas

nor expressions are trite or vulgar because they are not quite new. They are valuable, and ought to be repeated, if they have not become quite common; and Johnson's style, both of reasoning and imagery, holds the middle rank between startling novelty and vapid commonplace. Johnson has as much originality of thinking as Addison; but then he wants his familiarity of illustration, knowledge of character, and delightful humor. What most distinguishes Dr. Johnson from other writers is the pomp and uniformity of his style. All his periods are cast in the same mold, are of the same size and shape, and consequently have little fitness to the variety of things he professes to treat of. His subjects are familiar, but the author is always upon stilts. He has neither ease nor simplicity, and his efforts at playfulness, in part, remind one of the lines in Milton: —

> «———— The elephant
> To make them sport wreath'd his proboscis lithe.»

His «Letters from Correspondents,» in particular, are more pompous and unwieldy than what he writes in his own person. This want of relaxation and variety of manner, has, I think, after the first effects of novelty and surprise were over, been prejudicial to the matter. It takes from the general power, not only to please, but to instruct. The monotony of style produces an apparent monotony of ideas. What is really striking and valuable is lost in the vain ostentation and circumlocution of the expression; for when we find the same pains and pomp of diction bestowed upon the most trifling as upon the most important parts of a sentence or discourse, we grow tired of distinguishing between pretension and reality, and are disposed to confound the tinsel and bombast of the phraseology with want of weight in the thoughts. Thus, from the imposing and oracular nature of the style, people are tempted at first to imagine that our author's speculations are all wisdom and profundity: till having found out their mistake in some instances, they suppose that there is nothing but commonplace in them, concealed under verbiage and pedantry; and in both they are wrong. The fault of Dr. Johnson's style is, that it reduces all things to the same artificial and unmeaning level. It destroys all shades of difference, the association between words and things. It is a perpetual paradox and innovation. He condescends to the familiar till we are ashamed of our interest in it;

he expands the little till it looks big. « If he were to write a fable of little fishes,» as Goldsmith said of him, « he would make them speak like great whales.» We can no more distinguish the most familiar objects in his description of them than we can a well-known face under a huge painted mask. The structure of his sentences, which was his own invention, and which has been generally imitated since his time, is a species of rhyming in prose, where one clause answers to another in measure and quantity, like the tagging of syllables at the end of a verse; the close of the period follows as mechanically as the oscillation of a pendulum, the sense is balanced with the sound; each sentence, revolving round its centre of gravity, is contained within itself like a couplet, and each paragraph forms itself into a stanza. Dr. Johnson is also a complete balance-master in the topics of morality. He never encourages hope, but he counteracts it by fear; he never elicits a truth, but he suggests some objection in answer to it. He seizes and alternately quits the clew of reason, lest it should involve him in the labyrinths of endless error: he wants confidence in himself and his fellows. He dares not trust himself with the immediate impressions of things, for fear of compromising his dignity; or follow them into their consequences, for fear of committing his prejudices. His timidity is the result, not of ignorance, but of morbid apprehension. « He turns the great circle, and is still at home.» No advance is made by his writings in any sentiment, or mode of reasoning. Out of the pale of established authority and received dogmas, all is skeptical, loose, and desultory: he seems in imagination to strengthen the dominion of prejudice, as he weakens and dissipates that of reason; and round the rock of faith and power, on the edge of which he slumbers blindfold and uneasy, the waves and billows of uncertain and dangerous opinion roar and heave forevermore. His « Rasselas » is the most melancholy and debilitating moral speculation that ever was put forth. Doubtful of the faculties of his mind, as of his organs of vision, Johnson trusted only to his feelings and his fears. He cultivated a belief in witches as an outguard to the evidences of religion; and abused Milton, and patronized Lauder, in spite of his aversion to his countrymen, as a step to secure the existing establishment in Church and State. This was neither right feeling nor sound logic.

The most triumphant record of the talents and character of Johnson is to be found in Boswell's life of him. The man was

superior to the author. When he threw aside his pen, which he regarded as an encumbrance, he became not only learned and thoughtful, but acute, witty, humorous, natural, honest; hearty and determined, "the king of good fellows and wale of old men." There are as many smart repartees, profound remarks, and keen invectives to be found in Boswell's "inventory of all he said," as are recorded of any celebrated man. The life and dramatic play of his conversation forms a contrast to his written works. His natural powers and undisguised opinions were called out in convivial intercourse. In public he practiced with the foils; in private, he unsheathed the sword of controversy, and it was "the Ebro's temper." The eagerness of opposition roused him from his natural sluggishness and acquired timidity; he returned blow for blow; and whether the trial were of argument or wit, none of his rivals could boast much of the encounter. Burke seems to have been the only person who had a chance with him; and it is the unpardonable sin of Boswell's work, that he has purposely omitted their combats of strength and skill. Goldsmith asked, "Does he wind into a subject like a serpent, as Burke does?" And when exhausted with sickness, he himself said, "If that fellow Burke were here now, he would kill me." It is to be observed that Johnson's colloquial style was as blunt, direct, and downright, as his style of studied composition was involved and circuitious. As when Topham, Beauclerc, and Langton knocked him up at his chambers at three in the morning, and he came to the door with the poker in his hand, but, seeing them, exclaimed, "What! is it you, my lads? then I'll have a frisk with you!" and he afterwards reproaches Langton, who was a literary milksop, for leaving them to go to an engagement "with some *un-idead* girls." What words to come from the mouth of the great moralist and lexicographer! His good deeds were as many as his good sayings. His domestic habits, his tenderness to servants, and readiness to oblige his friends; the quantity of strong tea that he drank to keep down sad thoughts; his many labors reluctantly begun, and irresolutely laid aside; his honest acknowledgment of his own, and indulgence to the weaknesses of others; his throwing himself back in the post chaise with Boswell, and saying, "Now I think I am a good-humored fellow," though nobody thought him so, and yet he was; his quitting the society of Garrick and his actresses, and his reason for it; his dining with Wilkes, and his kindness to Goldsmith; his sitting with the young

ladies on his knee at the Mitre, to give them good advice, in which situation, if not explained, he might be taken for Falstaff; and last and noblest, his carrying the unfortunate victim of disease and dissipation on his back up through Fleet Street (an act which realizes the parable of the good Samaritan) — all these, and innumerable others, endear him to the reader, and must be remembered to his lasting honor. He had faults, but they lie buried with him. He had his prejudices and his intolerant feelings, but he suffered enough in the conflict of his own mind with them; for if no man can be happy in the free exercise of his reason, no wise man can be happy without it. His were not time-serving, heartless, hypocritical prejudices; but deep, inwoven, not to be rooted out but with life and hope, which he found from old habit necessary to his own peace of mind, and thought so to the peace of mankind. I do not hate, but love him for them. They were between himself and his conscience, and should be left to that higher tribunal

> « Where they in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his father and his God.»

In a word, he has left behind him few wiser or better men.

The herd of his imitators showed what he was by their disproportionate effects. The Periodical Essayists that succeeded the Rambler are, and deserve to be, little read at present. The Adventurer, by Hawkesworth, is completely trite and vapid, aping all the faults of Johnson's style, without anything to atone for them. The sentences are often absolutely unmeaning; and one-half of each might regularly be left blank. The World and Connoisseur, which followed, are a little better; and in the last of these there is one good idea, that of a man in indifferent health who judges of every one's title to respect from their possession of this blessing, and bows to a sturdy beggar with sound limbs and a florid complexion, while he turns his back upon a lord who is a valetudinarian.

Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, like all his works, bears the stamp of the author's mind. It does not « go about to cozen reputation without the stamp of merit.» He is more observing, more original, more natural and picturesque than Johnson. His work is written on the model of the « Persian Letters,» and contrives to give an abstracted and somewhat perplexing view of

things, by opposing foreign prepossessions to our own, and thus stripping objects of their customary disguises. Whether truth is elicited in this collision of contrary absurdities, I do not know; but I confess the process is too ambiguous and full of intricacy to be very amusing to my plain understanding. For light summer reading it is like walking in a garden full of traps and pitfalls. It necessarily gives rise to paradoxes, and there are some very bold ones in the « Essays,» which would subject an author less established to no very agreeable sort of *censura literaria.* Thus the Chinese philosopher exclaims very unadvisedly: « The bonzes and priests of all religions keep up superstition and imposture; all reformations begin with the laity.» Goldsmith, however, was stanch in his practical creed, and might bolt speculative extravagances with impunity. There is a striking difference in this respect between him and Addison, who, if he attacked authority, took care to have common sense on his side, and never hazarded anything offensive to the feelings of others, or on the strength of his own discretional opinion. There is another inconvenience in this assumption of an exotic character and tone of sentiment, that it produces an inconsistency between the knowledge which the individual has time to acquire and which the author is bound to communicate. Thus the Chinese has not been in England three days before he is acquainted with the characters of the three countries which compose this kingdom, and describes them to his friend at Canton by extracts from the newspapers of each metropolis. The nationality of Scotchmen is thus ridiculed: —

Edinburgh — We are positive when we say that Sanders Macregor, lately executed for horse stealing, is not a native of Scotland, but born at Carrickfergus.

Now this is very good; but how should our Chinese philosopher find it out by instinct? Beau Tibbs, a prominent character in this little work, is the best comic sketch since the time of Addison; unrivaled in his finery, his vanity, and his poverty.

I have only to mention the names of the Lounger and the Mirror, which are ranked by the author's admirers with Sterne for sentiment, and with Addison for humor. I shall not enter into that; but I know that the story of « La Roche » is not like the story of « Le Fevre,» nor one hundredth part so good. Do I say this from prejudice to the author? No; for I have read his

novels. Of «The Man of the World» I cannot think so favorably as some others, nor shall I here dwell on the picturesque and romantic beauties of «Julia de Roubigne,» the early favorite of the author of «Rosamond Gray»; but of the «Man of Feeling» I would speak with grateful recollections, nor is it possible to forget the sensitive, irresolute, interesting Harley, and that lone figure of Miss Walton in it, that floats in the horizon, dim and ethereal, the daydream of her lover's youthful fancy,—better, far better, than all the realities of life!

Complete. Letter V. on «English Literature.»

GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL

(1770–1831)

HEGEL had all the qualities necessary to make him one of the greatest philosophers since Plato. The one quality in which he was most deficient as a writer every essayist must have if he is not to lose the essay in the treatise. This is the power of self-limitation which enables him to separate his subject from the universal whole and treat it in its own completeness. This quality, Bacon, as great in another way as Hegel, had in an eminent degree. But Hegel's mind was differently constituted. He does not amplify by diffusing his ideas, but by vast generalizations supported by continuity of details which accumulate until the reader is in danger of being so overwhelmed by them that he will lose sight of the governing thought. If technically Hegel is hardly to be classed among essayists, he had a vision of truth so clear that he cannot be passed over because of a mere matter of form. The idea that the spiritual or supernatural object of human society in all its forms, and of all the forces of the visible universe, is to develop individuality and to multiply to the utmost possible extent individuals of the highest possible fitness,—this thought, which if it be not wholly Hegel's as it is here expressed, is yet his by the implication of his system, and it unifies with itself the highest truths both of religion and of science.

Hegel was born at Stuttgart, August 27th, 1770. He studied theology at Tübingen; and in 1793, when he received his certificate, he was described as « of good abilities, but of middling industry and knowledge, and especially deficient in philosophy.» Most great men have been misunderstood by their teachers, but at that time Hegel may have deserved something of this faint praise. His first great intellectual awakening seems to have been largely due to his association with Schelling, to whom as a fellow-student of philosophy he wrote in 1795: « Let reason and freedom remain our watchword and our point of union the Church invisible.» With this watchword during the excitement of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, Hegel devoted himself to the search for truth. His achievements are too great for cursory review, but without attempting to discuss the metaphysical part of his work as it concerns the operations of mind in and upon itself, we may accept without risk the judgment of those

who declare that at his death, November 14th, 1831, he left behind him at least four of the greatest intellectual creations of the nineteenth century,—« Philosophy of History,» « Æsthetics,» « Philosophy of Religion,» and « History of Philosophy.»

HISTORY AS THE MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT

THE true sphere of the history of the world is spiritual. The world comprises in itself both the physical and the psychical nature; physical nature plays a large part in the history of the world. But spirit, with the course of its development, is the substance of it. Nature is not here to be considered, so far as it is in itself, as it were, a system of reason, exhibited in a special and peculiar element, but only as it stands related to spirit. Spirit, however, in the theatre of the world's history, exists in its most concrete form, comes to its most real manifestations. In order to understand its connections with history, we must make some preliminary and abstract statements respecting the nature of spirit.

The nature of spirit may be easily understood by comparison with that which is the entire opposite of it,—that is, matter. The substance of matter is weight, which is only this, that it is heavy; the substance, the essence of spirit, on the contrary, is freedom. Every one finds it immediately credible that spirit, among other attributes, also possesses freedom; but philosophy teaches us that all the attributes of spirit exist only through freedom, that they all are only the means of which freedom makes use, that this alone is what they all seek for and produce. The speculative philosophy recognizes this fact, that freedom is the only truth of spirit. Matter shows that it is weight, by its tendency to one centre of gravity; it is essentially made up of parts, which parts exist separate from, and external to, each other; and it is ever seeking their unity, and thus seeks to abolish itself,—seeks the opposite of what it really is. If it attained this unity, it were no longer matter, it were destroyed; it strives to realize an idea, for in unity it is merely ideal. Spirit, on the other hand, is just this, that it has its centre in itself; its unity is not outside of itself, but it has found it; it is in itself and with itself. Matter has its substance out of itself; spirit consists in being with itself. This is freedom; for when I am dependent, I refer myself to something else which is not

myself; I cannot be without something external; but I am free when I am with myself. This is self-consciousness, the consciousness of oneself. Two things are here to be distinguished: first, that I know or am conscious; second, what I know or am conscious of. In self-consciousness, the two come together, for spirit knows itself; it judges of its own nature.

In this sense, we may say that the history of the world is the exhibition of the process by which spirit comes to the consciousness of that which it really is,—of the significancy of its own nature. And as the seed contains in itself the whole nature of the tree, even to the taste and form of the fruit, so do the first traces of spirit virtually contain the whole of history.

The Oriental world did not know that spirit, man as such, is of himself free. Since they knew it not, they were not free; they only knew that one is free: but just on this account their freedom was only arbitrariness, wildness, obtuse passion; or, if not so, yet a mildness and tameness of the passions, which is nothing but an accident or caprice of nature. This one is, therefore, only a despot, not a free man. Among the Greeks, the consciousness of freedom first arose, and therefore they were free; but they, as the Romans also, only knew that some are free, not that man, as such, is free. Even Plato and Aristotle did not know this. Hence, the Greeks not only held slaves, and had their life and the continuance of their fair freedom bound thereby, but their freedom itself was partly only an accidental and perishable flower, and partly a hard servitude of the human and humane. The German nations, under the influence of Christianity, first came to the consciousness that man, as man, is free,—that freedom of soul constitutes his own proper nature. This consciousness came first into existence in religion,—in the deepest religion of the spirit. But to fashion the world after this principle was a further problem; the solution and application of which demanded a severe and long labor. With the reception of the Christian religion, for example, slavery did not at once come to an end, still less did freedom at once become predominant in the States; their governments and constitutions were not immediately organized in a rational manner, or even based upon the principle of freedom. This application of the principle to the world at large, this thorough penetration and reformation of the condition of the world by means of it, is the long process which the history of the nations brings before our eyes. I have already called attention to the difference between a

principle, as such, and its application,—that is, the introduction of it into the actual operations of spirit and life, and carrying it through all of them; this is a fundamental position in our science, and it is essential that we hold it fast in our thoughts. Here we have brought it out distinctly, in respect to the Christian principle of self-consciousness of freedom; but it is no less essential in respect to the principle of freedom in general. The history of the world is the progress in the consciousness of freedom,—a progress which we shall have to recognize in its necessity.

What we have now said, in general terms, upon the difference in the knowledge of freedom which we find in different ages of the world, gives us, also, the true division of the history of the world, and the mode in which we shall proceed to its discussion. The scheme is this: the Oriental world only knew that one is free; the Greek and Roman world knew that some are free; but we know that all men, in their true nature, are free,—that man, as man, is free.

From «Philosophy of History.»

THE RELATION OF INDIVIDUALS TO THE WORLD'S HISTORY

IN THE history of the world something else is generally brought out by means of the actions of individual men than they themselves aim at or attain, than they directly know of or will; they achieve their own ends, but something further is brought to pass in connection with their acts, which also lies therein, but which did not lie in their consciousness and purposes. As an analogous example we cite the case of a man, who out of revenge, which may have been justly excited, that is, by an unjust injury, goes to work and sets fire to the house of another man. Even in doing this, there is a connection made between the direct act and other, although themselves merely external circumstances, which do not belong to this act, taken wholly and directly by itself. This act, as such, is the holding perhaps of a small flame to a small spot of a wooden beam. What is not yet accomplished by this act goes on and is done of itself; the part of the beam that was set on fire is connected with other parts of the same beam, this too with the rafters and joists of the whole house, this house with other houses, and a widespread conflagration ensues, which

destroys the property and goods of many other men besides the one against whom the revenge was directed, and even costs many men their lives. All this lay not in the general act, nor in the intention of him who began it all. But, still further, this action has another general character and destination: in the purpose of the actor it was only revenge against an individual by means of the destruction of his property; but it is also a crime, and this involves, further, a punishment. This may not have been included in the consciousness, and still less in the will of the doer, but still such is his act in itself, the general character, the very substance of it, that which is achieved by it. In this example all that we would hold fast is, that in the immediate action there can lie something more than what was in the will and consciousness of the actor. The substance of the action, and thereby the act itself, here turns round against the doer; it becomes a return blow against him, which ruins him. We have not here to lay any emphasis upon the action considered as a crime; it is intended only as an analogous example, to show that in the definite action there may be something more than the end directly willed.

One other case may be adduced which will come up later in its own place, and which, being itself historical, contains, in the special form which is essential to our purpose, the union of the general with the particular, of an end necessary in itself with an aim which might seem accidental. It is that of Cæsar, in danger of losing the position he had obtained, if not of superiority over, yet of equality with, the other man who stood at the head of the Roman state, and of submitting to those who were upon the point of becoming his enemies. These enemies, who at the same time had their own personal ends in view, had on their side the formal constitution of the state and the power of seeming legality. Cæsar fought to maintain his own position, honor, and safety, and the victory over his opponents was at the same time the conquest of the whole kingdom; and thus he became, leaving only the forms of the constitution of the state, the sole possessor of power. The carrying out of his own at first negative purpose got for him the supremacy in Rome; but this was also in its true nature a necessary element in the history of Rome and of the world, so that it was not his own private gain merely, but an instinct which consummated that which, considered by itself, lay in the times themselves. Such are the great men of history

—those whose private purposes contain the substance of that which is the will of the spirit of the world. This substance constitutes their real power; it is contained in the general and unconscious instinct of men; they are inwardly impelled thereto, and have no ground on which they can stand in opposing the man who has undertaken the execution of such a purpose in his own interest. The people assemble around his banner; he shows to them, and carries out that which is their own immanent destiny.

Should we, further, cast a look at the fate of these world-historical individuals, we see that they have had the fortune to be the leaders to a consummation which marks a stage in the progress of the general mind. That reason makes use of these instruments we might call its craft; for it lets them carry out their own aims with all the rage of passion, and not only keeps itself unharmed, but makes itself dominant. The particular is for the most part too feeble against the universal; the individuals are sacrificed. Thus the world's history presents itself as the conflict of individuals, and in the field of their special interests all goes on very naturally. In the animal world the preservation of life is the aim and instinct of each individual, and yet reason or general laws prevail, and the individuals fall; thus is it also in the spiritual world. Passions destroy each other; reason alone watches, pursues its end, and makes itself authoritative.

LAW AND LIBERTY

LAW, considered as freedom determining itself, is the objectivity of spirit: hence that alone is true volition, the will in the truth of it, which obeys law, for it then obeys only itself; it is then with itself and free; this is the freedom in the State for which the citizen is active, and which fills his soul. In that the state, the fatherland, constitutes a community of existence,—in that the subjective will of man becomes subject to the laws, the opposition between freedom and necessity vanishes. The rational, that which we have recognized as law, is necessary; and we are free when we follow what is rational; the objective and subjective will are thus reconciled. The ethics of the state are not to be regarded as the same thing with mere morality, are not the

mere result of reflection, are not dependent upon private convictions alone; this is the system of morals familiar to the modern world, while the true and ancient system was based on this, that each man stood to his duty. A citizen of Athens did as it were by instinct what belonged to him to do; but if I reflect upon the object of my actions, I must then have the consciousness that my own will is first to come in as an essential element. But the true ethics consists in duty, in conformity with right, with law which has a real, substantial existence; it has been justly called the second nature, for the first nature of man is his primitive, animal existence.

From «History of Philosophy.»

RELIGION, ART, AND PHILOSOPHY

All spiritual action has for its aim and result the production of the consciousness of the union of the objective and the subjective; in this is freedom. This union appears to be produced by the thinking subject, and to go out from it. Religion stands at the head of the forms of this union. Here the existing spirit, the spirit belonging to this world, becomes conscious of the Absolute Spirit; and in this consciousness of a being existing in and for itself, the will of man renounces its particular for private interests: in devotion, he puts this aside, for here he can have nothing to do with what is merely personal to himself. If he is truly penetrated with devotion, he knows that his particular interests are subordinate. This concentration of soul shows itself as feeling, but it also passes over into reflection; the *cultus*, meaning by this all forms of outward worship, is a manifestation of such reflection; the only destination and significancy of these externals is to produce that internal union,—to lead the spirit thereto. By sacrifices, man expresses his willingness to give up his own possessions, his own will, his own particular feelings. Thus Religion is the first form of the union of the objective and subjective. The second shape it takes is Art: this comes more directly into the world of sense than religion; in its worthiest bearing its object is to exhibit, not, indeed, God as spirit, but the different visible representations which the different religions give of God; and, then, what is divine and spir-

itual in general. Art is intended to make what is divine more clear; it presents it to the imagination and contemplation in visible shapes. Truth, finally, appears not only in the form of feeling and of mental images of things, as in religion; not only in visible shapes, as in art; but it is also elaborated by the thinking spirit. Thus we attain the third mode of the union of the objective and subjective, and that is philosophy. This is the highest, freest, and purest shape which it assumes.

From «Philosophy of History.»

HEINRICH HEINE

(1799–1856)

SINCE Horace, Heinrich Heine has had no superior as a master of lyrical expression. Among Moderns, Burns alone compares with him, and even Burns himself, though greater as a poet, is his inferior as a musician. While it would be misleading to speak of Heine as a great poet; while he is above everything a musician, he is not merely a maker of melodies, for he had an intellect of intense and incessant activity,—a true «genius» of that corroding kind which eats away the life of its possessor, nourishing itself by his pain and finding its perfect expression only at the expense of his destruction. Having such genius, Heine was one of the greatest wits as well as the greatest musicians of his age. A great poet, however, must be a great thinker—the greatest of all great thinkers. In the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, we often detect momentarily the flashes of an intellect too intensely radiant to be revealed at all. The Hebrew prophet and lawgiver hidden in the cleft of the rock to catch a glimpse of the meaning of eternity as it passed him is a type of such minds, which, realizing the everlasting simplicities of the natural and supernatural world, learn to express them so that they take an enduring hold on the weakest—doing most to strengthen, to elevate, to immortalize those who are least capable of suspecting their meaning. Every great poet has this gift, and Heine did not have it. He was born for it. It was his birthright, but he forfeited it,—making through passion the «Great Renunciation.» With such a physical organization as might have been fit to incarnate a seraph, he lived an animal life of unrestrained emotion and passion, until at last, chained to his «mattress grave» through years of helpless agony, he welcomed death, with a most solemn jest,—«God will forgive me: it is his business!» This, they say, was his final judgment on his own career—not impious, though it has been called so; but full of the self-contempt and self-mockery which was so characteristic of the overwhelming pride of this great fallen angel. Let no one say that he was wholly wrong! Yet if it is easy and natural for heaven to forgive most to those who suffer most, it is harder for those who are drawn to Heine by his mastery of the deepest secrets of music to forgive him for the use he makes of his power to impart to those who love him best the contagion of

his own intellectual and spiritual diseases and the pain of his own tortures. He is the poet of «Weltschmerz»—of «world weariness,» and he will allow no one who loves him too well for his music to escape it. To know his music and not to love it is scarcely possible for those who have the inner «hearing ear» for the melody of verse. Until he wrote, German was called a harsh and guttural tongue. He showed that its worst dissonances can be used as the distinctive feature of the highest harmonies of verse. In its prose or its verse, spoken by a beggar or sung by Petrarch, the Italian language is itself music—inferior in melody only to the Latin from which it was derived. But the «ballatas» and «canzones» of Tuscany are to Heine's «lieder» what sirups are to sparkling wines. Necessarily, the same ear for the music of language which dominates his verse governs Heine's prose also. It can be translated with no greater ease than the symphonies of one great musican can be converted into the musical «terminology» of some other master. The lyrics of such a poet as Heine approach the musical perfection which makes the shorter odes of Horace illustrations of the fundamental laws of music. But if Heine's melody cannot be transferred from German to English, his wit forces expression, in spite of all difficulties. His «Pictures of Travel,» and other essays and sketches, might have kept his name alive, had he never written his «Lieder.»

In his essays as in his songs there is much that is abnormal and diseased, but little that is commonplace, and nothing that is merely silly. At his worst, Heine is diabolical, but it is the diabolism of a great soul «cast down,» but not lost. It is not only Heaven's «business» to forgive all such, but to save them—from themselves if that be possible!

W. V. B.

DIALOGUE ON THE THAMES

THE sallow man stood near me on the deck, as I gazed on the green shores of the Thames, while in every corner of my soul the nightingales awoke to life. «Land of Freedom!» I cried, «I greet thee! Hail to thee, Freedom, young sun of the renewed world! Those older suns, Love and Faith, are withered and cold, and can no longer light or warm us. The ancient myrtle woods, which were once all too full, are now deserted, and only timid turtledoves nestle amid the soft thickets. The old cathedrals, once piled in towering height by an arrogantly pious race, which fain would force its faith into heaven, are brittle, and their gods have ceased to believe in themselves. Those divinities are

worn out, and our age lacks the imagination to shape new. Every power of the human breast now tends to the love of Liberty, and Liberty is, perhaps, the religion of the modern age. And it is a religion not preached to the rich, but to the poor, and it has in like manner its evangelists, its martyrs, and its Iscariots!»

«Young enthusiast,» said the sallow man, «you will not find what you seek. You may be in the right in believing that Liberty is a new religion which will spread itself over all the world. But as every race of old, when it received Christianity, did so according to its requirements and its peculiar character, so, at present, every country adopts from the new religion of liberty only that which is in accordance with its local needs and national character.

«The English are a domestic race, living a limited, peaceable family life, and the Englishman seeks in the circle of those connected with and pertaining to him that easy state of mind which is denied to him through his innate social incapacity. The Englishman is, therefore, contented with that liberty which secures his most personal rights and guards his body, his property, and his conjugal relations, his religion, and even his whims, in the most unconditional manner. No one is freer in his home than an Englishman, and, to use a celebrated expression, he is king and bishop between his four stakes; and there is much truth in the common saying, 'My house is my castle.'

«If the Englishman has the greatest need of personal freedom, the Frenchman, in case of need, can dispense with it, if we only grant him that portion of universal liberty known as equality. The French are not a domestic, but a social race; they are no friends to a silent tête-à-tête, which they call *une conversation Anglaise;* they run gossiping about from the café to the casino, and from the casino to the salons; their light champagne blood and inborn talent for company drives them to social life, whose first and last principles, yes, whose very soul is equality. The development of the social principle in France necessarily involved that of equality, and if the ground of the Revolution should be sought in the Budget, it is none the less true that its language and tone were drawn from those wits of low degree who lived in the salons of Paris, apparently on a footing of equality with the high noblesse, and who were now and then reminded, it may have been by a hardly perceptible, yet not on that account less

aggravating, feudal smile, of the great and ignominious inequality which lay between them. And when the *canaille roturiere* took the liberty of beheading that high noblesse, it was done less to inherit their property than their ancestry, and to introduce a noble equality in place of a vulgar inequality. And we are the better authorized to believe that this striving for equality was the main principle of the Revolution, since the French speedily found themselves so happy and contented under the dominion of their great Emperor, who, fully appreciating that they were not yet of age, kept all their freedom within the limits of his powerful guardianship, permitting them only the pleasure of a perfect and admirable equality.

« Far more patient than the Frenchman, the Englishman easily bears the glances of a privileged aristocracy, consoling himself with the reflection that he has a right by which it is rendered impossible to the others to disturb his personal comfort or his daily requirements. Nor does the aristocracy here make a show of its privileges as on the Continent. In the streets and in places of public resort in London, colored ribbons are only seen on women's bonnets, and gold and silver signs of distinction on the dresses of lackeys. Even that beautiful colored livery which indicates with us military rank is in England anything but a sign of honor, and as an actor after a play hastens to wash off the rouge, so an English officer hastens, when the hours of active duty are over, to strip off his red coat and again appear like a gentleman, in the plain garb of a gentleman. Only at the theater of St. James are those decorations and costumes, which were raked from the offscourings of the Middle Ages, of any avail. There we may see the ribbons of orders of nobility; there the stars glitter, silk knee-breeches, and satin trains rustle, golden spurs and old-fashioned French styles of expression clatter; there the knight struts and the lady spreads herself. But what does a free Englishman care for the court comedy of St. James, so long as it does not trouble him, and so long as no one interferes when he plays comedy in like manner in his own house, making his lackeys kneel before him, or plays with the garter of a pretty cook maid? *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

« As for the Germans, they need neither freedom nor equality. They are a speculative race, ideologists, prophets, and afterthinkers, dreamers who only live in the past and in the future, and who have no present. Englishmen and Frenchmen have a

present; with them every day has its field of action, its opposing element, its history. The German has nothing for which to battle, and when he began to realize that there might be things worth striving for, his philosophizing wiseacres taught him to doubt the existence of such things. It cannot be denied that the Germans love liberty. But it is in a different manner from other people. The Englishman loves liberty as his lawful wife, and if he does not treat her with remarkable tenderness, he is still ready in case of need to defend her like a man, and woe to the red-coated rascal who forces his way to her bedroom — let him do so as a gallant or as a catchpoll. The Frenchman loves liberty as his bride. He burns for her; he is aflame; he casts himself at her feet with the most extravagant protestations; he will fight for her to the death; he commits for her sake a thousand follies. The German loves Liberty as though she were his old grandmother."

Men are strange beings! We grumble in our Fatherland; every stupid thing, every contrary trifle, vexes us there; like boys, we are always longing to rush forth into the wide world; and when we finally find ourselves out in the wide world, we find it a world too wide, and often yearn in secret for the narrow stupidities and contrarieties of home. Yes, we would fain be again in the old chamber, sitting behind the familiar stove, making for ourselves, as it were, a "cubby-house" near it, and, nestling there, read the German General Advertiser. So it was with me in my journey to England. Scarcely had I lost sight of the German shore ere there awoke in me a curious after-love for the German nightcaps and forest-like wigs which I had just left in discontent, and when the Fatherland faded from my eyes I found it again in my heart.

And, therefore, it may be that my voice quivered in a somewhat lower key as I replied to the sallow man: "Dear sir, do not scold the Germans! If they are dreamers, still many of them have dreamed such beautiful dreams that I would hardly incline to change them for the waking realities of our neighbors. Since we all sleep and dream, we can perhaps dispense with freedom; for our tyrants also sleep, and only dream their tyranny. We only awoke once — when the Catholic Romans robbed us of our dream-freedom; then we acted and conquered, and laid us down again and dreamed. O sir! do not mock our dreamers, for now and then they speak, like somnambulists, wondrous things in sleep, and their words become the seeds of freedom. No one can fore-

see the turn which things may take. The splenetic Briton, weary of his wife, may put a halter round her neck and sell her in Smithfield. The flattering Frenchman may perhaps be untrue to his beloved bride and abandon her, and, singing, dance after the court dames (*courtisanes*) of his royal palace (*palais royal*). But the German will never turn his old grandmother quite out of doors; he will always find a place for her by his fireside, where she can tell his listening children her legends. Should Freedom ever — which God forbid — vanish from the entire world, a German dreamer would discover her again in his dreams.»

While the steamboat, and with it our conversation, swam thus along the stream, the sun had set, and his last rays lit up the hospital at Greenwich, an imposing palace-like building which in reality consists of two wings, the space between which is empty, and a green hill crowned with a pretty little tower, from which one can behold those passing by. On the water the throng of vessels became denser and denser, and I wondered at the adroitness with which the larger avoided contact. While passing, many a sober and friendly face nodded greetings — faces whom we had never seen before, and were never to see again. We sometimes came so near that it was possible to shake hands in joint welcome and adieu. One's heart swells at the sight of so many swelling sails, and we feel strangely moved when the confused hum and far-off dancing music and the deep voices of sailors resound from the shore. But the outlines of all things vanished little by little behind the white veil of the evening mist, and there only remained visible a forest of masts, rising long and bare above it.

The sallow man still stood near me and gazed reflectively on high, as though he sought for the pale stars in the cloudy heaven. And still gazing on high, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and said in a tone as though secret thoughts involuntarily became words: «Freedom and equality! they are not to be found on earth below nor in heaven above. The stars on high are not alike, for one is greater and brighter than the other; none of them wander free, all obey a prescribed and iron-like law — there is slavery in heaven as on earth!»

«There is the tower!» suddenly cried one of our traveling companions, as he pointed to a high building which rose like a spectral, gloomy dream above the cloud-covered London.

Complete. From «Pictures of Travel.» Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland.

HIS VIEW OF GOETHE

In some future article I shall speak of the new poets who flourished under the imperial reign of Goethe. They resemble a young forest, whose trees first show their own magnitude, after the oak of a hundred years, whose branches had towered above and overshadowed them, has fallen. There was not wanting, as already stated, an opposition that strove with embittered zeal against Goethe, this majestic tree. Men of the most warring opinions united themselves for the contest. The adherents of the old faith, the orthodox, were vexed that in the trunk of the vast tree no niche with its holy image was to be found; nay, that even the naked Dryads of paganism were permitted there to play their witchery; and gladly, with consecrated ax, would they have imitated the holy Boniface, and leveled the enchanted oak with the ground. The partisans of the new faith, the apostles of liberalism, were vexed, on the other hand, that this tree could not serve as the tree of liberty, or, at any rate, as a barricade. In fact, the tree was too high, no one could plant the red cap upon its summit, or dance the Carmagnole beneath its branches. The many, however, venerated this tree, for the very reason that it reared itself with such independent grandeur, and so graciously filled the world with its odor, while its branches, streaming magnificently toward heaven, made it appear as if stars were only the golden fruit of its wondrous limbs.

In truth, that accordance of personal appearance with genius, which we ever desire to see in distinguished men, was found in perfection in Goethe. His outward appearance was just as imposing as the word that lives in his writings. Even his form was symmetrical, expressive of joy, nobly proportioned, and one might study the Grecian art upon it as well as upon an antique.

. . . . . .

His eyes were calm as those of a god. It is the peculiar characteristic of the gods, that their gaze is ever steady, and their eyes roll not to and fro in uncertainty. Therefore, when Agni, Varuna, Yama, and Indra assume the form of Nala, at the marriage of Damayantis, she discovers her beloved by the twinkle of his eye; for, as I have said, the eyes of the gods are ever motionless. The eyes of Napoleon had this peculiarity; therefore I am persuaded

that he was a god. The eye of Goethe remained, in his latest age, just as divine as in his youth. Time, indeed, had covered his head with snow, but could never bow it. To the last he bore it proudly and loftily; and when he spoke he became still more majestic, and when he stretched forth his hand it was as if his finger were to prescribe to the stars their courses in the heavens. Around his mouth some profess to have seen a trait of egotism, but even this is peculiar to the immortal gods, and especially to the father of the gods, the mighty Jupiter, to whom Goethe has already been compared. Verily, when I visited him at Weimar, and stood in his presence, I involuntarily turned my eyes one side, to see if the eagle, with the thunderbolts in his beak, were not attendant upon him. I was just on the point of addressing him in Greek; but, when I perceived that he spoke German, I told him in that language, « That the plums upon the road between Jena and Weimar had an excellent relish.» Many a long winter night had I thought with myself how much that was lofty and profound I should say to Goethe, if ever I should see him; and when at last I saw him, I told him that the Saxon plums were excellent! And Goethe smiled. He smiled with those very lips with which he once had kissed the beauteous Leda, Europa, Danæ, Semele, and so many other princesses or common nymphs.

From « Letters Auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany.»

NAPOLEON

When I think of the great Emperor, all in my memory again becomes summer-green and golden. A long avenue of lindens rises blooming around; on the leafy twigs sit singing nightingales, the waterfall rustles, flowers are growing from full round beds, dreamily nodding their fair heads. I stood amidst them once in wondrous intimacy; the rouged tulips, proud as beggars, condescendingly greeted me; the nervous, sick lilies nodded with woeful tenderness; the tipsy red roses nodded at me at first sight from a distance; the night violets sighed; with the myrtle and laurel I was not then acquainted, for they did not entice with a shining bloom; but the reseda, with whom I am now on such bad terms, was my very particular friend. I am speaking of the court garden of Düsseldorf, where I often lay

upon the bank, and piously listened there when Monsieur Le Grand told of the warlike feats of the great Emperor, beating meanwhile the marches which were drummed during the deeds, so that I saw and heard all to the life. I saw the passage over the Simplon — the Emperor in advance and his brave grenadiers climbing on behind him, while the scream of frightened birds of prey sounded around, and avalanches thundered in the distance; I saw the Emperor with flag in hand on the bridge of Lodi; I saw the Emperor in his gray cloak at Marengo; I saw the Emperor mounted in the battle of the Pyramids — naught around save powder, smoke, and Mamelukes; I saw the Emperor in the battle of Austerlitz — ha! how the bullets whistled over the smooth, icy road; I saw, I heard the battle of Jena — *dum, dum, dum;* I saw, I heard the battles of Eylau, of Wagram — no, I could hardly stand it! Monsieur Le Grand drummed so that I nearly burst my own sheepskin.

But what were my feelings when I first saw with highly blest (and with my own) eyes him, Hosannah! the Emperor!

It was exactly in the avenue of the Court Garden at Düsseldorf. As I pressed through the gaping crowd, thinking of the doughty deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed to me, my heart beat the «general march» — yet at the same time I thought of the police regulation that no one should dare, under penalty of five dollars fine, ride through the avenue. And the Emperor with his cortége rode directly down the avenue. The trembling trees bowed towards him as he advanced, the sun rays quivered, frightened, yet curiously through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his invisible green uniform and the little world-renowned hat. He rode a white palfrey which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly — had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I would have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, almost lazily, holding with one hand his rein, and with the other good-naturedly patting the neck of the horse. It was a sunny marble hand, a mighty hand, — one of the pair which bound fast the many-headed monster of Anarchy, and reduced to order the war of races, — and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble Greek and Roman busts, the traits were as nobly proportioned as in the antiques, and on that countenance was plainly written, «Thou shalt have no gods before me!» A smile, which

warmed and tranquillized every heart, flitted over the lips—and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle—*et la Prusse n'existait plus;* those lips needed but to whistle—and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing; those lips needed but to whistle—and the entire holy Roman realm would have danced. It was an eye, clear as heaven, it could read the hearts of men, it saw at a glance all things at once, and as they were in this world, while we ordinary mortals see them only one by one and by their shaded hues. The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there, and there was a quiver which swept over the brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-mile-boots thoughts, wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world—and I believe that every one of those thoughts would have given to a German author full material wherewith to write, all the days of his life.

The Emperor is dead. On a waste island in the Indian Sea lies his lonely grave, and he for whom the world was too narrow lies silently under a little hillock, where five weeping willows hang their green heads, and a gentle little brook, murmuring sorrowfully, ripples by. There is no inscription on his tomb; but Clio, with unerring pen, has written thereon invisible words, which will resound, like spirit tones, through thousands of years.

Britannia! the sea is thine. But the sea hath not water enough to wash away the shame with which the death of that Mighty One hath covered thee. Not thy windy Sir Hudson—no, thou thyself wert the Sicilian bravo with whom perjured kings bargained, that they might revenge on the man of the people that which the people had once inflicted on one of themselves. And he was thy guest, and had seated himself by thy hearth.

Until the latest times the boys of France will sing and tell of the terrible hospitality of the Bellerophon; and when those songs of mockery and tears resound across the strait, there will be a blush on the cheeks of every honorable Briton. But a day will come when this song will ring thither, and there will be no Britannia in existence—when the people of pride will be humbled to the earth, when Westminster's monuments will be broken, and when the royal dust which they inclosed will be forgotten. And St. Helena is the Holy Grave, whither the races of the East and of the West will make their pilgrimage in ships, with pennons of many a hue, and their hearts will grow strong with great memories of the

deeds of the worldly savior, who suffered and died under Sir Hudson Lowe, as it is written in the evangelists, Las Casas, O'Meara, and Antommarchi.

Strange! A terrible destiny has already overtaken the three greatest enemies of the Emperor. Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII. has rotted away on his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still, as before, professor in Göttingen.

From «Pictures of Travel.»

HERMAN LUDWIG FERDINAND VON HELMHOLTZ

(1821-1894)

THOUGH chiefly celebrated for his discoveries in optics and acoustics, and for his invention of the ophthalmoscope, Von Helmholtz is much esteemed for his essays on scientific and educational topics. His lectures to his classes abound in eloquent passages, but he made beauty of style a minor consideration and the definition of principle his object. He was born August 31st, 1821, at Potsdam, where in 1843 he began his professional life as an army physician. From 1849 to 1855, he was professor of Physiology at Königsberg. He taught Physiology at Heidelberg from 1858 to 1871, and held the chair of Physics at Berlin during the latter part of his life, dying at Berlin, September 8th, 1894. Among his works are «The Conservation of Energy,» «The Doctrine of Tone Sensation,» and «The Manual of Physiological Optics.»

UNIVERSITIES, ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN

WHILE the English universities give but little for the endowment of the positions of approved scientific teachers, and do not logically apply even that little for this object, they have another arrangement which is apparently of great promise for scientific study, but which has hitherto not effected much; that is, the institution of Fellowships. Those who have passed the best examinations are elected as Fellows of their college, where they have a home, and along with this, a respectable income, so that they can devote the whole of their leisure to scientific pursuits. Both Oxford and Cambridge have each more than five hundred such fellowships. The Fellows may, but need not act as tutors for the students. They need not even live in the university town, but may spend their stipends where they like, and in many cases may retain the Fellowship for an indefinite period. With some exceptions, they only lose it in case they marry, or are elected to certain offices. They are the real successors of the old corporation of students, by and for which the

university was founded and endowed. But however beautiful this plan may seem, and notwithstanding the enormous sums devoted to it, in the opinion of all unprejudiced Englishmen it does but little for science; manifestly because most of these young men, although they are the pick of the students, and in the most favorable conditions possible for scientific work, have in their student career not come sufficiently in contact with the living spirit of inquiry, to work on afterward on their own account, and with their own enthusiasm.

In certain respects the English universities do a great deal. They bring up their students as cultivated men, who are expected not to break through the restrictions of their political and ecclesiastical party, and, in fact, do not thus break through. In two respects we might well endeavor to imitate them. In the first place, together with a lively feeling for the beauty and youthful freshness of antiquity, they develop in a high degree a sense for delicacy and precision in writing which shows itself in the way in which they handle their mother tongue. I fear that one of the weakest sides in the instruction of German youth is in this direction. In the second place, the English universities, like their schools, take greater care of the bodily health of their students. They live and work in airy, spacious buildings, surrounded by lawns and groves of trees; they find much of their pleasure in games which excite a passionate rivalry in the development of bodily energy and skill, and which, in this respect, are far more efficacious than our gymnastic and fencing exercises. It must not be forgotten that the more young men are cut off from fresh air and from the opportunity of vigorous exercise, the more induced will they be to seek an apparent refreshment in the misuse of tobacco and of intoxicating drinks. It must also be admitted that the English universities accustom their students to energetic and accurate work, and keep them up to the habits of educated society. The moral effect of the more rigorous control is said to be rather illusory.

The Scotch universities and some smaller English foundations of more recent origin,— University College and King's College in London, and Owens College in Manchester,— are constituted more on the German and Dutch model.

The development of French universities has been quite different, and indeed almost in the opposite direction. In accordance with the tendency of the French to throw overboard

everything of historic development to suit some rationalistic theory, their faculties have logically become purely institutes for instruction — special schools, with definite regulations for the course of instruction, developed and quite distinct from those institutions which are to further the progress of science, such as the Collège de France, the Jardin des Plantes, and the École des Études Supérieures. The faculties are entirely separated from one another, even when they are in the same town. The course of study is definitely prescribed, and is controlled by frequent examinations. French teaching is confined to that which is clearly established, and transmits this in a well-arranged, well-worked-out manner, which is easily intelligible, and does not excite doubt nor the necessity for deeper inquiry. The teachers need only possess good receptive talents. Thus in France it is looked upon as a false step when a young man of promising talent takes a professorship in a faculty in the provinces. The method of instruction in France is well adapted to give pupils, of even moderate capacity, sufficient knowledge for the routine of their calling. They have no choice between different teachers, and they swear *in verba magistri;* this gives a happy self-satisfaction and freedom from doubts. If the teacher has been well chosen, this is sufficient in ordinary cases, in which the pupil does what he has seen his teacher do. It is only unusual cases that test how much actual insight and judgment the pupil has acquired. The French people are, moreover, gifted, vivacious, and ambitious, and this corrects many defects in their system of teaching.

A special feature in the organization of French universities consists in the fact that the position of the teacher is quite independent of the favor of his hearers; the pupils who belong to his faculty are generally compelled to attend his lectures, and the far from inconsiderable fees which they pay flow into the chest of the minister of education; the regular salaries of the university professors are defrayed from this source; the state gives but an insignificant contribution toward the maintenance of the university. When, therefore, the teacher has no real pleasure in teaching, or is not ambitious of having a number of pupils, he very soon becomes indifferent to the success of his teaching, and is inclined to take things easily.

Outside the lecture rooms, the French students live without control, and associate with young men of other callings, without any special *esprit de corps* or common feeling. The development

of the German universities differs characteristically from these two extremes. Too poor in their own possessions not to be compelled, with increasing demands for the means of instruction, eagerly to accept the help of the state, and too weak to resist encroachments upon their ancient rights in times in which modern states attempt to consolidate themselves, the German universities have had to submit themselves to the controlling influence of the state. Owing to this latter circumstance the decision in all important university matters has in principle been transferred to the state, and in times of religious or political excitement this supreme power has occasionally been unscrupulously exerted. But in most cases the states which were working out their own independence were favorably disposed toward the universities; they required intelligent officials, and the fame of their country's university conferred a certain lustre upon the government. The ruling officials were, moreover, for the most part, students of the university; they remained attached to it. It is very remarkable how among wars and political changes in the states fighting with the decaying empire for the consolidation of their young sovereignties, while almost all other privileged orders were destroyed, the universities of Germany saved a far greater nucleus of their internal freedom and of the most valuable side of this freedom, than in conscientious, conservative England, and than in France with its wild chase after freedom.

We have retained the old conception of students, as that of young men responsible to themselves, striving after science of their own free will, and to whom it is left to arrange their own plan of studies as they think best. If attendance on particular lectures was enjoined for certain callings,—what are called «compulsory lectures,»—these regulations were not made by the university, but by the state, which was afterward to admit candidates to these callings. At the same time the students had, and still have, perfect freedom to migrate from one German university to another, from Dorpat to Zurich, from Vienna to Gratz; and in each university they had free choice among the teachers of the same subject, without reference to their position as ordinary or extraordinary professors, or as private docents. The students are, in fact, free to acquire any part of their instruction from books; it is highly desirable that the works of great men of past times should form an essential part of study.

Outside the university there is no control over the proceedings of the students, so long as they do not come in collision with the guardians of public order. Beyond these cases the only control to which they are subject is that of their colleagues, which prevents them from doing anything which is repugnant to the feeling of honor of their own body. The universities of the Middle Ages formed definite close corporations, with their own jurisdiction, which extended to the right over life and death of their own members. As they lived for the most part on foreign soil, it was necessary to have their own jurisdiction, partly to protect the members from the caprices of foreign judges, partly to keep up that degree of respect and order, within the society, which was necessary to secure the continuation of the rights of hospitality on a foreign soil; and partly, again, to settle disputes among the members. In modern times the remains of this academic jurisdiction have by degrees been completely transferred to the ordinary courts, or will be so transferred; but it is still necessary to maintain certain restrictions on a union of strong and spirited young men, which guarantee the peace of their fellow-students and that of the citizens. In cases of collision this is the object of the disciplinary power of the university authorities. This object, however, must be mainly attained by the sense of honor of the students; and it must be considered fortunate that German students have retained a vivid sense of corporate union, and of what is intimately connected therewith, a requirement of honorable behavior in the individual. I am by no means prepared to defend every individual reputation in the Codex of students' honor; there are many Middle-Age remains among them which were better swept away,—but that can only be done by the students themselves.

For most foreigners the uncontrolled freedom of German students is a subject of astonishment; the more so as it is usually some obvious excrescences of this freedom which first meet their eyes; they are unable to understand how young men can be so left to themselves without the greatest detriment. The German looks back to his student life as to his golden age; our literature and our poetry are full of expressions of this feeling. Nothing of this kind is but even faintly suggested in the literature of other European peoples. The German student alone has this perfect joy in the time, in which, in the first delight in youthful responsi-

bility, and freed more immediately from having to work for extraneous interests, he can devote himself to the task of striving after the best and noblest which the human race has hitherto been able to attain in knowledge and in speculation, closely joined in friendly rivalry with a large body of associates of similar aspirations, and in daily mental intercourse with teachers from whom he learns something of the workings of the thoughts of independent minds.

When I think of my own student life, and of the impression which a man like Johannes Müller, the physiologist, made upon us, I must place a very high value upon this latter point. Any one who has once come in contact with one or more men of the first rank must have had his whole mental standard altered for the rest of his life. Such intercourse is, moreover, the most interesting that life can offer.

From an address at the Frederick William
University of Berlin 1877.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS

(1813–1875)

SIR ARTHUR HELPS was born in Surrey, England, July 10th, 1813. After occupying various positions in the English Civil Service, he became clerk of the privy council, a position in which he won the friendship of Queen Victoria and found leisure to write lives of Las Casas, Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro, as well as several romances and his later volumes of essays. The essays to which he owes his celebrity, however, appeared in 1847 and 1851, as «Friends in Council,»—a series of discussions among «Milverton,» «Ellesmere,» and «Dunsford,» three friends who read essays to each other and comment upon them. Their dialogue has been universally rejected in extracting from this book, but such essays as «The Art of Living with Others» will continue to be printed and reprinted as long as men are human enough to need the help of those who know their weakness because of sharing it. Helps died at London, March 7th, 1875.

ON THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS

THE «Iliad» for war; the «Odyssey» for wandering; but where is the great domestic epic? Yet it is but commonplace to say that passions may rage round a tea table, which would not have misbecome men dashing at one another in war chariots; and evolutions of patience and temper are performed at the fireside, worthy to be compared with the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Men have worshiped some fantastic being for living alone in a wilderness; but social martyrdoms place no saints upon the calendar.

We may blind ourselves to it if we like, but the hatreds and disgusts that there are behind friendship, relationship, service, and, indeed, proximity of all kinds, is one of the darkest spots upon earth. The various relations of life, which bring people together, cannot, as we know, be perfectly fulfilled except in a state where there will, perhaps, be no occasion for any of them. It is no harm, however, to endeavor to see whether there are

any methods which may make these relations in the least degree more harmonious now.

In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge; it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general; they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, "Why all these stars; why this difference; why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and requestion their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason every morning all the minute detail of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention

is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticizing his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. «Had I been consulted,» «Had you listened to me,» «But you always will,» and such short scraps of sentences may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

Again, we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give, and especially must not expect contrary things. It is something arrogant to talk of traveling over other minds (mind being, for what we know, infinite); but still we become familiar with the upper views, tastes, and tempers of our associates. And it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In traveling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful-looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude involuntarily how happy the inmates must be. Yet there is heaven and hell in those rooms — the same heaven and hell that we have known in others.

There are two great classes of promoters of social happiness — cheerful people and people who have some reticence. The latter are more secure benefits to society even than the former. They are nonconductors of all the heats and animosities around them. To have peace in a house, or a family, or any social

circle, the members of it must beware of passing on hasty and uncharitable speeches, which, the whole of the context seldom being told, is often not conveying, but creating mischief. They must be very good people to avoid doing this; for let human nature say what it will, it likes sometimes to look on at a quarrel, and that not altogether from ill-nature, but from a love of excitement, for the same reason that Charles II. liked to attend the debates in the Lords, because they were "as good as a play."

We come now to the consideration of temper, which might have been expected to be treated first. But to cut off the means and causes of bad temper is, perhaps, of as much importance as any direct dealing with the temper itself. Besides, it is probable that in small social circles there is more suffering from unkindness than ill-temper. Anger is a thing that those who live under us suffer more from than those who live with us. But all the forms of ill-humor and sour-sensitiveness, which especially belong to equal intimacy (though, indeed, they are common to all), are best to be met by impassiveness. When two sensitive persons are shut up together, they go on vexing each other with a reproductive irritability. But sensitive and hard people get on well together. The supply of temper is not altogether out of the usual laws of supply and demand.

Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends, or meet him in company with them.

Lastly, in conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is perhaps a result of our whole being rather than a part of our nature, and, at any rate, is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.

It may be said that if the great principles of Christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at

the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit, molding the one and expressing the other.

Complete. From «Friends in Council.»

GREATNESS

You cannot substitute any epithet for great, when you are talking of great men. Greatness is not general dexterity carried to any extent, nor proficiency in any one subject of human endeavor. There are great astronomers, great scholars, great painters, even great poets who are very far from great men. Greatness can do without success and with it. William is greater in his retreats than Marlborough in his victories. On the other hand, the uniformity of Cæsar's success does not dull his greatness. Greatness is not in the circumstances, but in the man.

What does this greatness then consist in? Not in a nice balance of qualities, purposes, and powers. That will make a man happy, a successful man, a man always in his right depth. Nor does it consist in absence of errors. We need only glance back at any list that can be made of great men, to be convinced of that. Neither does greatness consist in energy, though often accompanied by it. Indeed, it is rather the breadth of the waters than the force of the current that we look to, to fulfill our idea of greatness. There is no doubt that energy acting upon a nature endowed with the qualities that we sum up in the word Cleverness, and directed to a few clear purposes, produces a great effect, and may sometimes be mistaken for greatness. If a man is mainly bent upon his own advancement, it cuts many a difficult knot of policy for him, and gives a force and distinctness to his mode of going on which looks grand. The same happens if he has one pre-eminent idea of any kind, even though it should be a narrow one. Indeed, success in life is mostly gained by unity of purpose; whereas greatness often fails by reason of its having manifold purposes, but it does not cease to be greatness on that account.

If greatness can be shut up in qualities, it will be found to consist in courage and in openness of mind and soul. These qualities may not seem at first to be so potent. But see what growth

there is in them. The education of a man of open mind is never ended. Then, with openness of soul, a man sees some way into all other souls that come near him, feels with them, has their experience, is in himself a people. Sympathy is the universal solvent. Nothing is understood without it. The capacity of a man, at least for understanding, may almost be said to vary according to his powers of sympathy. Again, what is there that can counteract selfishness like sympathy? Selfishness may be hedged in by minute watchfulness and self-denial, but it is counteracted by the nature being encouraged to grow out and fix its tendrils upon foreign objects.

The immense defect that want of sympathy is may be strikingly seen in the failure of the many attempts that have been made in all ages to construct the Christian character, omitting sympathy. It has produced numbers of people walking up and down one narrow plank of self-restraint, pondering over their own merits and demerits, keeping out, not the world exactly, but their fellow-creatures from their hearts, and caring only to drive their neighbors before them on this plank of theirs, or to push them headlong. Thus, with many virtues, and much hard work at the formation of character, we have had splendid bigots or censorious small people.

But sympathy is warmth and light, too. It is, as it were, the moral atmosphere connecting all animated natures. Putting aside, for a moment, the large differences that opinions, language, and education make between men, look at the innate diversity of character. Natural philosophers were amazed when they thought they had found a new-created species. But what is each man but a creature such as the world has not before seen? Then think how they pour forth in multitudinous masses, from princes delicately nurtured to little boys on scrubby commons, or in dark cellars. How are these people to be understood, to be taught to understand each other, but by those who have the deepest sympathies with all? There cannot be a great man without large sympathy. There may be men who play loud-sounding parts in life without it, as on the stage, where kings and great people sometimes enter who are only characters of secondary import — deputy great men. But the interest and the instruction lie with those who have to feel and suffer most.

Add courage to this openness we have been considering, and you have a man who can own himself in the wrong, can forgive,

can trust, can adventure, can, in short, use all the means that insight and sympathy endow him with.

I see no other essential characteristics in the greatness of nations than there are in the greatness of individuals. Extraneous circumstances largely influence nations as individuals, and make a larger part of the show of the former than of the latter; as we are wont to consider no nation great that is not great in extent or resources, as well as in character. But of two nations, equal in other respects, the superiority must belong to the one which excels in courage and openness of mind and soul.

Again, in estimating the relative merits of different periods of the world, we must employ the same tests of greatness that we use to individuals. To compare, for instance, the present and the past. What astounds us most in the past is the wonderful intolerance and cruelty: a cruelty constantly turning upon the inventors; an intolerance provoking ruin to the thing it would foster. The most admirable precepts are thrown from time to time upon this caldron of human affairs, and oftentimes they only seem to make it blaze the higher. We find men devoting the best part of their intellects to the invariable annoyance and persecution of their fellows. You might think that the earth brought forth with more abundant fruitfulness in the past than now, seeing that men found so much time for cruelty, but that you read of famines and privations which these latter days cannot equal. The recorded violent deaths amount to millions. And this is but a small part of the matter. Consider the modes of justice; the use of torture, for instance. What must have been the blinded state of the wise persons (wise for their day) who used torture? Did they ever think themselves, «What should we not say if we were subjected to this?» Many times they must really have desired to get at the truth; and such was their mode of doing it. Now, at the risk of being thought a «*laudator*» of time present, I would say here is the element of greatness we have made progress in. We are more open in mind and soul. We have arrived (some of us at least) at the conclusion that men may honestly differ without offense. We have learned to pity each other more. There is a greatness in modern toleration which our ancestors knew not.

Then comes the other element of greatness, courage. Have we made progress in that? This is a much more dubious question. The subjects of terror vary so much in different times that

it is difficult to estimate the different degrees of courage shown in resisting them. Men fear public opinion now as they did in former times the Star Chamber; and those awful goddesses, Appearances, are to us what the Fates were to the Greeks. It is hardly possible to measure the courage of a Modern against that of an Ancient; but I am unwilling to believe but that enlightenment must strengthen courage.

The application of the tests of greatness, as in the above instance, is a matter of detail and of nice appreciation, as to the results of which men must be expected to differ largely: the tests themselves remain invariable — openness of nature to admit the light of love and reason, and courage to pursue it.

Complete. From «Friends in Council.»

HOW HISTORY SHOULD BE READ

I SUPPOSE that many who now connect the very word History with the idea of dullness, would have been fond and diligent students of history if it had had fair access to their minds. But they were set down to read histories which were not fitted to be read continuously, or by any but practiced students. Some such works are mere framework, a name which the author of the «Statesman» applies to them; very good things, perhaps, for their purpose, but that is not to invite readers to history. You might almost as well read dictionaries with a hope of getting a succinct and clear view of language. When, in any narration, there is a constant heaping up of facts, made about equally significant by the way of telling them, a hasty delineation of characters, and all the incidents moving on as in the fifth act of a confused tragedy, the mind and memory refuse to be so treated; and the reading ends in nothing but a very slight and inaccurate acquaintance with the mere husk of the history. You cannot epitomize the knowledge that it would take years to acquire into a few volumes that may be read in as many weeks.

The most likely way of attracting men's attention to historical subjects will be by presenting them with small portions of history, of great interest, thoroughly examined. This may give them the habit of applying thought and criticism to historical matters.

For, as it is, how are people interested in history, and how do they master its multitudinous assemblage of facts? Mostly, perhaps, in this way. A man cares about some one thing, or person, or event, and plunges into its history, really wishing to master it. This pursuit extends; other points of research are taken up by him at other times. His researches begin to intersect. He finds a connection in things. The texture of his historic acquisitions gradually attains some substance and color; and so at last he begins to have some dim notions of the myriads of men who came, and saw, and did not conquer — only struggled on as they best might, some of them — and are not.

When we are considering how history should be read, the main thing perhaps is, that the person reading should desire to know what he is reading about, not merely to have read the books that tell of it. The most elaborate and careful historian must omit, or pass lightly over, many points of his subject. He writes for all readers, and cannot indulge private fancies. But history has its particular aspect for each man; there must be portions which he may be expected to dwell upon. And everywhere, even where the history is most labored, the reader should have something of the spirit of research which was needful for the writer,— if only so much as to ponder well the words of the writer. That man reads history, or anything else, at great peril of being thoroughly misled, who has no perception of any truthfulness except that which can be fully ascertained by reference to facts; who does not in the least perceive the truth, or the reverse, of a writer's style, of his epithets, of his reasoning, of his mode of narration. In life, our faith in any narration is much influenced by the personal appearance, voice, and gesture of the person narrating. There is some part of all these things in his writing; and you must look into that well before you can know what faith to give him. One man may make mistakes in names, and dates, and references, and yet have a real substance of truthfulness in him, a wish to enlighten himself and then you. Another may not be wrong in his facts, but have a declamatory or sophistical vein in him, much to be guarded against. A third may be both inaccurate and untruthful, caring not so much for anything as to write his book. And if the reader cares only to read it, sad work they make between them of the memories of former days.

In studying history, it must be borne in mind that a knowledge is necessary of the state of manners, customs, wealth, arts,

and science at the different periods treated of. The text of civil history requires a context of this knowledge in the mind of the reader. For the same reason, some of the main facts of the geography of the countries in question should be present to him. If we are ignorant of these aids to history, all history is apt to seem alike to us. It becomes merely a narrative of men of our own time, in our own country; and then we are prone to expect the same views and conduct from them that we do from our contemporaries. It is true that the heroes of antiquity have been represented on the stage in bagwigs, and the rest of the costume of our grandfathers; but it was the great events of their lives that were thus told — the crisis of their passions — and when we are contemplating the representation of great passions and their consequences, all minor imagery is of little moment. In a long-drawn narrative, however, the more we have in our minds of what concerned the daily life of the people we read about, the better. And in general it may be said that history, like traveling, gives a return in proportion to the knowledge that a man brings to it

Complete. Number II., on «History,» from «Friends in Council.»

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER

(1744–1803)

HERDER'S greatest work was in making Goethe possible. Germany of the eighteenth century despised its own simplicity, and stood shamed before the pseudo-classicism of the decadent French monarchy. Herder taught German youth to look for the highest literary excellence, not in triolets and rondeaus, or even in tragedies written in lilting twelve-syllabled iambics supposed to represent the Athenian masters, but in the treasured ballads and songs of the common people, in Shakespeare, in Homer, in the Psalms of David, and in the book of Job. He taught Germany to understand the merits of the Scotch heroic ballads, which are the finest in the literature of Europe and are so nearly German that when «Bonny George Campbell» was translated into German, Longfellow mistook it for a German «lied» and retranslated it into admirable English verse —not very far removed from the original Scotch. By cultivating the taste for the strong and natural simplicities of primitive literature, Herder educated the generation of German singers who, with Goethe and Schiller at their head, taught Longfellow to avoid the stiffness of the English «classical» school. So great was Herder's activity and so wide its range, that at his death, December 18th, 1803, he left material which, when collected in the Stuttgart edition of his works (1827–30), made sixty volumes. Those who cannot afford to read them all should by no means miss his «Stimmen der Völker in Liedern» (Folk Songs), and his essays on the «Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.»

THE SUBLIMITY OF PRIMITIVE POETRY

(Euthyphron and Alcephron converse on the poetry of Job)

EUTHYPHRON—Every age must make its poetry consistent with its ideas of the great system of being, or if not, must at least be assured of producing a greater effect by its poetical fictions than systematic truth could secure to it. And may not this often be the case? I have no doubt that from the systems of Copernicus and Newton, of Buffon and Priestley, as elevated as poetry may be made, as from the most simple and childlike views of nature.

But why have we no such poetry? Why is it, that the simple pathetic fables of ancient or unlearned tribes always affect us more than these mathematical, physical, and metaphysical niceties? Is it not because the people of those times wrote poetry with more lively apprehensions, because they conceived ideas of all things, including God himself, under analogous forms, reduced the universe to the shape of a house, and animated all that it contains with human passions, with love and hatred? The first poet, who can do the same in the universe of Buffon and Newton, will, if he is so disposed, produce with truer, at least with more comprehensive ideas, the effect which they accomplished with their limited analogies and poetic fables. Would that such a poet were already among us! But so long as that is not the case, let us not turn to ridicule the genuine beauties in the poetry of ancient nations, because they understood not our systems of natural philosophy and metaphysics. Many of their allegories and personifications contain more imaginative power, and more sensuous truth, than voluminous systems — and the power of touching the heart speaks for itself.

Alcephron — This power of producing emotion, however, seems to me not to belong in so high a degree to the poetry of nature.

E. — The more gentle and enduring sentiments of poetry at least are produced by it, and more even than by any other. Can there be any more beautiful poetry than God himself has exhibited to us in the works of creation? Poetry, which he spreads fresh and glowing before us with every revolution of days and of seasons? Can the language of poetry accomplish anything more affecting than with brevity and simplicity to unfold to us in its measure what we are and what we enjoy? We live and have our being in this vast temple of God; our feelings and thoughts, our sufferings and our joys are all from this as their source. A species of poetry that furnishes me with eyes to perceive and contemplate the works of creation and myself, to consider them in their order and relation, and to discover through all the traces of infinite love, wisdom, and power, to shape the whole with the eye of fancy, and in words suited to their purpose — such a poetry is holy and heavenly. What wretch, in the greatest tumult of his passions, in walking under a starry heaven, would not experience imperceptibly and even against his will a soothing influence from the elevating contemplation of its silent,

unchangeable, and everlasting splendors? Suppose at such a moment there occurs to his thoughts the simple language of God, "Canst thou bind together the bands of the Pleiades,"—is it not as if God himself addressed the words to him from the starry firmament? Such an effect has the true poetry of nature, the fair interpreter of the nature of God. A hint, a single word, in the spirit of such poetry, often suggests to the mind extended scenes; nor does it merely bring their quiet pictures before the eye in their outward lineaments, but brings them home to the sympathies of the heart, especially, when the heart of the poet himself is tender and benevolent, and it can hardly fail to be so.

A.—Will the heart of the poet of nature always exhibit this character?

E.—Of the great and genuine poet undoubtedly, otherwise he may be an acute observer, but could not be a refined and powerful expositor of nature. Poetry, that concerns itself with the deeds of men, often in a high degree debasing and criminal, that labors, with lively and affecting apprehensions, in the impure recesses of the heart, and often for no very worthy purpose, may corrupt as well the author as the reader. The poetry of divine things can never do this. It enlarges the heart, while it expands the view; renders this serene and contemplative, that energetic, free, and joyous. It awakens a love, an interest, and a sympathy for all that lives. It accustoms the understanding to remark on all occasions the laws of nature, and guides our reason to the right path. This is especially true of the descriptive poetry of the Orientals.

A.—Do you apply the remark to the chapter of Job, of which we were speaking?

E.—Certainly. It would be childish to hunt for the system of physics implied in the individual representations of poetry, or to aim at reconciling it with the system of our own days, and thus show that Job had already learned to think like our natural philosophers; yet the leading idea, that the universe is the palace of the Divine Being, where he is himself the director and disposer, where everything is transacted according to unchangeable and eternal laws, with a providence, that continually extends to the minutest concern, with benevolence and judgment—this, I say, we must acknowledge to be great and ennobling. It is set forth. too, by examples, in which everything

manifests unity of purpose, and subordination to the combined whole. The most wonderful phenomena come before us, as the doings of an ever-active and provident father of his household. Show me a poem which exhibits our system of physics, our discoveries and opinions respecting the formation of the world, and the changes that it undergoes, under as concise images, as animated personifications, with as suitable expositions, and a plan comprising as much unity and variety for the production of effect. But do not forget the three leading qualities, of which I have spoken, animation in the objects for awakening the senses, interpretation of nature, for the heart, a plan in the poem, as there is in creation, for the understanding. The last requisite altogether fails in most of our descriptive poets.

A.— You require, I fear, what is impossible. How little plan are we able to comprehend in the scenes of nature? The kingdom of the all-powerful mother of all things is so vast, her progress so slow, her prospective views so endless—

E.— That therefore a human poem must be so vast, so slow in progress, and so incomprehensible? Let him, to whom nature exhibits no plan, no unity of purpose, hold his peace, nor venture to give her expression in the language of poetry. Let him speak, for whom she has removed the veil and displayed the true expression of her features. He will discover in all her works connection, order, benevolence, and purpose. His own poetical creation, too, like that creation which inspires his imagination, will be a true Kosmos, a regular work, with plan, outlines, meaning, and ultimate design, and commend itself to the understanding as a whole, as it does to the heart by its individual thoughts and interpretations of nature, and to the sense by the animation of its objects. In nature, all things are connected, and for the view of man are connected by their relation to what is human. The periods of time, as days and years, have their relation to the age of man. Countries and climates have a principle of unity in the one race of man, ages and worlds in the one eternal cause, one God, one Creator. He is the eye of the universe, giving expression to its otherwise boundless void, and combining in a harmonious union the expression of all its multiplied and multiform features. Here we are brought back again to the East, for the Orientals, in their descriptive poetry, however poor or rich it may be judged, secure, first of all, that unity, which the understanding

demands. In all the various departments of nature they behold the God of the heavens and of the earth. This no Greek, nor Celt, nor Roman has ever done, and how far in this respect is Lucretius behind Job and David!

From the «Spirit of Hebrew Poetry,»
translated by J. Marsh.

MARRIAGE AS THE HIGHEST FRIENDSHIP

How truly said one of his friend, «Thy love to me surpassed the love of women!» Creation knows nothing nobler than two voluntarily and indissolubly united hands,— two hearts and lives that have voluntarily become one. It matters not whether these two hands are male or female, or of both sexes. It is a proud but irrational prejudice on the part of men, that only they are capable of friendship. Woman is often tenderer, truer, firmer, more golden-pure in that relation, than many a weak, unfeeling, impure, masculine soul. Where there is want of truth, — where there is vanity, rivalry, heedlessness, there friendship in either sex is impossible. Marriage, likewise, should be friendship; and woe! if it is not, if it is only love and desire. To a noble woman, it is sweet to suffer for her husband, as well as to rejoice with him, to feel that she is honored, esteemed, and happy in him and he in her. The common education of their children is the beautiful, leading aim of their friendship, which sweetly rewards them both, even in gray old age. They stand there, and will continue to stand like two trees with branches interlocked, begirt with a garland of youthful green,— saplings and twigs. In all cases, a life, in common, is the marrow of true friendship. Mutual unlocking and sharing of hearts, intense joy in each other, sympathy in each other's sufferings, counsel, consolation, effort, mutual aid,— these are its diagnostics, its delights, its interior recompense. What delicate secrets in friendship! Refinements of feeling, as if the soul of the one were directly conscious of the soul of the other, and, anticipating, discerned the thoughts of that soul as clearly as its own! And, assuredly, the soul has sometimes power thus to discern thoughts and to dwell immediately and intimately in the heart of another. There are moments of sympathy, even in thoughts without the slightest external

occasion, which indeed no psychology can explain, but which experience teaches and confirms. There are mutual, simultaneous recollections of one another — even at a distance — on the part of absent friends, which are often of the most wonderful, overpowering kind. And, indeed, if ever the soul possesses the mysterious power to act directly, without organs, on another soul, where would such action be more natural than in the case of friends? This relation is purer, and therefore, assuredly, mightier also than love. For if love will lift itself up to the strength and duration of eternity, it must first purify itself from coarse sensuality, and become true and genuine friendship. How seldom does it arrive at this! It destroys itself or destroys its object with penetrating, devouring flames; and both the loving and the loved lie there, as it were, a heap of ashes. But the glow of friendship is pure, refreshing, human warmth. The two flames upon one altar play into each other, and as in sport, lift and bear one another aloft, and often, in the melancholy hour of separation, they soar rejoicing, and united, and victorious, upward to the land of the purest union, of truest, inseparable friendship.

From «Love and Self.»

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL

(1792–1871)

SIR JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL was born near Windsor, England, March 7th, 1792. He became one of the most celebrated astronomers of modern times, overcoming what is perhaps the greatest possible disadvantage a young man can have,—that of having a father so great that it seems at once absurd and irreverent to attempt to equal him. Yet the younger Herschel did his work so well that when the achievements of the elder are summed up, it is said, «As an explorer of the heavens he had only one rival—his son!» Besides his technical works on astronomy and physics, Sir John Herschel wrote a volume of «Familiar Letters on Scientific Subjects» (1866), which are frequently admirable in manner, as well as in matter. He died at Collingwood, England, May 11th, 1871.

SCIENCE AS A CIVILIZER

THE difference of the degrees in which the individuals of a great community enjoy the good things of life has been a theme of declamation and discontent in all ages; and it is doubtless our paramount duty, in every state of society, to alleviate the pressure of the purely evil part of this distribution as much as possible, and, by all the means we can devise, secure the lower links in the chain of society from dragging in dishonor and wretchedness; but there is a point of view in which the picture is at least materially altered in its expression. In comparing society on its present immense scale with its infant or less developed state, we must at least take care to enlarge every feature in the same proportion. If, on comparing the very lowest states in civilized and savage life, we admit a difficulty in deciding to which the preference is due, at least in every superior grade, we cannot hesitate a moment; and if we institute a similar comparison in every different stage of its progress, we cannot fail to be struck with the rapid rate of dilatation which every degree upward of the scale, so to speak, exhibits, and which, in

an estimate of averages, gives an immense preponderance to the present over every former condition of mankind, and, for aught we can see to the contrary, will place succeeding generations in the same degree of superior relation to the present that this holds to those passed away. Or, we may put the same proposition in other words, and, admitting the existence of every inferior grade of advantage in a higher state of civilization which subsisted in the preceding, we shall find, first, that, taking state for state, the proportional numbers of those who enjoy the higher degrees of advantage increases with a constantly accelerated rapidity as society advances; and, second, that the superior extremity of the scale is constantly enlarging by the addition of new degrees. The condition of a European prince is now as far superior, in the command of real comforts and conveniences, to that of one in the Middle Ages, as that to the condition of one of his own dependants.

The advantages conferred by the augmentation of our physical resources through the medium of increased knowledge and improved art have this peculiar and remarkable property — that they are in their nature diffusive, and cannot be enjoyed in any exclusive manner by a few. An Eastern despot may extort the riches and monopolize the art of his subjects for his own personal use; he may spread around him an unnatural splendor and luxury, and stand in strange and preposterous contrast with the general penury and discomfort of his people; he may glitter in jewels of gold and raiment of needlework; but the wonders of well contrived and executed manufacture which we use daily, and the comforts which have been invented, tried, and improved upon by thousands, in every form of domestic convenience, and for every ordinary purpose of life, can never be enjoyed by him. To produce a state of things in which the physical advantages of civilized life can exist in a high degree, the stimulus of increasing comforts and constantly elevated desires must have been felt by millions; since it is not in the power of a few individuals to create that wide demand for useful and ingenious applications, which alone can lead to great and rapid improvements, unless backed by that arising from the speedy diffusion of the same advantages among the mass of mankind.

If this be true of physical advantages, it applies with still greater force to intellectual. Knowledge can neither be ade-

quately cultivated nor adequately enjoyed by a few; and although the conditions of our existence on earth may be such as to preclude an abundant supply of the physical necessities of all who may be born, there is no such law of nature in force against that of our intellectual and moral wants. Knowledge is not, like food, destroyed by use, but rather augmented and perfected. It requires not, perhaps, a greater certainty, but at least a confirmed authority and a probable duration, by universal assent; and there is no body of knowledge so complete but that it may acquire accession, or so free from error but that it may receive correction in passing through the minds of millions. Those who admire and love knowledge for its own sake ought to wish to see its elements made accessible to all, were it only that they may be the more thoroughly examined into, and more effectually developed in their consequences, and receive that ductility and plastic quality which the pressure of minds of all descriptions, constantly molding them to their purposes, can alone bestow. But to this end it is necessary that it should be divested, as far as possible, of artificial difficulties, and stripped of all such technicalities as tend to place it in the light of a craft and a mystery, inaccessible without a kind of apprenticeship. Science, of course, like everything else, has its own peculiar terms, and, so to speak, its idioms of language; and these it would be unwise, were it even possible, to relinquish: but everything that tends to clothe it in a strange and repulsive garb, and especially everything that, to keep up an appearance of superiority in its professors over the rest of mankind, assumes an unnecessary guise of profundity and obscurity, should be sacrificed without mercy. Not to do this is deliberately to reject the light which the natural unencumbered good sense of mankind is capable of throwing on every subject, even in the elucidation of principles; but where principles are to be applied to practical uses, it becomes absolutely necessary; as all mankind have then an interest in their being so familiarly understood, that no mistakes shall arise in their application.

The same remark applies to arts. They cannot be perfected till their whole processes are laid open, and their language simplified and rendered universally intelligible. Art is the application of knowledge to a practical end. If the knowledge be merely accumulated experience, the art is empirical; but if it be experience reasoned upon and brought under general principles, it

assumes a higher character, and becomes a scientific art. In the progress of mankind from barbarism to civilized life, the arts necessarily precede science. The wants and cravings of our animal constitution must be satisfied; the comforts and some of the luxuries of life must exist. Something must be given to the vanity of show, and more to the pride of power; the round of baser pleasures must have been tried and found insufficient before intellectual ones can gain a footing; and when they have obtained it, the delights of poetry and its sister arts still take precedence of contemplative enjoyments, and the severer pursuits of thought; and when these in time begin to charm from their novelty, and sciences begin to arise, they will at first be those of pure speculation. The mind delights to escape from the trammels which had bound it to earth, and luxuriates in its newly-found powers. Hence, the abstractions of geometry — the properties of numbers — the movements of the celestial spheres — whatever is abstruse, remote, and extramundane — become the first objects of infant science. Applications come late; the arts continue slowly progressive, but their realm remains separated from that of science by a wide gulf which can only be passed by a powerful spring. They form their own language and their own conventions, which none but artists can understand. The whole tendency of empirical art is to bury itself in technicalities, and to place its pride in particular short cuts and mysteries known only to adepts; to surprise and astonish by results, but conceal processes. The character of science is the direct contrary. It delights to lay itself open to inquiry; and is not satisfied with its conclusions till it can make the road to them broad and beaten; and in its applications it preserves the same character; its whole aim being to strip away all technical mystery, to illuminate every dark recess, with a view to improve them on rational principles. It would seem that a union of two qualities almost opposite to each other — a going forth of the thoughts in two directions, and a sudden transfer of ideas from a remote station in one to an equally distant one in the other — is required to start the first idea of applying science. Among the Greeks this point was attained by Archimedes, but attained too late, on the eve of that great eclipse of science which was destined to continue for nearly eighteen centuries, till Galileo in Italy, and Bacon in England, at once dispelled the darkness; the one by his inventions and

discoveries, the other by the irresistible force of his arguments and eloquence.

Finally, the improvement effected in the condition of mankind by advances in physical science as applied to the useful purposes of life, is very far from being limited to their direct consequences in the more abundant supply of their physical wants, and the increase of our comforts. Great as these benefits are, they are yet but steps to others of a still higher kind. The successful results of our experiments and reasonings in natural philosophy, and the incalculable advantages which experience, systematically consulted and dispassionately reasoned on, has conferred in matters purely physical, tend of necessity to impress something of the well-weighed and progressive character of science on the more complicated conduct of our social and moral relations. It is thus that legislation and politics become gradually regarded as experimental sciences, and history, not, as formerly, the mere record of tyrannies and slaughters, which, by immortalizing the execrable actions of one age, perpetuates the ambition of committing them in every succeeding one, but as the archive of experiments, successful and unsuccessful, gradually accumulating towards the solution of the grand problem — how the advantages of government are to be secured with the least possible inconvenience to the governed. The celebrated apothegm, that nations never profit by experience, becomes yearly more and more untrue. Political economy, at least, is found to have sound principles, founded in the moral and physical nature of man, which, however lost sight of in particular measures — however even temporarily controverted and borne down by clamor — have yet a stronger and stronger testimony borne to them in each succeeding generation, by which they must, sooner or later, prevail. The idea once conceived and verified, that great and noble ends are to be achieved, by which the condition of the whole human species shall be permanently bettered, by bringing into exercise a sufficient quantity of sober thoughts, and by a proper adaptation of means, is of itself sufficient to set us earnestly on reflecting what ends are truly great and noble, either in themselves, or as conducive to others of a still loftier character; because we are not now, as heretofore, hopeless of attaining them. It is not now equally harmless and insignificant, whether we are right or wrong, since we are no longer supinely and helplessly carried down the

stream of events, but feel ourselves capable of buffeting at least with its waves, and perhaps of riding triumphantly over them: for why should we despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes should (if permitted and assisted by the providence of God) achieve a far more difficult conquest, and ultimately find some means of enabling the collective wisdom of mankind to bear down those obstacles which individual short-sightedness, selfishness, and passion, oppose to all improvements, and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted, and the fairest prospects marred?

From a «Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.»

THE TASTE FOR READING

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a wordly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles — but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history — with the wisest, the wittiest — with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations — a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each

other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet,—

«*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*»

It civilizes the conduct of men—and suffers them not to remain barbarous.

KARL HILLEBRAND

(1829–1884)

KARL HILLEBRAND, one of the expatriated revolutionists of 1848, to whom the civilization of Germany and the world is so largely indebted, was born at Giessen, Germany, September 17th, 1829. Imprisoned at the age of twenty for taking part in the Baden movement against absolutism, he escaped to France, where he continued his studies and graduated at the Sorbonne. In 1863 he was appointed professor of Foreign Languages at Douai. He became a master of French and wrote several of his works in it, but when the Franco-Prussian War began he found that his exile had not made him a Frenchman. He solved the problem of choice between his native and his adopted country by removing to Italy where he lived until his death, October 19th, 1884. Among his works are «Lectures on German Thought,» «On Good Comedy,» «Contemporary Prussia,» «Times, People, and Men,» and a «History of France from the Accession of Louis Philippe to the Fall of Napoleon III.»

GOETHE'S VIEW OF ART AND NATURE

MAN is the last and highest link in nature; his task is to understand what she aims at in him and then to fulfill her intentions. This view of Herder was Goethe's starting point in the formation of his «Weltanschauung,» or general view of things.

All the world (says one of the characters in «Wilhelm Meister») lies before us, like a vast quarry before the architect. He does not deserve the name, if he does not compose with these accidental natural materials an image whose source is in his mind, and if he does not do it with the greatest possible economy, solidity, and perfection. All that we find outside of us, nay, within us, is object-matter; but deep within us lives also a power capable of giving an ideal form to this matter. This creative power allows us no rest till we have produced that ideal form in one or the other way, either without us in finished works, or in our own life.

Here we already have in germ Schiller's idea that life ought to be a work of art. But how do we achieve this task, continually impeded as we are by circumstances and by our fellow-creatures, who will not always leave us in peace to develop our individual characters in perfect conformity with nature? In our relations with our neighbor, Goethe (like Lessing and Wieland, Kant and Herder, and all the great men of his and the preceding age, in England and France as well as in Germany) recommended absolute toleration not only of opinions, but also of individualities, particularly those in which Nature manifests herself «undefiled.» As to circumstances, which is only another name for fate, he preached and practiced resignation. At every turn of our life, in fact, we meet with limits; our intelligence has its frontiers which bar its way; our senses are limited, and can only embrace an infinitely small part of nature; few of our wishes can be fulfilled; privation and sufferings await us at every moment. «Privation is thy lot, privation! That is the eternal song which resounds at every moment, which, our whole life through, each hour sings hoarsely to our ears!» laments Faust. What remains then for man? «Everything cries to us that we must resign ourselves.» «There are few men, however, who, conscious of the privations and sufferings in store for them in life, and desirous to avoid the necessity of resigning themselves anew in each particular case, have the courage to perform the act of resignation once for all»; who say to themselves that there are eternal and necessary laws to which we must submit, and that we had better do it without grumbling; who «endeavor to form principles which are not liable to be destroyed, but are rather confirmed by contact with reality.» In other words, when man has discovered the laws of nature, both moral and physical, he must accept them as the limits of his actions and desires; he must not wish for eternity of life or inexhaustible capacities of enjoyment, understanding, and acting, any more than he wishes for the moon. For rebellion against these laws must needs be an act of impotency as well as of deceptive folly. By resignation, the human soul is purified; for thereby it becomes free of selfish passions and arrives at that intellectual superiority in which the contemplation and understanding of things give sufficient contentment, without making it needful for man to stretch out his hands to take possession of them: a thought which Goethe's friend, Schiller, has magnificently developed in his grand philosophical poems. Optimism and pessi-

mism disappear at once as well as fatalism; the highest and most refined intellect again accepts the world, as children and ignorant toilers do, as a given necessity. He does not even think the world could be otherwise, and within its limits he not only enjoys and suffers, but also works gaily, trying, like Horace, to subject things to himself, but resigned to submit to them, when they are invincible. Thus the simple Hellenic existence which, contrary to Christianity, but according to nature, accepted the present without ceaselessly thinking of death and another world, and acted in that present and in the circumstances allotted to each by fate, without wanting to overstep the boundaries of nature, would revive again in our modern world, and free us forever from the torment of unaccomplished wishes and of vain terrors.

The sojourn in Italy during which Goethe lived outside the struggle for life, outside the competition and contact of practical activity, in contemplation of nature and art, developed this view — the spectator's view, which will always be that of the artist and of the thinker, strongly opposed to that of the actor on the stage of human life. « Iphigenia, » « Torquato Tasso, » « Wilhelm Meister, » are the fruits and the interpreters of this conception of the moral world. What ripened and perfected it, so as to raise it into a general view, not only of morality, but also of the great philosophical questions which man is called upon to answer, was his study of nature, greatly furthered during his stay in Italy. The problem which lay at the bottom of all the vague longing of his generation for nature he was to solve. It became his incessant endeavor to understand the coherence and unity of nature.

« You are forever searching for what is necessary in nature, » Schiller wrote to him once, « but you search for it in the most difficult way. You take the whole of nature in order to obtain light on the particular case; you look into the totality for the explanation of the individual existence. From the simplest organism in nature, you ascend step by step to the more complicated, and finally construct the most complicated of all, man, out of the materials of the whole of nature. In thus creating man anew under the guidance of nature, you penetrate into his mysterious organism. »

And, indeed, as there is a wonderful harmony with nature in Goethe, the poet and the man, so there is the same harmony in Goethe, the savant and the thinker; nay, even science he practiced as a poet. As one of the greatest physicists of our days, Helmholtz, has said of him: « He did not try to translate nature into

abstract conceptions, but takes it as a complete work of art, which must reveal its contents spontaneously to an intelligent observer.» Goethe never became a thorough experimentalist; he did not want «to extort the secret from nature by pumps and retorts.» He waited patiently for a voluntary revelation, *i. e.*, until he could surprise that secret by an intuitive glance; for it was his conviction that if you live intimately with Nature, she will sooner or later disclose her mysteries to you. If you read his «Songs,» his «Werther,» his «Die Wahlverwandtschaften,» you feel that extraordinary intimacy — I had almost said identification — with nature, present everywhere. Werther's love springs up with the blossom of all nature; he begins to sink and nears his self-made tomb, while autumn, the death of nature, is in the fields and woods. So does the moon spread her mellow light over his garden, as «the mild eye of a true friend over his destiny.» Never was there a poet who humanized nature or naturalized human feeling, if I might say so, to the same degree as Goethe. Now, this same love of nature he brought into his scientific researches.

He began his studies of nature early, and he began them as he was to finish them, — with geology. Buffon's great views on the revolutions of the earth had made a deep impression upon him, although he was to end as the declared adversary of that vulcanism which we can trace already at the bottom of Buffon's theory — naturally enough, when we think how uncongenial all violence in society and nature was to him, how he looked everywhere for slow, uninterrupted evolution. From theoretical study he had early turned to direct observation; and when his administrative functions obliged him to survey the mines of the little Dukedom, ample opportunity was offered for positive studies. As early as 1778, in a paper on «Granite,» he wrote: «I do not fear the reproach that a spirit of contradiction draws me from the contemplation of the human heart — this most mobile, most mutable, and fickle part of the creation — to the observation of (granite) the oldest, firmest, deepest, most immovable son of Nature. For all natural things are in connection with each other.» It was his life's task to search for the links of this coherence in order to find that unity which he knew to be in the moral as well as material universe.

From «Lectures on the History of German Thought.»

THOMAS HOBBES

(1588–1679)

THOMAS HOBBES (born in Wiltshire, England, April 5th, 1588) is chiefly celebrated for his «Leviathan,» a curious argument against political liberty in all its forms. He was the author of a number of philosophical works, notably of «Liberty and Necessity,» which appeared in 1654 and gave occasion for the title of «leader of modern rationalism,» with which he has been brevetted. His methods, however, have nothing to do with the processes through which modern science has reached positive results. In his own politics, he was not specially consistent, for he lived as a Cromwellian under Cromwell and as an advocate of absolutism under Charles II. He died December 4th, 1679. He had a clear understanding of the vices of human nature, but he seems to have had no conception of the idea of evolution,—of educating and developing the good in all nature, including human nature, as the only possible way of overcoming the evil.

«THE DESIRE AND WILL TO HURT»

THE cause of mutual fear consists partly in the natural equality of men, partly in their mutual will of hurting; whence it comes to pass that we can neither expect from others, nor promise to ourselves, the least security. For if we look on men full-grown, and consider how brittle the frame of our human body is, which perishing, all its strength, vigor, and wisdom itself perisheth with it; and how easy a matter it is, even for the weakest man to kill the strongest: there is no reason why any man, trusting to his own strength, should conceive himself made by nature above others. They are equals, who can do equal things one against the other; but they who can do the greatest thing, *viz.*, kill, can do equal things. All men, therefore, among themselves are by nature equal; the inequality we now discern hath its spring from the civil law.

All men in the state of nature have a desire and will to hurt, but not proceeding from the same cause, neither equally to be

condemned. For one man, according to that natural equality which is among us, permits as much to others as he assumes to himself; which is an argument of a temperate man, and one that rightly values his power. Another, supposing himself above others, will have a license to do what he lists, and challenges respect and honor, as due to him before others; which is an argument of a fiery spirit. This man's will to hurt ariseth from vainglory, and the false esteem he hath of his own strength; the other's from the necessity of defending himself, his liberty, and his goods, against this man's violence.

Furthermore, since the combat of wits is the fiercest, the greatest discords which are must necessarily arise from this contention. For in this case it is not only odious to contend against, but also not to consent. For not to approve of what a man saith is no less than tacitly to accuse him of an error in that thing which he speaketh: as in very many things to dissent is as much as if you accounted him a fool whom you dissent from. Which may appear hence, that there are no wars so sharply waged as between sects of the same religion, and factions of the same commonweal, where the contestation is either concerning doctrines or politic prudence. And since all the pleasure and jollity of the mind consist in this, even to get some, with whom comparing, it may find somewhat wherein to triumph and vaunt itself; it is impossible, but men must declare sometimes some mutual scorn and contempt, either by laughter, or by words, or by gesture, or some sign or other; than which there is no greater vexation of mind, and than from which there cannot possibly arise a greater desire to do hurt.

But the most frequent reason why men desire to hurt each other ariseth hence, that many men at the same time have an appetite to the same thing; which yet very often they can neither enjoy in common, nor yet divide it; whence it follows that the strongest must have it, and who is strongest must be decided by the sword.

From «Philosophical Elements of a True Citizen.»

BRUTALITY IN HUMAN NATURE

IT MAY seem strange to some man that has not well weighed these things, that nature should dissociate, and render men apt to invade and destroy one another: and he may therefore, not trusting to this inference made from the passions, desire perhaps to have the same confirmed by experience. Let him therefore consider with himself, when taking a journey, he arms himself, and seeks to go well accompanied; when going to sleep, he locks his doors; when even in his house, he locks his chests; and this when he knows there be laws, and public officers, armed, to revenge all injuries which shall be done him; what opinion he has of his fellow-subjects, when he rides armed; of his fellow-citizens, when he locks his doors; and of his children and servants, when he locks his chests. Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions as I do by my words? But neither of us accuse man's nature in it. The desires and other passions of man are in themselves no sin. No more are the actions that proceed from those passions, till they know a law that forbids them; which, till laws be made, they cannot know: nor can any law be made till they have agreed upon the person that shall make it.

It may, peradventure, be thought there was never such a time nor condition of war as this; and I believe it was never generally so over all the world, but there are many places where they live so now. For the savage people in many places of America, except the government of small families, the concord whereof dependeth on natural lust, have no government at all, and live at this day in a brutish manner. . . . Howsoever, it may be perceived what manner of life there would be, where there were no common power to fear, by the manner of life which men that have formerly lived under a peaceful government used to degenerate into, in a civil war.

But though there had never been any time wherein particular men were in a condition of war one against another, yet in all times, kings and persons of sovereign authority, because of their independency, are in continual jealousies, and in the state and posture of gladiators, having their weapons pointing, and their eyes fixed on one another: that is, their forts, garrisons, and guns upon the frontiers of their kingdoms; and continual

spies upon their neighbors; which is a posture of war. But, because they uphold thereby the industry of their subjects, there does not follow from it that misery which accompanies the liberty of particular men.

To this war of every man against every man, this also is consequent, that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Where there is no common power, there is no law; where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues. Justice and injustice are none of the faculties neither of the body nor mind. If they were, they might be in a man that were alone in the world, as well as his senses and passions. They are qualities that relate to men in society, not in solitude. It is consequent also to the same condition, that there be no propriety, no dominion, no mine and thine distinct; but only that to be every man's, that he can get; and for so long, as he can keep it. And thus much for the ill condition, which man by mere nature is actually placed in; though with a possibility to come out of it, consisting partly in the passions, partly in his reason.

From the «Leviathan.»

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(1809–1894)

THE Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table» appeared first as a series of essays in the Atlantic Monthly at a time (1858–59) when current American humor consisted almost wholly of the broadest and most farcical burlesque. Irving had written and had been much admired on English authority that he represented literary excellence of a high order, but the general circulation of his works consequent on the expiration of copyrights had not then begun. Popular taste was crude, and it was fed with crudity. A «Cyclopedia of Humor» of several hundred pages, published by one of the leading houses of the country in the year in which the «Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table» appeared, has in it hardly an example of American humor which rises above the taste of the circus ring-master. It is not strange under such circumstances that Dr. Holmes won immediate celebrity. He represented literary excellence, and, at the same time, much more of the real American spirit than is to be found in Irving's imitation of Addison. Such poems as that in which Holmes tells the history of the «One-Hoss Shay» interspersed the prose in a way which has proven popular ever since it was invented several thousand years ago in Persia; and in these, as well as in the prose, was a «benignant vein of wit» delicate enough to be pleasing to the most refined, and yet broad enough to impress itself on those who require burnt cork with their humor and red fire with their tragedy. Dr. Holmes became thus the first real American humorist with an assured standing in good literature. He followed his first great success by «The Professor at the Breakfast-Table» and «The Poet at the Breakfast-Table,» as well as by poems, novels, and miscellaneous essays, all admirable in their way, but not capable singly or in mass of displacing him from the public mind in his original rôle of «Autocrat.» He had a true and fine ear for melody and all his verse shows it, but he will be remembered by his ode on «The Chambered Nautilus» when all the rest is forgotten. Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29th, 1809, he adopted medicine as a profession and followed it usefully until his death, October 7th, 1894, but his highest usefulness was in curing bad humor. New England has produced many greater propagandists and a number of greater thinkers, but no one

whom the Americans of the coming century, north and south, east and west, are likely to love better as the representative of all that is best in New England good-nature.

W. V. B.

MY FIRST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

THIS is the shortest way,—she said, as we came to a corner. —Then we won't take it,—said I.—The schoolmistress laughed a little, and said she was ten minutes early, so she could go around.

We walked around Mr. Paddock's row of English elms. The gray squirrels were out looking for their breakfasts, and one of them came towards us in light, soft, intermittent leaps, until he was close to the rail of the burial ground. He was on a grave with a broad blue slate-stone at its head, and a shrub growing on it. The stone said this was the grave of a young man who was the son of an Honorable gentleman, and who died a hundred years ago and more. Oh, yes, died,—with a small triangular mark in one breast, and another smaller opposite, in his back, where another young man's rapier had slid through his body; and so he lay down out there on the Common, and was found cold the next morning, with the night dews and the death dews mingled on his forehead.

Let us have one look at poor Benjamin's grave,—said I.—His bones lie where his body was laid so long ago, and where the stone says they lie,—which is more than can be said of most of the tenants of this and several other burial grounds.

[The most accursed act of vandalism ever committed within my knowledge was the uprooting of the ancient gravestones in three, at least, of our city burial grounds, and one, at least, just outside the city, and planting them in rows to suit the taste for symmetry of the perpetrators. Many years ago, when this disgraceful process was going on under my eyes, I addressed an indignant remonstrance to a leading journal. I suppose it was deficient in literary elegance, or too warm in its language; for no notice was taken of it, and the hyena-horror was allowed to complete itself in the face of daylight. I have never got over it. The bones of my own ancestors, being entombed, lie beneath

their own tablet; but the upright stones have been shuffled about like chessmen, and nothing short of the Day of Judgment will tell whose dust lies beneath any of these records, meant by affection to mark one small spot as sacred to some cherished memory. Shame! shame! shame! — that is all I can say. It was on public thoroughfares, under the eye of authority, that this infamy was enacted. The red Indians would have known better; the selectmen of an African kraal village would have had more respect for their ancestors. I should like to see the gravestones which have been disturbed all removed, and the ground leveled, leaving the flat tombstones; epitaphs were never famous for truth, but the old reproach of « Here lies » never had such a wholesome illustration as in these outraged burial places, where the stone does lie above, and the bones do not lie beneath.]

Stop before we turn away, and breathe a woman's sigh over poor Benjamin's dust. Love killed him, I think. Twenty years old, and out there fighting another young fellow on the common, in the cool of that old July evening; — yes, there must have been love at the bottom of it.

The schoolmistress dropped a rosebud she had in her hand through the rails, upon the grave of Benjamin Woodbridge. That was all her comment upon what I told her. — How women love Love! said I; — but she did not speak.

We came opposite the head of a place or court running eastward from the main street. — Look down there, — I said, — my friend, the Professor, lived in that house, at the left hand, next the further corner, for years and years. He died out of it, the other day. — Died? — said the schoolmistress. — Certainly, — said I. — We die out of houses, just as we die out of our bodies. A commercial smash kills a hundred men's homes for them, as a railroad crash kills their mortal frames and drives out the immortal tenants. Men sicken of houses until at last they quit them, as the soul leaves its body when it is tired of its infirmities. The body has been called « the house we live in »; the house is quite as much the body we live in. Shall I tell you some things the Professor said the other day? — Do! — said the schoolmistress.

A man's body, — said the Professor, — is whatever is occupied by his will and his sensibility. The small room down there, where I wrote those papers you remember reading, was much more a part of my body than a paralytic's senseless and motionless arm or leg is of his.

The soul of a man has a series of concentric envelopes around it, like the core of an onion, or the innermost of a nest of boxes. First, he has his natural garment of flesh and blood. Then, his artificial integuments, with their true skin of solid stuffs, their cuticle of lighter tissues, and their variously tinted pigments. Third, his domicile, be it a single chamber or a stately mansion And then, the whole visible world, in which Time buttons him up as in a loose outside wrapper.

You shall observe,—the Professor said,—for like Mr. John Hunter and other great men, he brings in that «shall» with great effect sometimes,—you shall observe that a man's clothing or series of envelopes after a certain time mold themselves upon his individual nature. We know this of our hats, and are always reminded of it when we happen to put them on wrong side foremost. We soon find that the beaver is a hollow cast of the skull, with all its irregular bumps and depressions. Just so all that clothes a man, even to the blue sky which caps his head,—a little loosely,—shapes itself to fit each particular being beneath it. Farmers, sailors, astronomers, poets, lovers, condemned criminals, all find it different, according to the eyes with which they severally look.

But our houses shape themselves palpably on our inner and outer natures. See a householder breaking up and you will be sure of it. There is a shellfish which builds all manner of smaller shells into the walls of its own. A house is never a home until we have crusted it with the spoils of a hundred lives besides those of our own past. See what these are, and you can tell what the occupant is.

I had no idea,—said the Professor,—until I pulled up my domestic establishment the other day, what an enormous quantity of roots I had been making the years I was planted there. Why, there wasn't a nook or a corner that some fibre had not worked its way into; and when I gave the last wrench, each of them seemed to shriek like a mandrake, as it broke its hold and came away.

There is nothing that happens, you know, which must not inevitably, and which does not actually, photograph itself in every conceivable aspect and in all dimensions. The infinite galleries of the Past await but one brief process, and all their pictures will be called out and fixed forever. We had a curious illustration of the great fact on a very humble scale. When a certain

bookcase, long standing in one place, for which it was built, was removed, there was the exact image on the wall of the whole, and of many of its portions. But in the midst of this picture was another,—the precise outline of a map which hung on the wall before the bookcase was built. We had all forgotten everything about the map until we saw its photograph on the wall. Then we remembered it, as some day or other we may remember a sin which has been built over and covered up, when this lower universe is pulled away from the wall of Infinity, where the wrongdoing stands, self-recorded.

The Professor lived in that house a long time—not twenty years, but pretty near it. When he entered that door, two shadows glided over the threshold; five lingered in the doorway when he passed through it for the last time,—and one of the shadows was claimed by its owner to be longer than his own. What changes he saw in that quiet place! Death rained through every roof but his; children came into life, grew to maturity; wedded, faded away, threw themselves away; the whole drama of life was played in that stock company's theatre of a dozen houses, one of which was his, and no deep sorrow or severe calamity ever entered his dwelling. Peace be to those walls forever,—the Professor said,—for the many pleasant years he has passed within them.

The Professor has a friend, now living at a distance, who has been with him in many of his changes of place, and who follows him in imagination with tender interest wherever he goes.—In that little court, where he lived in gay loneliness so long,—in his autumnal sojourn by the Connecticut, where it comes loitering down from its mountain fastnesses like a great lord, swallowing up the small proprietary rivulets very quietly as it goes, until it gets proud and swollen and wantons in huge luxurious oxbows about the fair Northampton meadows, and at last overflows the oldest inhabitant's memory in profligate freshets at Hartford and all along its lower shores,—up in that caravansary on the banks of the stream where Ledyard launched his log canoe, and the jovial old Colonel used to lead the commencement processions,—where blue Ascutney looked down from the far distance, and the hills of Beulah, as the Professor always called them, rolled up the opposite horizon in soft climbing masses, so suggestive of the Pilgrim's Heavenward Path that he used to look through his old «Dollond» to see if the Shining Ones were not within range of sight,—sweet visions, sweetest in those Sunday

walks that carried them by the peaceful common, through the solemn village lying in cataleptic stillness under the shadows of the rod of Moses, to the terminus of their harmless stroll,—the "patulous fage," in the Professor's classic dialect,—the spreading beech, in more familiar phrase,—[stop and breathe here a moment, for the sentence is not done yet, and we have another long journey before us.]

—and again once more up among those other hills that shut in the amber-flowing Housatonic,—dark stream, but clear, like the lucid orbs that shine beneath the lids of auburn-haired, sherry-wine-eyed demiblondes,—in the home overlooking the winding stream and the smooth, flat meadow; looked down upon by wild hills, where the tracks of bears and catamounts may yet sometimes be seen upon the winter snow; facing the twin summits which rise in the far North, the highest waves of the great land storm in this billowy region,—suggestive to mad fancies of the breasts of a half-buried Titaness, stretched out by a stray thunderbolt and hastily hidden away beneath the leaves of the forest,—in that home where seven blessed summers were passed, which stand in memory like the seven golden candlesticks in the beatific vision of the holy dreamer,—

—in that modest dwelling we were just looking at, not glorious, yet not unlovely in the youth of its drab and mahogany,—full of great and little boys' playthings from top to bottom,—in all these summer or winter nests, he was always at home and always welcome.

This long articulated sigh of reminiscences,—this calenture which shows me the maple-shadowed plains of Berkshire and the mountain-circled green of Grafton beneath the salt waves that come feeling their way along the wall at my feet, restless and soft-touching as blind men's busy fingers,—is for that friend of mine who looks into the waters of the Patapsco and sees beneath them the same visions that paint themselves for me in the green depths of the Charles.

Did I talk all this off to the schoolmistress?—Why, no—of course not. I have been talking with you, the reader, for the last ten minutes. You don't think I should expect any woman to listen to such a sentence as that long one, without giving her a chance to put in a word?

What did I say to the schoolmistress?—Permit me one moment. I don't doubt your delicacy and good-breeding; but in

this particular case, as I was allowed the privilege of walking alone with a very interesting young woman, you must allow me to remark, in the classic version of a familiar phrase, used by our Master Benjamin Franklin, it is *nullum tui negotii.*

When the schoolmistress and I reached the schoolroom door, the damask roses I spoke of were so much heightened in color by exercise that I felt sure it would be useful to her to take a stroll like this every morning, and made up my mind I would ask her to let me join her again.

Complete. From «The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.»

EXTRACTS FROM MY PRIVATE JOURNAL

(To be burned unread)

I AM afraid I have been a fool; for I have told as much of myself to this young person as if she were of that ripe and discreet age which invites confidence and expansive utterance. I have been low spirited and listless lately,—it is coffee, I think,—(I observe that which is bought ready ground never affects the head),—and I notice that I tell my secrets too easily when I am downhearted.

There are inscriptions on our hearts, which, like that on Dighton Rock, are never to be seen except at dead-low tide.

There is a woman's footstep on the sand at the side of my deepest ocean-buried inscription.

—Oh, no, no! a thousand times, no! Yet, what is this which has been shaping itself in my soul?—is it a thought?—is it a dream?—is it a passion?—Then I know what comes next.

The asylum stood on a bright and breezy hill; those glazed corridors are pleasant to walk in, in bad weather. But there are iron bars to all the windows. When it is fair, some of us can stroll outside that very high fence. But I never see much life in the groups I sometimes meet; and then the careful man watches them so closely! How I remember that sad company I used to pass on fine mornings, when I was a schoolboy!—B., with his arms full of yellow weeds,—ore from the gold mines which he discovered long before we heard of California,—Y., born to millions, crazed by too much plum cake (the boys said), dogged, explosive,—made a Polyphemus of my weak-eyed schoolmaster by

a vicious flirt with a stick,—(the multimillionaires sent him a trifle, it was said, to buy another eye with; but boys are jealous of rich folks, and I don't doubt the good people made him easy for life),—how I remember them all!

I recollect, as all do, the story of the Hall of Eblis, in «Vathek,» and how each shape, as it lifted its hand from its breast, showed its heart,—a burning coal. The real Hall of Eblis stands on yonder summit. Go there on the next visiting day, and ask that figure crouched in the corner, huddled up like those Indian mummies and skeletons found buried in the sitting posture, to lift its hand,—look upon its heart, and behold, not fire, but ashes.—No, I must not think of such an ending! Dying would be a much more gentlemanly way of meeting the difficulty. Make a will and leave her a house or two and some stocks, and other little financial conveniences to take away her necessity for keeping school.—I wonder what nice young man's feet would be in my French slippers before six months were over! Well, what then? If a man really loves a woman, of course he wouldn't marry her for the world if he were not quite sure that he was the best person that she could by any possibility marry.

It is odd enough to read over what I have just been writing. —It is the merest fancy that ever was in the world. I shall never be married. She will; and if she is as pleasant as she has been so far, I will give her a silver teaset, and go and take tea with her and her husband sometimes. No coffee, I hope, though, —it depresses me sadly. I feel very miserably; they must have been grinding it at home.—Another morning walk will be good for me, and I don't doubt the schoolmistress will be glad of a little fresh air before school.

Complete. From «The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.»

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

(A parenthesis)

I CAN'T say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came,

played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the schoolhouse steps.

I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers, that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow.— Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been molded in the rose-red clay of Love, before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love capacity is a congenital endowment; and I think, after a while, one gets to know the warm-hued natures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counterfeits of it.— Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself; but pride, in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself, deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Smallpox and Bankruptcy.— She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all; but if a woman puts on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Middle, and more than middle-aged people, who know family histories, generally see through it. An official of standing was rude to me once. Oh, that is the maternal grandfather,— said a wise old friend to me,— he was a boor.— Better too few words, from the woman we love, than too many: while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself.— Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

Whether I said any or all of these things to the schoolmistress or not,— whether I stole them out of Lord Bacon,— whether I cribbed them from Balzac,— whether I dipped them from the

ocean of Tupperian wisdom,—or whether I have just found them in my head, laid there by that solemn fowl, Experience (who, according to my observation, cackles oftener than she drops real, live eggs),—I cannot say. Wise men have said more foolish things,—and foolish men, I don't doubt, have said as wise things. Anyhow, the schoolmistress and I had pleasant walks and long talks, all of which I do not feel bound to report.

You are a stranger to me, Ma'am.—I don't doubt you would like to know all I said to the schoolmistress.—I shan't do it;—I had rather get the publishers to return the money you have invested in this. Besides, I have forgotten a good deal of it. I shall tell only what I like of what I remember.

My idea was, in the first place, to search out the picturesque spots which the city affords a sight of, to those who have eyes. I know a good many, and it was a pleasure to look at them in company with my young friend. There were the shrubs and flowers in the Franklin Place front-yards or borders; commerce is just putting his granite foot upon them. Then there are certain small seraglio gardens, into which one can get a peep through the crevices of high fences,—one in Myrtle Street, or backing on it,—here and there one at the North and South Ends. Then the great elms in Essex Street. Then the stately horse-chestnuts in that vacant lot in Chambers Street, which hold their outspread hands over your head (as I said in my poem the other day), and look as if they were whispering, «May grace, mercy, and peace be with you!» and the rest of that benediction. Nay, there are certain patches of ground, which, having lain neglected for a time, Nature, who always has her pockets full of seeds, and holes in all her pockets, has covered with hungry plebeian growths, which fight for life with each other, until some of them get broad-leaved and succulent, and you have a coarse vegetable tapestry which Raphael would not have disdained to spread over the foreground of his masterpiece. The Professor pretends that he found such a one in Charles Street, which, in its dare-devil impudence of rough-and-tumble vegetation, beat the pretty-behaved flower beds of Public Garden as ignominiously as a group of young tatterdemalions playing pitch-and-toss beats a row of Sunday School boys with their teacher at their head.

But then the Professor has one of his burrows in that region, and puts everything in high colors relating to it. That is his way about everything.—I hold any man cheap,—he said,—of

whom nothing stronger can be uttered than that all his geese are swans.—How is that, Professor? said I;—I should have set you down for one of that sort.—Sir, said he, I am proud to say that Nature has so far enriched me, that I cannot own so much as a duck without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of Luxembourg. And the Professor showed the whites of his eyes devoutly, like one returning thanks after a dinner of many courses.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe, «What are these people about?» And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back, «We will go and see.» So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night, and whispers,—«Come with me.» Then they go softly with it into the great city,—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from moldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other, «Wait awhile!» The words run along the telegraph of the narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other, «Wait awhile!» By and by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner stone of the statehouse. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature'

—Let us cry!—

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them.

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it,— but she goes into all the corners and attends to the leaves as much as the covers. Books are the negative pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that,— that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water,— to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan pit,— to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float boards,— to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing sickness which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years,— to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium, and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study, with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed

all this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited. I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love, — unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table; but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon, with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The mall, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak, indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit), as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question,— Will you take the long path with me? — Certainly,— said the schoolmistress,— with much pleasure.— Think,— I said,— before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! — The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,— the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree.— Pray, sit down,— I said.— No, no,— she answered, softly; I will walk the long path with you!

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said very charmingly, «Good-morning, my dears!»

Complete. From «The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.»

ON DANDIES

DANDIES are not good for much, but they are good for something. They invent or keep in circulation those conversational blank checks or counters, which intellectual capitalists may sometimes find it worth their while to borrow of them. They are useful, too, in keeping up the standard of dress, which, but for them, would deteriorate, and become, what some old fools would have it, a matter of convenience, not of taste and art. Yes, I like dandies well enough,—on one condition.

What is that, sir?—said the divinity student.

That they have pluck. I find that lies at the bottom of all true dandyism. A little boy dressed up very fine, who puts his finger in his mouth and takes to crying, if other boys make fun of him, looks very silly. But if he turns red in the face and knotty in the fists, and makes an example of the biggest of his assailants, throwing off his fine Leghorn and his thickly-buttoned jacket, if necessary, to consummate the act of justice, his small toggery takes on the splendors of the crested helmet that frightened Astyanax. You remember that the Duke said his dandy officers were his best officers. The «Sunday blood,» the super-superb sartorial equestrian of our annual fast day, is not imposing or dangerous. But such fellows as Brummel and D'Orsay and Byron are not to be snubbed quite so easily. Look out for «la main de fer sous le gant de velours» (which I printed in English the other day without quotation marks, thinking whether any *scarabœus criticus* would add this to his globe and roll in glory with it into the newspapers,—which he didn't do it, in the charming pleonasm of the London language, and therefore I claim the sole merit of exposing the same). A good many powerful and dangerous people have had a decided dash of dandyism about them. There was Alcibiades, the «curled son of Clinias,» an accomplished young man, but what would be called a «swell» in these days. There was Aristoteles, a very distinguished writer,

of whom you have heard,—a philosopher in short, whom it took centuries to learn, centuries to unlearn, and is now going to take a generation or more to learn over again. Regular dandy, he was. So was Marcus Antonius; and though he lost his game, he played for big stakes, and it wasn't his dandyism that spoiled his chance. Petrarca was not to be despised as a scholar or a poet, but he was one of the same sort. So was Sir Humphry Davy, so was Lord Palmerston, formerly, if I am not forgetful. Yes, —a dandy is good for something as such; and dandies such as I was just speaking of have rocked this planet like a cradle,—aye, and left it swinging to this day.

From «The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.»

ON «CHRYSO-ARISTOCRACY»

WE ARE forming an aristocracy, as you may observe, in this country,—not a *gratia-Dei*, nor a *jure-divino* one,—but a *de-facto* upper stratum of being, which floats over the turbid waves of common life like the iridescent film you may have seen spreading over the water about our wharves,—very splendid, though its origin may have been tar, tallow, train oil, or other such unctuous commodities. I say, then, we are forming an aristocracy; and, transitory as its individual life often is, it maintains itself tolerably, as a whole. Of course, money is its corner stone. But now observe this. Money kept for two or three generations transforms a race—I don't mean merely in manners and hereditary culture, but in blood and bone. Money buys air and sunshine, in which children grow up more kindly, of course, than in close, back streets, it buys country places to give them happy and healthy summers, good nursing, good doctoring, and the best cuts of beef and mutton. When the spring chickens come to market—I beg your pardon,—that is not what I was going to speak of. As the young females of each successive season come on, the finest specimens among them, other things being equal, are apt to attract those who can afford the expensive luxury of beauty. The physical character of the next generation rises in consequence. It is plain that certain families have in this way acquired an elevated type of face and figure, and that in a small circle of city connections one may sometimes find models of both sexes which one of the rural counties would

find it hard to match from all its townships put together. Because there is a good deal of running down, of degeneration and waste of life, among the richer classes, you must not overlook the equally obvious fact I have just spoken of,—which in one or two generations more will be, I think, much more patent than just now.

The weak point in our chryso-aristocracy is the same I have alluded to in connection with cheap dandyism. Its thorough manhood, its high-caste gallantry, are not so manifest as the plate glass of its windows and the more or less legitimate heraldry of its coach panels. It is very curious to observe of how small account military folks are held among our Northern people. Our young men must gild their spurs, but they need not win them. The equal division of property keeps the younger sons of rich people above the necessity of military service. Thus the army loses an element of refinement, and the moneyed upper class forgets what it is to count heroism among its virtues. Still I don't believe in any aristocracy, without pluck as its backbone. Ours may show it when the time comes, if it ever does come. These United States furnish the greatest market for intellectual green fruit of all the places in the world. I think so, at any rate. The demand for intellectual labor is so enormous and the market so far from nice, that young talent is apt to fair like unripe gooseberries,—get plucked to make a fool of. Think of a country which buys eighty thousand copies of the "Proverbial Philosophy," while the author's admiring countrymen have been buying twelve thousand! How can one let his fruit hang in the sun until it gets fully ripe, while there are eighty thousand such hungry mouths ready to swallow it and proclaim its praises? Consequently, there never was such a collection of crude pippins and half-grown windfalls as our native literature displays among its fruits. There are literary green-groceries at every corner, which will buy anything, from a button-pear to a pineapple. It takes long apprenticeship to train a whole people to reading and writing. The temptation of money and fame is too great for young people. Do I not remember that glorious moment when the late Mr. ——, we won't say who,—editor of the ——, we won't say what, offered me the sum of fifty cents per double-columned quarto page for shaking my young boughs over his foolscap apron? Was it not an intoxicating vision of gold and glory? I should doubtless have reveled in its wealth and splendor, but for learning the fact that the fifty cents was to be considered

a rhetorical embellishment and by no means a literal expression of past fact or present intention.

Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feed largely also on the more nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevolence.

From «The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.»

THOMAS HOOD

(1798–1845)

THOMAS HOOD, the most inveterate of all punsters and the most pathetic of English poets, was born in London, May 23d, 1798. He was intended for an engraver, and before giving up the idea of following that trade he had developed a faculty for drawing caricatures which almost spoiled him as an essayist. As a result of it, he illustrated his sketches and finally came into a totally depraved habit of writing sketches for his illustrations — as when he would construct a disquisition on «Van Diemen's Land» in order to introduce a picture of an immigrant family, with «demons» swarming around them. If he wrote of Shakespeare it would be to introduce a picture of a matron of severe and menacing aspect, armed with the forces of maternity and explained by the quotation: «An eye like Ma's (Mars) to threaten and command.» This is so characteristic of the prose of «Hood's Own» that it is not worth while to attempt to detach the text from the punning pictures. It is on such jests, some of them forced when he was exceedingly sorrowful, that Hood's reputation as a humorist chiefly depends. As a poet, he is one of the truest and tenderest who have ever written English. He died May 3d, 1845. His last lingering illness was glorified by the production of «The Bridge of Sighs,» written, it has been said, when he was already more than half in heaven.

AN UNDERTAKER

AN UNDERTAKER is an ill-willer to the human race. He is by profession an enemy to his Species, and can no more look kindly ât his fellows than the Sheriff's officer; for why? — his profit begins with an arrest for the Debt of Nature! As the Bailiff looks on a failing man, so doth he, and with the same hope, namely, to take the body.

Hence hath he little sympathy with his kind, small pity for the poor, and least of all for the widow and the orphans, whom he regards, Planter like, but as so many blacks on his estate. If he have any community of Feeling, it is with the Sexton, who

has likewise a percentage on the bills of mortality, and never sees a picture of health but he longs to engrave it. Both have the same quick ear for a churchyard cough, and both the same relish for the same music, to wit, the toll of Saint Sepulchre. Moreover both go constantly in black,—howbeit 'tis no mourning suit, but a livery,—for he grieves no more for the defunct than the bird of the same plumage that is the undertaker to a dead horse.

As a neighbor he is to be shunned. To live opposite to him is to fall under the evil eye. Like the witch that forespeaks other cattle, he would rot you as soon as look at you, if it could be done at a glance; but that magic being out of date, he contents himself with choosing the very spot on the house front that shall serve for a hatchment. Thenceforward he watches your going out and your coming in; your rising up and your lying down, and all your domestic imports of drink and victual, so that the veriest she gossip in the parish is not more familiar with your modes and means of living, nor knows so certainly whether the Visitor, that calls daily in his chariot, is a mere friend or a physician. Also he knows your age to a year, and your height to an inch, for he has measured you with his eye for a coffin, and your ponderosity to a pound, for he hath an interest in the dead weight, and hath so far inquired into your fortune as to guess with what equipage you shall travel on your last journey. For, in professional curiosity, he is truly a Paul Pry. Wherefore to dwell near him is as melancholy as to live in view of a churchyard; to be within sound of his hammering is to hear the knocking at Death's door.

To be friends with an undertaker is as impossible as to be the crony of a crocodile. He is by trade a hypocrite, and deals of necessity in mental reservations and equivoques. Thus he drinks to your good health, but hopes, secretly, it will not endure. He is glad to find you so hearty—as to be apoplectic; and rejoices to see you so stout—with a short neck. He bids you beware of your old gout—and recommends a quack doctor. He laments the malignant fever so prevalent—and wishes you may get it. He compliments your complexion—when it is blue or yellow· admires your upright carriage—and hopes it will break down. Wishes you good day, but means everlasting night; and commends his respects to your father and mother—but hopes you do not

honor them. In short, his good wishes are treacherous; his inquiries are suspicious; and his civilities are dangerous; as when he proffereth the use of his coach — or to see you home.

For the rest, he is still at odds with humanity; at constant issue with its Naturalists, and its philanthropists, its sages, its counselors, and its legislators. For example, he praises the weather — with the wind at east; and rejoices in a wet Spring and Fall, for Death and he reap with one sickle, and have a good or a bad harvest in common. He objects not to bones in bread (being as it were his own diet), nor to ill drugs in beer, nor to sugar of lead or arsenical finings in wine, nor to ardent spirits, nor to interment in churches. Neither doth he discountenance the sitting on infants; nor the swallowing of plum stones; nor of cold ices at hot balls; nor the drinking of embrocations, nay he hath been known to contend that the wrong dose was the right one. He approves, contra the Physicians, of a damp bed and wet feet — of a hot head and cold extremities, and lends his own countenance to the natural smallpox, rather than encourage vaccination — which he calls flying in the face of Providence. Add to these a free trade in poisons, whereby the Oxalic crystals may currently become proxy for the epsom ones; and the corrosive sublimate as common as salt in porridge. To the same end he would give unto every cockney a privilege to shoot, within ten miles around London, without a taxed license, and would never concur in a fine or deodand for fast driving, except the vehicle were a hearse. Thus, whatever the popular cry he runs counter; a heretic in opinion, and a hypocrite in practice, as when he pretends to be sorrowful at a Funeral; or, what is worse, affects to pity the ill-paid poor, and yet helpeth to screw them down.

To conclude, he is a personage of ill presage to the house of life; a raven on the chimney pot — a dead watch in the wainscot — a winding sheet in the candle. To meet with him is ominous. His looks are sinister; his dress is lugubrious; his speech is prophetic; and his touch is mortal. Nevertheless, he hath one merit, and in this our world, and in these our times, it is a main one; namely, that whatever he undertakes he performs.

Complete.

THE MORNING CALL

I CANNOT conceive any prospect more agreeable to a weary traveler than the approach to Bedfordshire. Each valley reminds him of Sleepy Hollow; the fleecy clouds seem like blankets; the lakes and ponds are clean sheets; the setting sun looks like a warming pan. He dreams of dreams to come. His traveling cap transforms to a nightcap; the coach lining feels softlier squabbed; the guard's horn plays «Lullaby.» Every flower by the roadside is a poppy. Each jolt of the coach is but a drowsy stumble upstairs. The lady opposite is the chambermaid; the gentleman beside her is Boots. He slides into imaginary slippers; he winks and nods flirtingly at Sleep, so soon to be his own. Although the wheels may be rattling into vigilant Wakefield, it appears to him to be sleepy Ware, with its great bed, a whole county of down, spread «all before him where to choose his place of rest.»

It was in a similar mood, after a long, dusty, droughty dog-day's journey, that I entered the Dolphin at Bedhampton. I nodded in at the door; winked at the lights; blinked at the company in the coffeeroom; yawned for a glass of negus; swallowed it with my eyes shut, as though it had been «a pint of nappy»; surrendered my boots; clutched a candlestick; and blundered, slipshod, up the stairs to number nine.

Blessed be the man, says Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep; and blessed be heaven that he did not take out a patent and keep his discovery to himself. My clothes dropped off me; I saw through a drowsy haze the likeness of a four-poster; «Great Nature's second course» was spread before me; and I fell to without a long grace!

Here's a body — there's a bed!
There's a pillow — here's a head!
There's a curtain — here's a light!
There's a puff — and so Good-Night!

It would have been gross improvidence to waste more words on the occasion, for I was to be roused up again at four o'clock the next morning to proceed by the early coach. I determined, therefore, to do as much sleep within the interval as I could; and in a minute, short measure, I was with that mandarin, Morpheus, in his Land of Nod.

How intensely we sleep when we are fatigued! Some as sound as tops, others as fast as churches. For my own part I must have slept as fast as a Cathedral,—as fast as Young Rapid wished his father to slumber;—nay, as fast as the French veteran who dreams over again the whole Russian campaign while dozing in his sentry box. I must have slept as fast as a fast post coach in my four-poster—or rather I must have slept «like winkin,» for I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes when a voice cried, «Sleep no more!»

It was that of Boots, calling and knocking at the door, whilst through the keyhole a ray of candlelight darted into my chamber.

«Who's there?»

«It's me, your honor, I humbly ax pardon—but somehow I've oversleeped myself, and the coach be gone by!»

«The devil it is!—then I have lost my place!»

«No, not exactly, your honor. She stops a bit at the Dragon, t'other end of the town; and if your honor wouldn't object to a bit of a run—»

«That's enough—come in. Put down the light—and take up that bag—my coat over your arm—and waistcoat with it—and that cravat.»

Boots acted according to orders. I jumped out of bed—pocketed my nightcap—screwed on my stockings—plunged into my trousers—rammed my feet into wrong right and left boots—tumbled down the back stairs—burst through a door, found myself in the fresh air of the stable yard holding a lantern, which, in sheer haste, or spleen, I pitched into the horsepond. Then began the race, during which I completed my toilet, running and firing a verbal volley at Boots, as often as I could spare breath for one.

«And you call this waking me up—for the coach?—My waistcoat!—Why I could wake myself—too late—without being called. Now my cravat—and be hanged to you!—Confound that stone!—and give me my coat. A nice road for a run.—I suppose you keep it—on purpose. How many gentlemen—may you do a week?—I'll tell you what. If I—run—a foot—further—»

I paused for wind, while Boots had stopped of his own accord. We had turned a corner into a small square; and on the opposite side certainly stood an inn with the sign of the Dragon, but without any sign of a coach at the door. Boots stood beside me, aghast, and surveying the house from the top to the bottom; not a wreath

of smoke came from the chimney; the curtains were closed over every window, and the door was closed and shuttered. I could hardly contain my indignation when I looked at the infernal somnolent visage of the fellow, hardly yet broad awake — he kept rubbing his black-lead eyes with his hands, as if he would have rubbed them out.

«Yes, you may well look — you have overslept yourself with a vengeance. The coach must have passed an hour ago — and they have all gone to bed again!»

«No, there be no coach, sure enough,» soliloquized Boots, slowly raising his eyes from the road, where he had been searching for the track of recent wheels, and fixing them with a deprecating expression on my face. «No, there's no coach — I ax a thousand pardons, your honor — but you see, sir, what with waiting on her, and talking on her, and expecting on her, and giving notice on her, every night of my life, your honor — why I sometimes dreams on her — and that's the case as is now!»

Complete.

THEODORE HOOK

(1788–1841)

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, one of the great «wits» of the times of the Georges, left little that belongs to permanent literature. His celebrity rests largely on his «improvisations,» but in his essays, sketches, and novels there are frequent flashes of the brilliancy which made him such a favorite at court that he was appointed Governor of Mauritius, where he remained from 1812 to 1817. As a result of a defalcation for which he may not have been responsible, he was recalled to England and imprisoned. Some of his best work was done in jail; and he would have been fortunate had he remained there, as on his release he spent the rest of his life largely in the attempt to work all day and drink all night,—dying as a result of it, August 24th, 1841, «done up in purse, in mind, and in body too,» as he said of himself just before his death. It is said that he is the original of Thackeray's «Mr. Wagg.»

ON CERTAIN ATROCITIES OF HUMOR

THERE is one class of people who, with a depravity of appetite not excelled by that of the celebrated Anna Maria Schurman, who rejoiced in eating spiders, thirst after puns. If you fall in with these, you have no resource but to indulge them to their hearts' content; but, in order to rescue yourself from the imputation of believing punning to be wit, quote the definition of Swift, and be, like him, as inveterate a punster as you possibly can, immediately after resting everything, and hazarding all, upon the principle that the worse the pun the better.

In order to be prepared for this sort of *punic* war (for the disorder is provocative and epidemic), the moment any one gentleman or lady has, as they say in Scotland, «let a pun,» everybody else in the room who can, or cannot do the same, sets to work to endeavor to emulate the example. From that period all rational conversation is at an end, and a jargon of nonsense succeeds, which lasts till the announcement of coffee, or supper, or the carriages, puts a happy termination to the riot.

Addison says, "One may say of a pun as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound"; and in another place he tells us that "the greatest authors in their most serious works make frequent use of puns; the sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakespeare are full of them; if a sinner was punned into repentance as in the latter, nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and grumbling for a dozen lines together"; but he also says, "it is indeed impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art."

Here is something like a justification of the enormity; and, as the pupil is to mix in all societies, he may as well be prepared.

Puns may be divided into different classes; they may be made in different ways, introduced by passing circumstances, or by references to bygone events; they may be thrown in anecdotically, or conundrumwise. It is to be observed that feeling, or pity, or commiseration, or grief are not to stand in the way of a pun — that personal defects are to be made available, and that sense, so as the sound answers, has nothing to do with the business.

If a man is pathetically describing the funeral of his mother, or sister, or wife, it is quite allowable to call it a "black-*burying* party," or to talk of a "fit of *coffin*"; a weeping relative struggling to conceal his grief may be likened to a commander of "*private tears*"; throw in a joke about the phrase of "funerals *performed*," and a re-*hearsal;* and wind up with the anagram *real-fun*, funeral.

I give this instance first, in order to explain that nothing, however solemn the subject, is to stand in the way of a pun.

It is allowable, when you have run a subject dry in English, to hitch in a bit of any other language which may sound to your liking. For instance, on a fishing party. You say fishing is out of your *line;* yet, if you did not keep *a float*, you would deserve a *rod;* and if anybody affects to find fault with your joke, exclaim, "Oh, vous *bête!*" There you have *line*, *rod*, *float*,

and *bait* ready to your hand. Call two noodles from the city in a punt, endeavoring to catch small fry, «*East Angles*»; or, if you please, observe that «the *punters* are losing the fish,» «catching nothing but a cold,» or that «the fish are too deep for them.» Call the Thames a «*tidy*» river; but say you prefer the *Isis* in hot weather.

Personal deformities or constitutional calamities are always to be laid hold of. If anybody tells you that a dear friend has lost his sight, observe that it will make him more hospitable than ever, since now he would be glad *to see anybody*. If a clergyman break his leg, remark that he is no longer a clergyman, but a *lame man*. If a poet is seized with apoplexy, affect to disbelieve it, although you know it to be true, in order to say:—

«*Poeta nascitur non 'fit'*»;

and then, to carry the joke one step further, add, «that it is not a *fit* subject for a jest.» A man falling into a tanpit you may call «sinking in the *sublime*»; a climbing boy suffocated in a chimney meets with a *sootable* death; and a pretty girl having caught the smallpox is to be much *pitted*. On the subject of the ear and its defects, talk first of something in which *a cow sticks*, and end by telling the story of the man who, having taken great pains to explain something to his companion, at last got into a rage at his apparent stupidity, and exclaimed: «Why, my dear sir, don't you comprehend? The thing is as plain as A, B, C.» «I dare say it is,» said the other; «but I am D, E, F.»

It may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he may make of the most ordinary words for the purposes of quibbleism. For instance, in the way of observation:—The loss of a hat is always *felt;* if you don't like sugar, you may *lump* it; a glazier is a *panes*-taking man; candles are burnt because *wick-ed* things always come to *light;* a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her *carriage*, and you say *nunc est ridendum* when you step into it; if it happen to be a chariot, she is a *charitable* person; birds' nests and king-killing are synonymous, because they are *high trees on;* a Bill for building a bridge should be sanctioned by the Court of *Arches* as well as the House of *Piers;* when a man is dull, he goes to the seaside to *Brighton;* a Cockney lover, when sentimental, should

live in *Heigh Hoburn;* the greatest fibber is the man most to *re-lie* upon; a dean expecting a bishopric looks *for lawn;* a *suicide* kills pigs, and not himself; a butcher is a gross man, but a fig seller is a *grocer;* Joshua never had a father or mother, because he was the son of *Nun;* your grandmother and your great-grandmother were your *aunt's sisters;* a leg of mutton is better than Heaven, because nothing is better than Heaven, and a leg of mutton is better than nothing.

Races are matters of *course.* An ass never can be a horse, although he may be a *mayor;* the Venerable Bede was the mother of Pearl; a baker makes bread when he *kneads* it; a doctor cannot be a doctor all at once, because he comes to it by *degrees;* a man hanged at Newgate has taken a *drop* too much; the *bridle* day is that on which a man leads a woman to the *halter;* never mind the aspirate; punning's all fair, as the archbishop said in the dream.

Puns interrogatory are at times serviceable. You meet a man carrying a hare: ask him if it is his own *hare,* or a wig?—there you stump him. Why is Parliament Street like a compendium? Because it goes to *a bridge.* Why is a man murdering his mother in a garret a worthy person? Because he is above, committing a crime. Instances of this kind are innumerable; and if you want to render your question particularly pointed, you are, after asking it once or twice, to say, «D'ye give it up?»—then favor your friends with the solution.

Puns scientific are effective whenever a scientific man or men are in company, because, in the first place, they invariably hate puns, especially those which are capable of being twisted into jokes which have no possible relation to the science of which the words to be joked upon are terms; and because, in the next place, dear, laughing girls, who are wise enough not to be sages, will love you for disturbing the self-satisfaction of the philosophers, and raising a laugh or titter at their expense.

Where there are three or four geologists of the party, if they talk of their scientific tours made to collect specimens, call the old ones «ninny-hammers,» and the young ones «chips of the old block»; and then inform them that claret is the best specimen of *quartz* in the world. If you fall in with a botanist who is holding forth, talk of the quarrels of flowers as a sequel to the loves of the plants, and say they decide their differences with

pistols. In short, sacrifice everything to the pursuit of punning, and, in the course of time, you will acquire such a reputation for waggery, that the whole company will burst into an immoderate fit of laughing if you only ask the servants for bread, or say «No» to the offer of a cutlet.

Complete.

RICHARD HOOKER

(*c.* 1553–1600)

HOOKER was once esteemed and studied as a great theologian, but his prose is now valued chiefly as a model of style. It moves with a graceful and easy rhythm, the cadences of which are governed by such a melodious tone succession as is found only in the masters of language. He was born in Exeter, England, *c.* 1553, and educated for the Church at Oxford, where he obtained a Fellowship in 1577. His most celebrated work, «Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,» is not intended to be entertaining, but it has much in it that is stimulating to the mind and delightful to the ear of all who love beauty of thought and language. Hooker died at Bishopsbourne, England, November 2d, 1600.

THE LAW WHICH ANGELS DO WORK BY

BUT now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were) from the footstool to the throne of God, and leaving these natural, consider a little the state of heavenly and divine creatures; touching angels, which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces, where nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon, but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even forever and ever doth dwell; as in number and order they are huge, mighty, and royal armies, so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them, such observants they are thereof, that our Savior himself being to set down the perfect idea of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray or wish for more than only that here it might be with us, as with them it is in heaven. God, which moveth more natural agents as an efficient only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy angels; for beholding the face of God, in admiration of so great excellency they all adore him; and being

rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave inseparably forever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness maketh them unweariable and even unsatiable in their longing to do by all means all manner of good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men; in the countenance of whose nature, looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves; even as upward, in God, beneath whom themselves are, they see that character which is nowhere but in themselves and us resembled. Thus far even the painims have approached; thus far they have seen into the doings of the angels of God; Orpheus confessing that the fiery throne of God is attended on by those most industrious angels, careful how all things are performed amongst men; and the mirror of human wisdom plainly teaching that God moveth angels, even as that thing doth stir man's heart, which is thereinto presented amiable. Angelical actions may therefore be reduced unto these three general kinds: first, most delectable love arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only unto spirits that are pure; second, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend; third, imitation bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace.

Of angels we are not to consider only what they are and do in regard of their own being, but that also which concerneth them as they are linked into a kind of corporation amongst themselves, and of society or fellowship with men. Consider angels each of them severally in himself, and their law is that which the prophet David mentioneth, «All ye his angels praise him.» Consider the angels of God associated, and their law is that which disposeth them as an army, one in order and degree above another. Consider finally the angels as having with us that communion which the Apostle to the Hebrews noteth, and in regard whereof angels have not disdained to profess themselves our «fellow-servants»; from hence there springeth up a third law, which bindeth them to works of ministerial employment. Everyone of which, their several functions, are by them performed with joy.

A part of the angels of God, notwithstanding (we know), have fallen, and that their fall hath been through the voluntary breach

of that law, which did require at their hands continuance in the exercise of their high and admirable virtue. Impossible it was that ever their will should change or incline to remit any part of their duty, without some object having force to avert their conceit from God, and to draw it another way; and that they attained that high perfection of bliss, wherein now the elect angels are without possibility of falling. Of anything more than of God they could not by any means like, as long as whatsoever they knew besides God they apprehended it not in itself without dependency upon God; because so long God must needs seem infinitely better than anything which they could so apprehend. Things beneath them could not in such sort be presented unto their eyes, but that therein they must needs see always how those things did depend on God. It seemeth, therefore, that there was no other way for angels to sin, but by reflex of their understanding upon themselves; when being held with admiration of their own sublimity and honor, the memory of their subordination unto God and their dependency on him was drowned in this conceit; whereupon their adoration, love, and imitation of God could not choose but be also interrupted. The fall of angels therefore was pride. Since their fall their practices have been the clean contrary unto those before mentioned. For being dispersed, some in the air, some on the earth, some in the water, some among the minerals, dens, and caves, that are under the earth; they have by all means labored to effect a universal rebellion against the laws, and as far as in them lieth utter destruction of the works of God. These wicked spirits the heathen honored instead of gods, both generally under the name of *dii inferi*, «gods infernal,» and particularly some in oracles, some in idols, some as household gods, some as nymphs; in a word, no foul and wicked spirit which was not one way or other honored of men as God, till such time as light appeared in the world and dissolved the works of the Devil. Thus much, therefore, may suffice for angels, the next unto whom in degree are men.

«Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,»
Book I., Chap. iv. Complete.

EDUCATION AS A DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUL

IN THE matter of knowledge, there is between the angels of God and the children of men this difference; angels already have full and complete knowledge in the highest degree that can be imparted unto them; men, if we view them in their spring, are at the first without understanding or knowledge at all. Nevertheless from this utter vacuity they grow by degrees, till they come at length to be even as the angels themselves are. That which agreeth to the one now, the other shall attain unto in the end; they are not so far disjoined and severed but that they come at length to meet. The soul of man being therefore at the first as a book, wherein nothing is and yet all things may be imprinted, we are to search by what steps and degrees it riseth unto perfection of knowledge.

Unto that which hath been already set down concerning natural agents this we must add, that albeit therein we have comprised as well creatures living as void of life, if they be in degree of nature beneath men, nevertheless a difference we must observe between those natural agents that work altogether unwittingly, and those which have, though weak, yet some understanding what they do, as fishes, fowls, and beasts have. Beasts are in sensible capacity as ripe even as men themselves, perhaps more ripe. For as stones, though in dignity of nature inferior unto plants, yet exceed them in firmness of strength or durability of being; and plants, though beneath the excellency of creatures endued with sense, yet exceed them in the faculty of vegetation and of fertility; so beasts, though otherwise behind men, may, notwithstanding, in actions of sense and fancy go beyond them; because the endeavors of nature, when it hath a higher perfection to seek, are in lower the more remiss, not esteeming thereof so much as those things do, which have no better proposed unto them.

The soul of man, therefore, being capable of a more divine perfection, hath (besides the faculties of growing unto sensible knowledge which is common unto us with beasts) a further ability, whereof in them there is no show at all, the ability of reaching higher than unto sensible things. Till we grow to some ripeness of years, the soul of man doth only store itself with conceits of things of inferior and more open quality, which afterwards do serve as instruments unto that which is greater; in the meanwhile above the reach of meaner creatures it ascendeth not. When once

it comprehendeth anything above this, as the differences of time, affirmations, negations, and contradictions in speech, we then count it to have some use of natural reason. Whereunto if afterwards there might be added the right helps of true art and learning (which helps, I must plainly confess, this age of the world, carrying the name of a learned age, doth neither much know nor greatly regard), there would, undoubtedly, be almost as great difference in maturity of judgment between men therewith inured, and that which now men are, as between men that are now and innocents. Which speech if any condemn, as being over hyperbolical, let them consider but this one thing: no art is at the first finding out so perfect as industry may after make it; yet the very first man that to any purpose knew the way we speak of and followed it hath alone thereby performed more very near in all parts of natural knowledge than sithence in any one part thereof the whole world besides hath done.

In the poverty of that other new devised aid, two things there are notwithstanding singular. Of marvelous quick dispatch it is, and doth show them that have it as much almost in three days as if it dwell threescore years with them. Again, because the curiosity of man's wit doth many times with peril wade further in the search of things than were convenient, the same is thereby restrained into such generalities as everywhere offering themselves are apparent unto men of the weakest conceit what need be. So as following the rules and precepts thereof, we may define it to be an art which teacheth the way of speedy discourse, and restraineth the mind of man that it may not wax otherwise.

Education and instruction are the means, the one by use, the other by precept, to make our natural faculty of reason both the better and the sooner able to judge rightly between truth and error, good and evil. But at what time a man may be said to have attained so far forth the use of reason, as sufficeth to make him capable of those laws, whereby he is then bound to guide his actions, this is a great deal more easy for common sense to discern than for any man by skill and learning to determine; even as it is not in philosophers, who best know the nature both of fire and of gold, to teach what degree of the one will serve to purify the other, so well as the artisan who doth this by fire discerneth by sense when the fire hath that degree of heat which sufficeth for his purpose.

«Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,»
Book I., Chap. vi. Complete.

JOHN HUGHES

(1677–1720)

JOHN HUGHES, a frequent contributor to the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, was born in Wiltshire, England, January 29th, 1677. He wrote much both in prose and verse, and was so well thought of that he had Johnson for a biographer. In later times, however, he has been forgotten even by the makers of encyclopædias, justifying the opinions of Swift and Pope in his own day. His «Poems on Several Occasions, with Select Essays in Prose» appeared in 1735. The book is long out of print, but as a pupil of Addison and a contributor to the Spectator, Hughes cannot be overlooked by students of the literature of Queen Anne's reign. He wrote a number of plays which did not succeed, and when on February 17th, 1720, his «Siege of Damascus» was being warmly applauded at Drury Lane Theatre, where it had «made a hit,» he was dying. «What he wanted in genius he made up as an honest man,» Pope said of him.

THE WONDERFUL NATURE OF EXCELLENT MINDS

——Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.
— *Virg.* Georg., III. 9.

New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
— *Dryden.*

IT IS a remark, made, as I remember, by a celebrated French author, that no man ever pushed his capacity as far as it was able to extend. I shall not inquire whether this assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say that men of the greatest application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant spaces, and neglected parts of time, which have slipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one considering person in the world but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his life were to begin again he could fill it up better.

The mind is most provoked to cast on itself this ingenuous reproach, when the examples of such men are presented to it as have far outshot the generality of their species in learning, arts, or any valuable improvements.

One of the most extensive and improved geniuses we have had any instance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compass of thought, and indefatigable study, had amassed to himself such stores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity seemed to have grasped all that was revealed in books before his time; and, not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new tracks of science, too many to be traveled over by any one man in the compass of the longest life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coastings on maps, or supposed points of land, to be further discovered and ascertained by the industry of after ages, who should proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

The excellent Mr. Boyle was the person who seems to have been designed by nature to succeed to the labors and inquiries of that extraordinary genius I have just mentioned. By innumerable experiments, he in a great measure filled up those plans and outlines of science which his predecessor had sketched out. His life was spent in the pursuit of nature through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the most rational as well as devout adoration of its Divine Author.

It would be impossible to name many persons who have extended their capacities so far as these two, in the studies they pursued; but my learned readers on this occasion will naturally turn their thoughts to a third, who is yet living, and is likewise the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge have so vastly increased in his hands as to afford at once a wonderful instance how great the capacity is of a human soul, and inexhaustible the subject of its inquiries; so true is that remark in Holy Writ that "though a wise man seek to find out the works of God from the beginning to the end, yet shall he not be able to do it."

I cannot help mentioning here one character more of a different kind, indeed, from these, yet such an one as may serve to show the wonderful force of nature and of application, and is the most singular instance of an universal genius I have ever met with. The person I mean is Leonardo da Vinci, an Italian painter,

descended from a noble family in Tuscany, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In his profession of history painting he was so great a master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raised the envy of Michael Angelo, who was his contemporary, and that from the study of his works Raphael himself learned his best manner of designing. He was a master, too, in sculpture and architecture, and skillful in anatomy, mathematics, and mechanics. The aqueduct from the river Adda to Milan is mentioned as a work of his contrivance. He had learned several languages, and was acquainted with the studies of history, philosophy, poetry, and music. Though it is not necessary to my present purpose, I cannot but take notice that all who have writ of him mention likewise his perfection of body. The instances of his strength are almost incredible. He is described to have been of a well-formed person, and a master of all genteel exercises. And, lastly, we are told that his moral qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual endowments, and that he was of an honest and generous mind, adorned with great sweetness of manners. I might break off the account of him here, but I imagine it will be an entertainment to the curiosity of my readers, to find so remarkable a character distinguished by as remarkable a circumstance at his death. The fame of his works having gained him an universal esteem, he was invited to the court of France, where, after some time, he fell sick; and Francis I. coming to see him, he raised himself in his bed to acknowledge the honor which was done him by that visit. The king embraced him, and Leonardo, fainting in the same moment, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

It is impossible to attend to such instances as these without being raised into a contemplation on the wonderful nature of a human mind, which is capable of such progressions in knowledge, and can contain such a variety of ideas without perplexity or confusion. How reasonable is it from hence to infer its divine original! And whilst we find unthinking matter endued with a natural power to last forever, unless annihilated by Omnipotence, how absurd would it be to imagine that a being so much superior to it should not have the same privilege!

At the same time it is very surprising when we remove our thoughts from such instances as I have mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with in the accounts of barbarous nations among the Indians; where we find numbers of people who

scarce show the first glimmerings of reason, and seem to have few ideas above those of sense and appetite. These, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vast uncultivated tracts of human nature; and when we compare them with men of the most exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the same species.

Some are of opinion that the souls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great disparity we so often observe arises from the different organization or structure of the bodies to which they are united. But whatever constitutes this first disparity, the next great difference which we find between men in their several acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or course of life. The soul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labor, and time to polish it. For want of which many a good natural-genius is lost, or lies unfashioned, like a jewel in the mine.

One of the strongest incitements to excel in such arts and accomplishments as are in the highest esteem among men is the natural passion which the mind of man has for glory; which, though it may be faulty in the excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some moralists are too severe in beating down this principle, which seems to be a spring implanted by nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the soul, and is always observed to exert itself with the greatest force in the most generous dispositions. The men whose characters have shone the brightest among the ancient Romans appear to have been strongly animated by this passion. Cicero, whose learning and services to his country are so well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly presses Lucceius, who was composing a history of those times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the story of his consulship; and to execute it speedily, that he might have the pleasure of enjoying in his lifetime some part of the honor which he foresaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from soliciting the historian upon this occasion to neglect the strict laws of history, and, in praising him, even to exceed the bounds of truth. The younger Pliny appears to have had the same passion for fame, but accompanied with greater chasteness and modesty. His ingenious manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great work, is exquisitely beau-

tiful, and raises him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. «I must confess,» says he, «that nothing employs my thoughts more than the desire I have of perpetuating my name; which in my opinion is a design worthy of a man, at least of such an one, who, being conscious of no guilt, is not afraid to be remembered by posterity.»

I think I ought not to conclude without interesting all my readers in the subject of this discourse: I shall therefore lay it down as a maxim, that though all are not capable of shining in learning or the politer arts, yet every one is capable of excelling in something. The soul has in this respect a certain vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.

Complete. Number 554 of the Spectator.

VICTOR HUGO

(1802–1885)

VICTOR MARIE HUGO was born at Besançon, France, February 26th, 1802. He died at Paris, May 22d, 1885, and into his eighty-three years he crowded so much of emotion and effort that the temptation to call him the most representative product of the nineteenth century is hard to resist. He was certainly the greatest Frenchman of the century. France has produced no greater poet in any age. As a political orator he was surpassed among Frenchmen only by Mirabeau,—if, indeed, it be true that Mirabeau himself surpassed him. As a dramatist, he ranks with Voltaire, and there is good ground for the claim of his admirers that his «Les Miserables» is the «greatest novel ever written.» As an essayist, he works chiefly through his novels. The greatness of idea which makes «Les Miserables» what it is is not developed wholly through the plot, but to a degree through essays with which it is interspersed. In some English translations these essays are nearly all omitted, without seeming to affect the value of the story. But Hugo wished to make the book something more than a mere story. To him it is an expression of the great tragedy of human life and, to develop it, he uses the art not merely of the novelist, but of the epic poet, the orator, and the philosopher.

The essays of his «Choses Vues» take a wholly different form. They are graphic sketches in which he projects his ideas as objectively as if they were thrown on a screen by a magic lantern. The natural mode of expression always pleased him best. Like all great artists, he was repelled by the merely abstract. To him abstraction seemed to lead, not towards truth, but away from it. To escape negation he sought to reveal truth as it is revealed in nature,—in an infinite diversity of object lessons, each harmonized with the rest by a subtle law of all-pervading unity. He was vain and often theatrical, but he loved what was noble and hated what was base so deeply that when examples of heroic courage as a manifestation of the intellectual life are sought for, his name will not be forgotten while that of Alcæus is remembered.

W. V. B.

THE END OF TALLEYRAND'S BRAIN

IN THE Rue Saint-Florentin there are a palace and a sewer.

The palace, which is of a rich, handsome, and gloomy style of architecture, was long called Hotel de l'Infantado; nowadays may be seen on the frontal of its principal doorway Hotel Talleyrand. During the forty years that he resided in this street, the last tenant of this palace never, perhaps, cast his eyes upon this sewer.

He was a strange, redoubtable, and important personage; his name was Charles Maurice de Perigord; he was of noble descent like Machiavelli, a priest like Gondi, unfrocked like Fouché, witty like Voltaire, and lame like the devil. It might be averred that everything in him was lame like himself; the nobility which he had placed at the service of the Republic, the priesthood which he had dragged through the parade ground, then cast into the gutter, the marriage which he had broken off through a score of exposures and a voluntary separation, the understanding which he disgraced by acts of baseness.

This man, nevertheless, had grandeur; the splendors of the two régimes were united in him; he was Prince de Vaux in the kingdom of France, and a Prince of the French Empire. During thirty years, from the interior of his palace, from the interior of his thoughts, he had almost controlled Europe. He had permitted himself to be on terms of familiarity with the Revolution, and had smiled upon it; ironically, it is true, but the Revolution had not perceived this. He had come in contact with, known, observed, penetrated, influenced, set in motion, fathomed, bantered, inspired all the men of his time, all the ideas of his time, and there had been moments in his life when, holding in his hand the four or five great threads which moved the civilized universe, he had for his puppet Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation. That is the game which was played by this man.

After the Revolution of July, the old race, of which he was the high chamberlain, having fallen, he found himself once more on his feet, and said to the people of 1830, seated bare-armed upon a heap of paving stones, «Make me your embassador!»

He received the confession of Mirabeau and the first confidence of Thiers. He said of himself that he was a great poet,

and that he had composed a trilogy in three dynasties: Act I., the Empire of Bonaparte; Act II., the House of Bourbon; Act III., the House of Orleans.

He did all this in his palace, and in this palace, like a spider in his web, he allured and caught in succession, heroes, thinkers, great men, conquerors, kings, princes, emperors, Bonaparte, Sieyès, Madame de Stael, Châteaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexander of Russia, William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe, all the gilded and glittering flies who buzz through the history of the last forty years. All this glistening throng, fascinated by the penetrating eye of this man, passed in turn under that gloomy entrance bearing upon the architrave the inscription Hotel Talleyrand.

Well, the day before yesterday, May 17th, 1838, this man died. Doctors came and embalmed the body. To do this they, like the Egyptians, removed the bowels from the stomach and the brain from the skull. The work done, after having transformed the Prince de Talleyrand into a mummy, and nailed down this mummy in a coffin, lined with white satin, they retired leaving upon a table the brain — that brain which had thought so many things, inspired so many men, erected so many buildings, led two revolutions, duped twenty kings, held the world. The doctors being gone, a servant entered; he saw what they had left; Hulloa! they have forgotten this. What was to be done with it? It occurred to him that there was a sewer in the street; he went there, and threw the brain into the sewer.

Complete. From «Things Seen.»

THE DEATH OF BALZAC

On the eighteenth of August, 1850, my wife, who had been during the day to see Mme. de Balzac, told me that Balzac was dying. I hurried to him.

M. de Balzac had been suffering for eighteen months from hypertrophy of the heart. After the revolution of February he went to Russia, and there married. Some days before his departure I met him in the boulevard. He was then complaining, and breathing noisily. In May, 1850, he returned to France, married, rich, and dying! When he arrived his legs were already swollen. Four doctors held a consultation. One of them, M. Louis, told

me on the sixth of July, «He has not six weeks to live.» It is the same disease that killed Frederic Soulie.

On August 18th my uncle, General Louis Hugo, was dining with me. As soon as the table was cleared I left, and took a cab to the Avenue Fortunee (No. 14), in the Quartier Beaujon, where M. de Balzac lived. He had purchased what remained of the mansion of M. de Beaujon, some portion having escaped demolition. He had furnished it magnificently, and made it a very pretty little house, having a carriage entrance in the Avenue Fortunee, and for garden a long and narrow court, in which the pavement was here and there cut into flower beds.

I rang. The moon was up, but obscured by clouds. The street was deserted. No one came. I rang again. The door opened. A servant appeared with a candle. «What do you want, sir?» she asked. She was crying.

I told her my name. She ushered me into a room on the ground floor, in which, on a console opposite the chimney-piece, was a colossal bust of Balzac by David. A wax candle was burning upon a splendid table in the centre of the salon, and which had for feet six statuettes, gilt with the purest gold.

Another woman, who was also crying, came and said, «He is dying. Madame has gone to her own room. The doctors have not been here since yesterday. He has a wound in the left leg. Gangrene has set in. The doctors do not know what to do; they say that dropsy is a continuous dropsy, an infiltration. That is what they call it; that the skin and the flesh are like lard, and that it is impossible to tap him. Last month, when going to bed, master ran against a decorated piece of furniture and tore the skin of his leg, and all the water in the body ran out. The doctors were much astonished, and since then they have made puncturations. They said, 'Imitate nature.' But an abscess of the limb has supervened. M. Roux operated. Yesterday they removed the dressing; the wound, instead of having suppurated, was red, dry, and burning. Then they said, 'He is lost,' and they have never returned. Four or five have been sent for in vain. Every one said, 'It is no use.' He had a bad night This morning at nine Monsieur could not speak. Madame sent for a priest; he came, and has given Monsieur extreme unction. One hour after he shook the hand of his sister, Madame de Surville. Since eleven o'clock the rattle has been in his throat, and he can see no longer. He will not live through the night. If

you wish, sir, I will go and look for M. de Surville, who has not yet retired."

The woman left me. I waited for some minutes. The candle scarcely lighted the room, its splendid furniture and fine pictures by Porbus and Holbein. The marble bust showed vaguely in the gloom like the spectre of the man who was dying. A corpse-like smell pervaded the house.

M. de Surville entered and confirmed all that the servant had said. I requested to see M. de Balzac.

We proceeded along a corridor, ascended a staircase covered with red carpet and laden with objects of art — vases, statues, pictures, credence tables — and then another corridor, and I perceived an open door. I heard a loud and sinister rattling noise. I was in the death chamber of Balzac.

A bed stood in the middle of the room, a mahogany bedstead having a suspensory arrangement at the head and foot for the convenience of moving the invalid. M. de Balzac was in this bed, his head supported on a pile of pillows, to which had been added the red damask cushions from the sofa. His face was purple, almost black, and drawn to the right side; his beard untrimmed, his gray hair cut short, his eyes fixed and open. I saw him in profile, and thus he resembled the Emperor.

An old woman,— the nurse,— and a man servant stood at each side of the bed; a candle was burning behind the head of the bed upon a table, another upon the drawers near the door. A silver vase was placed on the night table. This man and this woman stood silent in fear, and listened to the death rattle of the invalid.

The candle behind the bed lighted up brightly the portrait of a young man, ruddy and smiling, hanging near the fireplace.

An insupportable smell issued from the bed. I lifted the counterpane and took the hand of Balzac. It was clammy. I pressed it. He did not respond to the pressure.

This was the same room in which I had come to see him a month previously. He was then cheerful, full of hope, having no doubt of his recovery, showing his swelled limb, and laughing. We had a long conversation and a political dispute. He called me his demagogue. He was a Legitimist. He said to me, "How have you so quietly renounced the title of Peer of France, the best after that of King of France?" He also said: "I have the house of M. de Beaujon without the garden, but with the

seat in the little church at the corner of the street. A door in my staircase opens into this church, one turn of the key and I can hear mass. I think more of the seat than of the garden.» When I was about to leave him he conducted me to this staircase with difficulty, and showed me the door, and then he called out to his wife, « Mind you show Hugo all my pictures.»

The nurse said to me, « He will die at daybreak.»

I came down stairs again, bearing in mind the livid face. Crossing the dining room, I found the bust immovable, impassible, haughty, vaguely radiant, and I compared death with immortality.

When I reached home it was Sunday. I found many people awaiting me, among others Riza-Bey, the Turkish Chargé d'Affaires; Navarette, the Spanish poet; and the Count Arrivabene, the exiled Italian. I said to them, « Gentlemen, Europe is on the point of losing a great soul.»

He died in the night. He was fifty-one years old.

They buried him on Wednesday.

He lay first in the Beaujon Chapel, and he was carried thither by the door, the key of which was more precious to him than all the beautiful gardens of the former « Fermier General.»

Giraud took his portrait on the very day of his death. They wished to mold his mask, but could not; decomposition was too rapid. The day after his death, in the morning, the modelers who came found his face deformed and the nose fallen upon the cheek. They put him in an oak and lead coffin.

The service was performed at Saint-Philippe du Roule. As I stood by the coffin I remembered that there my second daughter had been baptized, and I had not been in the church since. In our memories death touches birth.

The Minister of the Interior, Baroche, came to the funeral. He was seated by me in church, near the bier, and from time to time he spoke to me. He said, « He was a distinguished man.» I replied, « He was a genius.»

The procession traversed Paris and went by way of the boulevard to Père La Chaise. A few drops of rain fell when we were leaving the church and when we reached the cemetery. It was one of those days on which it seems that the heavens must shed tears.

We walked all the way. I proceeded in front of the coffin, holding one of the silver tassels of the pall; Alexander Dumas was on the other side.

When we came to the grave, which was some distance up the hill, we found an immense crowd. The road was rough and narrow; the horses had some difficulty in pulling the hearse, which rolled back again. I found myself imprisoned between a wheel and a tomb, and was very nearly crushed. The spectators who were standing on the tomb helped me up.

The coffin was lowered into the grave, which is close to those of Charles Nodier and of Casimir Delavigne. The priest said the last prayer, and I spoke a few words. As I was speaking the sun set. All Paris appeared in the distance enveloped in the splendid haze of the setting orb. The earth began to fall into the grave almost at my feet, and I was interrupted by the dull sound of the clods dropping on the coffin.

Complete. From «Things Seen.»

A RETROSPECT

I HAVE had for friends and allies, I have seen successively pass before me, and according to the changes and chances of destiny, I have received into my house, sometimes in intimacy, chancellors, peers, dukes, Pasquier, Pontécoulant, Montalembert, Bellune; and celebrated men, Lamennais, Lamartine, Châteaubriand; Presidents of the Republic, Manin; leaders of revolution, Louis Blanc, Montanelli, Arago, Heliade; leaders of the people, Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth, Mieroslawski; artists, Rossini, David d'Angers, Pradier, Meyerbeer, Eugène Delacroix; marshals, Soult, Mackau; sergeants, Boni, Heurtebise; bishops, the Cardinal of Besançon, M. de Rohan, the Cardinal of Bordeaux, M. Donnet; and comedians, Frédéric Lemaître, Mlle. Rachel, Mlle. Mars, Mme. Dorval, Macready; ministers and embassadors, Molé, Guizot, Thiers, Lord Palmerston, Lord Normanby, M. de Ligne; and of peasants, Charles Durand; princes, Imperial and Royal Highnesses and plain Highnesses, such as the Duke of Orleans, Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, the Princess of Canino, Louis Charles Pierre, and Napoleon Bonaparte; and of shoemakers, Guay; of kings and emperors, Jerome of Westphalia, Max of Bavaria, the Emperor of Brazil; and of thorough revolutionists, Bourillon. I have had sometimes in my hands the gloved and white palm of the upper class and the heavy black hand of the lower class, and have recognized that both are but men. After all these have

passed before me, I say that Humanity has a synonym — Equality; and that under heaven there is but one thing we ought to bow to — Genius; and only one thing before which we ought to kneel — Goodness.

Complete. From «Things Seen.»

WATERLOO — «QUOT LIBRAS IN DUCE»

THE battle of Waterloo is an enigma as obscure for those who gained it as for him who lost it. To Napoleon it is a panic; Blucher sees nothing in it but fire; Wellington does not understand it at all. Look at the reports: the bulletins are confused; the commentaries are entangled; the latter stammer, the former stutter. Jomini divides the battle of Waterloo into four moments; Muffling cuts it into three acts; Charras, although we do not entirely agree with him in all his appreciations, has alone caught with his haughty eye the characteristic lineaments of this catastrophe of human genius contending with divine chance. All the other historians suffer from a certain bedazzlement in which they grope about. It was a flashing day, in truth the overthrow of the military monarchy which, to the great stupor of the kings, has dragged down all kingdoms, the downfall of strength and the rout of war.

In this event, which bears the stamp of superhuman necessity, men play but a small part; but if we take Waterloo from Wellington and Blucher, does that deprive England and Germany of anything? No. Neither illustrious England nor august Germany is in question in the problem of Waterloo, for, thank heaven! nations are great without the mournful achievements of the sword. Neither Germany, nor England, nor France is held in a scabbard; at this day when Waterloo is only a clash of sabres, Germany has Goethe above Blucher, and England Byron above Wellington. A mighty dawn of ideas is peculiar to our age; and in this dawn England and Germany have their own magnificent flash. They are majestic because they think; the high level they bring to civilization is intrinsic to them; it comes from themselves, and not from an accident. Any aggrandizement the nineteenth century may have cannot boast of Waterloo as its fountain head; for only barbarous nations grow suddenly after a victory — it is the transient vanity of torrents swollen by a storm. Civilized nations, espe-

cially at the present day, are not elevated or debased by the good or evil fortune of a captain, and their specific weight in the human family results from something more than a battle. Their honor, dignity, enlightenment, and genius, are not numbers which those gamblers, heroes, and conquerors can stake in the lottery of battles. Very often a battle lost is progress gained, and less of glory, more of liberty. The drummer is silent and reason speaks; it is the game of who loses wins. Let us, then, speak of Waterloo coldly from both sides, and render to chance the things that belong to chance, and to God what is God's. What is Waterloo — a victory? No; a quine in the lottery, won by Europe, and paid by France; it was hardly worth while erecting a lion for it.

Waterloo, by the way, is the strangest encounter recorded in history; Napoleon and Wellington are not enemies, but contraries. Never did God, who delights in antitheses, produce a more striking contrast, or a more extraordinary confrontation. On one side precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, a retreat assured, reserves prepared, an obstinate coolness, an imperturbable method, strategy profiting by the ground, tactics balancing battalions, carnage measured by a plumb line, war regulated watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to accident, old classic courage and absolute correctness. On the other side we have intuition, divination, military strangeness, superhuman instinct, a flashing glance; something that gazes like the eagle and strikes like lightning, all the mysteries of a profound mind, association with destiny; the river, the plain, the forest, and the hill summoned, and to some extent, compelled to obey, the despot going so far as even to tyrannize over the battlefield; faith in a star, blended with strategic science, heightening, but troubling it. Wellington was the Bareme of war, Napoleon was its Michael Angelo, and this true genius was conquered by calculation. On both sides somebody was expected; and it was the exact calculator who succeeded. Napoleon waited for Grouchy, who did not come; Wellington waited for Blucher, and he came.

Wellington is the classical war taking its revenge; Bonaparte, in his dawn, had met it in Italy, and superbly defeated it — the old owl fled before the young vulture. The old tactics had been not only overthrown, but scandalized. Who was this Corsican of six and twenty years of age? What meant this splendid ignoramus, who, having everything against him, nothing for him, with-

out provisions, ammunition, guns, shoes, almost without an army, with a handful of men against masses, dashed at allied Europe, and absurdly gained impossible victories? Who was this new comer of war who possessed the effrontery of a planet? The academic military school excommunicated him, while bolting, and hence arose an implacable rancor of the old Cæsarism against the new, of the old sabre against the flashing sword, and of the chessboard against genius. On June 18th, 1815, this rancor got the best; and beneath Lodi, Montebello, Montenotte, Mantua, Marengo, and Arcola, it wrote — Waterloo. It was a triumph of Mediocrity, sweet to majorities, and destiny consented to this irony. In his decline, Napoleon found a young Suvarov before him,— in fact, it is only necessary to blanch Wellington's hair in order to have a Suvarov. Waterloo is a battle of the first class, gained by a captain of the second.

What must be admired in the battle of Waterloo is England, the English firmness, the English resolution, the English blood, and what England had really superb in it, is (without offense) herself; it is not her captain, but her army. Wellington, strangely ungrateful, declares in his dispatch to Lord Bathurst, that his army, the one which fought on June 18th, 1815, was a «detestable army.» What does the gloomy pile of bones buried in the trenches of Waterloo think of this? England has been too modest to herself in her treatment of Wellington, for making him so great is making herself small. Wellington is merely a hero, like any other man. The Scotch Grays, the Life Guards, Maitland and Mitchell's regiments, Pack and Kempt's infantry, Ponsonby and Somerset's cavalry, the Highlanders playing the bagpipes, under the shower of canister, Ryland's battalions, the fresh recruits who could hardly manage a musket, and yet held their ground against the old bands of Essling and Rivoli — all this is grand. Wellington was tenacious; that was his merit, and we do not deny it to him, but the lowest of his privates and his troopers was quite as solid as he, and the iron soldier is as good as the iron duke. For our part, all our glorification is offered to the English soldier, the English army, the English nation; and if there must be a trophy, it is to England that this trophy is owing. The Waterloo column would be more just, if, instead of the figure of a man, it raised to the clouds the statue of a people.

But this great England will be irritated by what we are writing here; for she still has feudal illusions, after her 1688, and

the French 1789. This people believes in inheritance and hierarchy, and while no other excels it in power and glory, it esteems itself as a nation and not as a people. As a people, it readily subordinates itself, and takes a lord as its head; the workman lets himself be despised; the soldier puts up with flogging. It will be remembered that, at the battle of Inkermann, a sergeant who, as it appears, saved the British army, could not be mentioned by Lord Raglan, because the military hierarchy does not allow any hero below the rank of officer to be mentioned in dispatches. What we admire before all, in an encounter like Waterloo, is the prodigious skill of chance. The night raid, the wall of Hougomont, the hollow way of Ohain, Grouchy deaf to the cannon, Napoleon's guide deceiving him, Bulow's guide enlightening him — all this cataclysm is marvelously managed.

Altogether, we will assert, there is more of a massacre than of a battle in Waterloo. Waterloo, of all pitched battles, is the one which had the smallest front for such a number of combatants. Napoleon's three-quarters of a league. Wellington's half a league, and seventy-two thousand combatants on either side. From this density came the carnage. The following calculation has been made and proportion established: loss of men, at Austerlitz, French, fourteen per cent.; Russian, thirty per cent.; Austrian, forty-four per cent.: at Wagram, French, thirteen per cent.; Austrian, fourteen per cent.: at Moskova, French, thirty-seven per cent.; Russian, forty-four per cent.: at Bautzen, French, thirteen per cent.; Russian and Prussian, fourteen per cent.: at Waterloo, French, fifty-six per cent.; allies, thirty-one per cent.: — total for Waterloo, forty-one per cent., or out of one hundred and forty-four thousand fighting men, sixty thousand killed.

The field of Waterloo has at the present day that calmness which belongs to the earth, and resembles all plains; but at night, a sort of visionary mist rises from it, and if any traveler walk about it, and listen and dream, like Virgil on the mournful plain of Philippi, the hallucination of the catastrophe seizes upon him. The frightful June 18th lives again, the false monumental hill is leveled, the wondrous lion is dissipated, the battlefield resumes its reality, lines of infantry undulate on the plain; furious galloping crosses the horizon; the startled dreamer sees the flash of sabres, the sparkle of bayonets, the red light of shells, the monstrous collision of thunderbolts; he hears, like a death groan from the tomb, the vague clamor of the phantom battle. These

shadows are grenadiers; these flashes are cuirassiers; this skeleton is Napoleon; this skeleton is Wellington; all this is nonexistent, and yet still combats, and the ravines are stained purple, and the trees rustle, and there is fury even in the clouds and in the darkness, while all the stern heights, Mont St. Jean, Hougomont, Frischemont, Papelotte, and Plancenoit, seem confusedly crowned by hosts of spectres exterminating one another.

Chapter xv. complete. From «Cosette» in «Les Miserables.»

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT

FRIEDRICH HEINRICH ALEXANDER BARON VON HUMBOLDT

(1769–1859)

HUMBOLDT was past seventy when he set himself seriously to the completion of the greatest work of his life,— his «Cosmos,» and he succeeded so well that the world at once accepted it as one of the greatest masterpieces of civilization. It has not lost in reputation with the passage of time. The severity of thought required to follow Humboldt's reasoning does not make an intellectual diversion of reading the «Cosmos,» but Humboldt had neither the desire to be entertaining nor the faculty of being so. In 1794 he wrote for Schiller's «Die Horen,» an allegorical essay, «The Rhodian Genius,» in what is an unmistakable attempt at high literary form. It is, perhaps, the only one Humboldt ever made, and it will not detract from his great reputation as a scientific teacher to confess the melancholy nature of its failure.

He was born at Berlin, September 14th, 1769. After study at Frankfort on the Oder, Göttingen, and other universities, he began a systematic attempt to acquire a juster and more comprehensive view of nature than was exhibited in the writings of the scientists and philosophers who had preceded him. The natural German tendency to lofty metaphysical exploration of the unseen universe, he steadfastly resisted. The «Cosmos» he explored was the humble world of the visible, and he counted nothing in it too low to be without infinite significance. When at last he realized his idea in the «Cosmos,» not only Germany, but all Europe, honored him as no scientific investigator had been honored since Newton. He deserved it, for if he made no astonishing actual discovery, he discovered new continents of possible achievement for those who were to carry on his work after him.

MAN

THE general picture of nature which I have endeavored to delineate would be incomplete if I did not venture to trace a few of the most marked features of the human race, considered with reference to physical gradations — to the geographical distribution of cotemporaneous types — to the influence exercised upon man by the forces of nature, and the reciprocal, although weaker action which he, in his turn, exercises on these natural forces. Dependent, although in a lesser degree than plants and animals, on the soil, and on the meteorological processes of the atmosphere with which he is surrounded — escaping more readily from the control of natural forces, by activity of mind and the advance of intellectual cultivation, no less than by his wonderful capacity of adapting himself to all climates — man everywhere becomes most essentially associated with terrestrial life. It is by these relations that the obscure and much-contested problem of the possibility of one common descent enters into the sphere embraced by a general physical cosmography. The investigation of this problem will impart a nobler, and, if I may so express myself, more purely human interest to the closing pages of this section of my work.

The vast domain of language, in whose varied structure we see mysteriously reflected the destinies of nations, is most intimately associated with the affinity of races; and what even slight differences of races may effect is strikingly manifested in the history of the Hellenic nations in the zenith of their intellectual cultivation. The most important questions of the civilization of mankind are connected with the ideas of races, community of language, and adherence to one original direction of the intellectual and moral faculties.

As long as attention was directed solely to the extremes in varieties of color and of form, and to the vividness of the first impression of the senses, the observer was naturally disposed to regard races rather as originally different species than as mere varieties. The permanence of certain types in the midst of the most hostile influences, especially of climate, appeared to favor such a view, notwithstanding the shortness of the interval of time from which the historical evidence was derived. In my opinion, however, more powerful reasons can be advanced in support of the theory of the unity of the human race, as, for

instance, in the many intermediate gradations in the color of the skin and in the form of the skull, which have been made known to us in recent times by the rapid progress of geographical knowledge — the analogies presented by the varieties in the species of many wild and domesticated animals — and the more correct observations collected regarding the limits of fecundity in hybrids. The greater number of the contrasts which were formerly supposed to exist have disappeared before the laborious researches of Tiedemann on the brain of negroes and of Europeans, and the anatomical investigations of Vrolik and Weber on the form of the pelvis. On comparing the dark-colored African nations, on whose physical history the admirable work of Prichard has thrown so much light, with the races inhabiting the islands of the South Indian and West Australian archipelago, and with the Papuas and Alfourous (Haroforas, Endamenes), we see that a black skin, woolly hair, and a negro-like cast of countenance are not necessarily connected together. So long as only a small portion of the earth was known to the Western nations, partial views necessarily predominated, and tropical heat and a black skin consequently appeared inseparable. « The Ethiopians, » said the ancient tragic poet Theodectes of Phaselis, « are colored by the near sun god in his course with a sooty lustre, and their hair is dried and crisped with the heat of his rays. » The campaigns of Alexander, which gave rise to so many new ideas regarding physical geography, likewise first excited a discussion on the problematical influence of climate on races. « Families of animals and plants, » writes one of the greatest anatomists of the day, Johannes Müller, in his noble and comprehensive work, « Physiologie des Menschen, » « undergo, within certain limitations peculiar to the different races and species, various modifications in their distribution over the surface of the earth, propagating these variations as organic types of species. The present races of animals have been produced by the combined action of many different internal as well as external conditions, the nature of which cannot in all cases be defined, the most striking varieties being found in those families which are capable of the greatest distribution over the surface of the earth. The different races of mankind are forms of one sole species, by the union of two of whose members descendants are propagated. They are not different species of a genus, since in that case their hybrid descendants would remain unfruitful. But whether the human races

have descended from several primitive races of men, or from one alone, is a question that cannot be determined from experience."

Geographical investigations regarding the ancient seat, the so-called cradle of the human race, are not devoid of a mythical character. "We do not know," says Wilhelm von Humboldt, in an unpublished work, "On the Varieties of Languages and Nations," "either from history or from authentic tradition, any period of time in which the human race has not been divided into social groups. Whether the gregarious condition was original, or of subsequent occurrence, we have no historic evidence to show. The separate mythical relations found to exist independently of one another in different parts of the earth appear to refute the first hypothesis, and concur in ascribing the generation of the whole human race to the union of one pair. The general prevalence of this myth has caused it to be regarded as a traditionary record transmitted from the primitive man to his descendants. But this very circumstance seems rather to prove that it has no historical foundation, but has simply arisen from an identity in the mode of intellectual conception, which has everywhere led man to adopt the same conclusion regarding identical phenomena; in the same manner as many myths have doubtlessly arisen, not from any historical connection existing between them, but rather from an identity in human thought and imagination. Another evidence in favor of the purely mythical nature of this belief is afforded by the fact that the first origin of mankind — a phenomenon which is wholly beyond the sphere of experience — is explained in perfect conformity with existing views, being considered on the principle of the colonization of some desert island or remote mountainous valley at a period when mankind had already existed for thousands of years. It is in vain that we direct our thoughts to the solution of the great problem of the first origin, since man is too intimately associated with his own race and with the relations of time to conceive of the existence of an individual independently of a preceding generation and age. A solution of those difficult questions, which cannot be determined by inductive reasoning or by experience — whether the belief in this presumed traditional condition be actually based on historical evidence, or whether mankind inhabited the earth in gregarious associations from the origin of the race — cannot, therefore, be determined from philological data, and yet its elucidation ought not to be sought from other sources."

The distribution of mankind is, therefore, only a distribution into varieties, which are commonly designated by the somewhat indefinite term races. As in the vegetable kingdom, and in the natural history of birds and fishes, a classification into many small families is based on a surer foundation than where large sections are separated into a few but large divisions, so it also appears to me that in the determination of races a preference should be given to the establishment of small families of nations. Whether we adopt the old classification of my master, Blumenbach, and admit five races (the Caucasian, Mongolian, American, Ethiopian, and Malayan), or that of Prichard, into seven races (the Iranian, Turanian, American, Hottentots and Bushmen, Negroes, Papuas, and Alfourous), we fail to recognize any typical sharpness of definition, or any general or well-established principle in the division of these groups. The extremes of form and color are certainly separated, but without regard to the races, which cannot be included in any of these classes, and which have been alternately termed Scythian and Allophyllic. Iranian is certainly a less objectionable term for the European nations than Caucasian; but it may be maintained generally that geographical denominations are very vague when used to express the points of departure of races, more especially where the country which has given its name to the race, as, for instance, Turan (Maweran-nahr), has been inhabited at different periods by Indo-Germanic and Finnish, and not by Mongolian tribes.

Languages, as intellectual creations of man, and as closely interwoven with the development of mind, are, independently of the national form which they exhibit, of the greatest importance in the recognition of similarities or differences in races. This importance is especially owing to the clew which a community of descent affords in treading that mysterious labyrinth in which the connection of physical powers and intellectual forces manifests itself in a thousand different forms. The brilliant progress made within the last half-century, in Germany, in philosophical philology, has greatly facilitated our investigations into the national character of languages and the influence exercised by descent. But here, as in all domains of ideal speculation, the dangers of deception are closely linked to the rich and certain profit to be derived.

Positive ethnographical studies, based on a thorough knowledge of history, teach us that much caution should be applied in

entering into these comparisons of nations, and of the languages employed by them at certain epochs. Subjection, long association, the influence of a foreign religion, the blending of races, even when only including a small number of the more influential and cultivated of the immigrating tribes, have produced, in both continents, similarly recurring phenomena; as, for instance, in introducing totally different families of languages among one and the same race, and idioms, having one common root, among nations of the most different origin. Great Asiatic conquerors have exercised the most powerful influence on phenomena of this kind.

But language is a part and parcel of the history of the development of mind; and, however happily the human intellect, under the most dissimilar physical conditions, may unfettered pursue a self-chosen track, and strive to free itself from the dominion of terrestrial influences, this emancipation is never perfect. There ever remains, in the natural capacities of the mind, a trace of something that has been derived from the influences of race or of climate, whether they be associated with a land gladdened by cloudless azure skies, or with the vapory atmosphere of an insular region. As, therefore, richness and grace of language are unfolded from the most luxuriant depths of thought, we have been unwilling wholly to disregard the bond which so closely links together the physical world with the sphere of intellect and of the feelings by depriving this general picture of nature of those brighter lights and tints which may be borrowed from considerations, however slightly indicated, of the relations existing between races and languages.

While we maintain the unity of the human species, we at the same time repel the depressing assumption of superior and inferior races of men. There are nations more susceptible of cultivation, more highly civilized, more ennobled by mental cultivation than others, but none in themselves nobler than others. All are in like degree designed for freedom; a freedom which, in the ruder conditions of society, belongs only to the individual, but which, in social states enjoying political institutions, appertains as a right to the whole body of the community. "If we would indicate an idea which, throughout the whole course of history, has ever more and more widely extended its empire, or which, more than any other, testifies to the much-contested and still more decidedly misunderstood perfectibility of the whole human race, it is that of establishing our common humanity—of striving to

remove the barriers which prejudice and limited views of every kind have erected among men, and to treat all mankind, without reference to religion, nation, or color, as one fraternity, one great community, fitted for the attainment of one object, the unrestrained development of the physical powers. This is the ultimate and highest aim of society, identical with the direction implanted by nature in the mind of man toward the indefinite extension of his existence. He regards the earth in all its limits, and the heavens as far as his eye can scan their bright and starry depths, as inwardly his own, given to him as the objects of his contemplation, and as a field for the development of his energies. Even the child longs to pass the hills or the seas which inclose his narrow home; yet, when his eager steps have borne him beyond those limits, he pines, like the plant, for his native soil; and it is by this touching and beautiful attribute of man — this longing for that which is unknown, and this fond remembrance of that which is lost — that he is spared from an exclusive attachment to the present. Thus deeply rooted in the innermost nature of man, and even enjoined upon him by his highest tendencies, the recognition of the bond of humanity becomes one of the noblest leading principles in the history of mankind.»

With these words, which draw their charm from the depths of feeling, let a brother be permitted to close this general description of the natural phenomena of the universe. From the remotest nebulæ and from the revolving double stars, we have descended to the minutest organisms of animal creation, whether manifested in the depths of ocean or on the surface of our globe, and to the delicate vegetable germs which clothe the naked declivity of the ice-crowned mountain summit; and here we have been able to arrange these phenomena according to partially known laws; but other laws of a more mysterious nature rule the higher spheres of the organic world, in which is comprised the human species in all its varied conformation, its creative intellectual power, and the languages to which it has given existence. A physical delineation of nature terminates at the point where the sphere of intellect begins, and a new world of mind is opened to our view. It marks the limit, but does not pass it.

From Humboldt's «Cosmos.»

DAVID HUME

(1711–1776)

HUME'S expectation of popularity from his «Essays» seems to have been modest, while from his «Treatise on Human Nature» he anticipated success which would make him at once one of the dictators of philosophical thought. To his intense disappointment, no one noticed the «Treatise,» while the «Essays» gave him immediate reputation. It was so with nearly all the rest of what he esteemed his great works. His «Enquiry Concerning the Human Understanding» and his «Natural History of Religion» failed to reward him with the applause he expected, while his «History of England» was immediately accepted at a valuation at least as high as he himself had put upon it. He had, to a remarkable degree, what Sidney Smith called the Scotch love of «metapheesics,» and if it brought him little besides opprobrium from his own generation, it has caused him to be studied by all subsequent generations with Locke and Berkeley as one of the few British philosophers whose opinions, right or wrong, are too important to be left out of consideration.

He was born in Edinburgh, April 26th, 1711. He studied at the university of his native city, but he owed his education more to himself than to scholastic training. His means were always limited and his life regular. He made a deliberate and successful attempt to suppress everything in himself which threatened to interfere with his work. His writings need not be defended against the attacks made upon them during his lifetime and since. But as far as he taught the scientific «skepticism,» which means «looking» into all the phenomena of nature as the revelation of unity of purpose, he is entitled to be classed with those whose work made possible the educated scientific intellect of which the locomotive, the telegraph, and the electric motor are manifestations.

OF THE DIGNITY OR MEANNESS OF HUMAN NATURE

THERE are certain sects which secretly form themselves in the learned world as well as factions in the political; and though sometimes they come not to an open rupture, they give a different turn to the ways of thinking of those who have taken part on either side. The most remarkable of this kind are the sects founded on the different sentiments with regard to the dignity of human nature; which is a point that seems to have divided philosophers and poets as well as divines from the beginning of the world to this day. Some exalt our species to the skies, and represent man as a kind of human demigod, who derives his origin from heaven, and retains evident marks of his lineage and descent. Others insist upon the blind sides of human nature, and can discover nothing, except vanity, in which man surpasses the other animals, whom he affects so much to despise. If an author possess the talent of rhetoric and declamation, he commonly takes part with the former; if his turn lie towards irony and ridicule, he naturally throws himself into the other extreme.

I am far from thinking that all those who have depreciated our species have been enemies to virtue, and have exposed the frailties of their fellow-creatures with any bad intention. On the contrary, I am sensible that a delicate sense of morals, especially when attended with a splenetic temper, is apt to give a man a disgust of the world, and to make him consider the common course of human affairs with too much indignation. I must, however, be of opinion that the sentiments of those who are inclined to think favorably of mankind are more advantageous to virtue than the contrary principles, which give us a mean opinion of our nature. When a man is prepossessed with a high notion of his rank and character in the creation, he will naturally endeavor to act up to it, and will scorn to do a base or vicious action, which might sink him below that figure which he makes in his own imagination. Accordingly we find that all our polite and fashionable moralists insist upon this topic, and endeavor to represent vice as unworthy of man, as well as odious in itself.

We find few disputes that are not founded on some ambiguity in the expression; and I am persuaded that the present dispute,

concerning the dignity or meanness of human nature, is not more exempt from it than any other. It may, therefore, be worth while to consider what is real and what is only verbal in this controversy.

That there is a natural difference between merit and demerit, virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, no reasonable man will deny; yet it is evident that in affixing the term, which denotes either our approbation or blame, we are commonly more influenced by comparison than by any fixed unalterable standard in the nature of things. In like manner, quantity and extension and bulk are by every one acknowledged to be real things; but when we call any animal great or little, we always form a secret comparison between that animal and others of the same species; and it is that comparison which regulates our judgment concerning its greatness. A dog and a horse may be of the very same size, while the one is admired for the greatness of its bulk and the other for the smallness. When I am present, therefore, at any dispute, I always consider with myself whether it be a question of comparison or not that is the subject of the controversy; and if it be, whether the disputants compare the same objects together, or talk of things that are widely different.

In forming our notions of human nature, we are apt to make a comparison between men and animals, the only creatures endowed with thought that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is favorable to mankind. On the one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds, either of place or time; who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin, at least, the history of the human race; casts his eye forward to see the influence of his action upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence; a creature, who traces causes and effects to a great length and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries; corrects his mistakes; and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without foresight; blindly conducted by instinct, and attaining, in a short time, its utmost perfection,

beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a wide difference is there between these creatures! And how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter!

There are two means commonly employed to destroy this conclusion: 1. By making an unfair representation of the case, and insisting only upon the weaknesses of human nature. And, 2. By forming a new and secret comparison between man and beings of the most perfect wisdom. Among the other excellencies of man, this is one, that he can form an idea of perfections much beyond what he has experience of in himself; and is not limited in his conception of wisdom and virtue. He can easily exalt his notions, and conceive a degree of knowledge, which, when compared to his own, will make the latter appear very contemptible, and will cause the difference between that and the sagacity of animals, in a manner, to disappear and vanish. Now this being a point, in which all the world is agreed, that human understanding falls infinitely short of perfect wisdom, it is proper we should know when this comparison takes place, that we may not dispute where there is no real difference in our sentiments. Man falls much more short of perfect wisdom, and even of his own ideas of perfect wisdom, than animals do of man; yet the latter difference is so considerable, that nothing but a comparison with the former can make it appear of little moment.

It is also usual to compare one man with another; and finding very few whom we can call wise or virtuous, we are apt to entertain a contemptible notion of our species in general. That we may be sensible of the fallacy of this way of reasoning, we may observe that the honorable appellations of wise and virtuous are not annexed to any particular degree of those qualities of wisdom and virtue, but arise altogether from the comparison we make between one man and another. When we find a man, who arrives at such a pitch of wisdom as is very uncommon, we pronounce him a wise man: so that to say there are few wise men in the world is really to say nothing, since it is only by their scarcity that they merit that appellation. Were the lowest of our species as wise as Tully, or Lord Bacon, we should still have reason to say that there are few wise men. For in that case we should exalt our notions of wisdom, and should not pay a singular honor to any one, who was not singularly distinguished by his talents. In like manner, I have heard it observed by thoughtless

people, that there are few women possessed of beauty in comparison of those who want it, not considering that we bestow the epithet of « beautiful » only on such as possess a degree of beauty that is common to them with few. The same degree of beauty in a woman is called deformity, which is treated as real beauty in one of our sex.

As it is usual, in forming a notion of our species, to compare it with the other species above or below it, or to compare the individuals of the species among themselves, so we often compare together the different motives or actuating principles of human nature, in order to regulate our judgment concerning it. And, indeed, this is the only kind of comparison which is worth our attention, or decides anything in the present question. Were our selfish and vicious principles so much predominant above our social and virtuous, as is asserted by some philosophers, we ought undoubtedly to entertain a contemptible notion of human nature.

There is much of a dispute of words in all this controversy. When a man denies the sincerity of all public spirit or affection to a country and community, I am at a loss what to think of him. Perhaps he never felt this passion in so clear and distinct a manner as to remove all his doubts concerning its force and reality. But when he proceeds afterwards to reject all private friendship, if no interest or self-love intermix itself, I am then confident that he abuses terms, and confounds the ideas of things; since it is impossible for any one to be so selfish, or rather so stupid, as to make no difference between one man and another, and give no preference to qualities which engage his approbation and esteem. Is he also, say I, as insensible to anger as he pretends to be to friendship? And does injury and wrong no more affect him than kindness or benefits? Impossible. He does not know himself. He has forgotten the movements of his heart; or, rather, he makes use of a different language from the rest of his countrymen, and calls not things by their proper names. « What say you of natural affection? » I subjoin. « Is that also a species of self-love? » « Yes; all is self-love. Your children are loved only because they are yours. Your friend for a like reason. And your country engages you only so far as it has a connection with yourself. Were the idea of self removed, nothing would affect you. You would be altogether inactive and insensible. Or if you ever give yourself any movement, it would only be from vanity, and a desire of fame and reputation to this

same self." "I am willing," reply I, "to receive your interpretation of human actions, provided you admit the facts. That species of self-love, which displays itself in kindness to others, you must allow to have great influence over human actions, and even greater, on many occasions, than that which remains in its original shape and form. For how few are there, who, having a family, children, and relations, do not spend more on the maintenance and education of these than on their own pleasures? This, indeed, you justly observe, may proceed from their self-love, since the prosperity of their family and friends is one, or the chief, of their pleasures, as well as their chief honor. Be you also one of these selfish men, and you are sure of every one's good opinion and good-will; or, not to shock your ears with these expressions, the self-love of every one, and mine among the rest, will then incline us to serve you and speak well of you."

In my opinion, there are two things which have led astray those philosophers that have insisted so much on the selfishness of man. 1. They found that every act of virtue or friendship was attended with a secret pleasure; whence they concluded that friendship and virtue could not be disinterested. But the fallacy of this is obvious. The virtuous sentiment or passion produces the pleasure, and does not arise from it. I feel a pleasure in doing good to my friend, because I love him; but do not love him for the sake of that pleasure.

2. It has always been found that the virtuous are far from being indifferent to praise; and therefore they have been represented as a set of vainglorious men, who had nothing in view but the applause of others. But this also is a fallacy. It is very unjust in the world, when they find any tincture of vanity in a laudable action to depreciate it upon that account, or ascribe it entirely to that motive. The case is not the same with vanity as with other passions. Where avarice or revenge enters into any seemingly virtuous action, it is difficult for us to determine how far it enters, and it is natural to suppose it the sole actuating principle. But vanity is so closely allied to virtue, and to love the fame of laudable actions approaches so near the love of laudable actions for their own sake, that these passions are more capable of mixture than any other kinds of affection; and it is almost impossible to have the latter without some degree of the former. Accordingly, we find that this passion for glory is always warped and varied according to the particular taste or disposition

of the mind on which it falls. Nero had the same vanity in driving a chariot that Trajan had in governing the empire with justice and ability. To love the glory of virtuous deeds is a sure proof of the love of virtue.

Complete.

OF THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT

NOTHING appears more surprising to those who consider human affairs with a philosophical eye than the easiness with which the many are governed by the few; and the implicit submission with which men resign their own sentiments and passions to those of their rulers. When we inquire by what means this wonder is effected, we shall find that as Force is always on the side of the governed, the governors have nothing to support them but opinion. It is, therefore, on opinion only that government is founded; and this maxim extends to the most despotic and most military governments, as well as to the most free and most popular. The soldan of Egypt, or the emperor of Rome, might drive his harmless subjects, like brute beasts, against their sentiments and inclination; but he must, at least, have led his mamelukes, or pretorian bands, like men, by their opinions.

Opinion is of two kinds, to wit, opinion of interest, and opinion of right. By opinion of interest, I chiefly understand the sense of the general advantage which is reaped from government, together with the persuasion that the particular government, which is established, is equally advantageous with any other that could easily be settled. When this opinion prevails among the generality of a state, or among those who have the force in their hands, it will give great security to any government.

Right is of two kinds, right to Power and right to Property. What prevalence opinion of the first kind has over mankind may easily be understood by observing the attachment which all nations have to their ancient government, and even to those names which have had the sanction of antiquity. Antiquity always begets the opinion of right; and whatever disadvantageous sentiments we may entertain of mankind, they are always found to be prodigal both of blood and treasure in the maintenance of public justice. There is, indeed, no particular, in which, at first sight, there may appear a greater contradiction in the frame of the human mind than the present. When men act in a faction,

they are apt, without shame or remorse, to neglect all the ties of honor and morality, in order to serve their party; and yet when a faction is formed upon a point of right or principle, there is no occasion, where men discover a greater obstinacy, and a more determined sense of justice and equity. The same social disposition of mankind is the cause of these contradictory appearances.

It is sufficiently understood that the opinion of right to property is of moment in all matters of government. A noted author has made property the foundation of all government; and most of our political writers seem inclined to follow him in that particular. This is carrying the matter too far; but still it must be owned that the opinion of right to property has a great influence in this subject.

Upon these three opinions, therefore, of public interest, of right to power, and of right to property, are all governments founded, and all authority of the few over the many. There are, indeed, other principles, which add force to these, and determine, limit, or alter their operation,—such as self-interest, fear, and affection; but still we may assert that these other principles can have no influence alone, but suppose the antecedent influence of those opinions above mentioned. They are, therefore, to be esteemed the secondary, not the original principles of government.

For, first, as to self-interest, by which I mean the expectation of particular rewards, distinct from the general protection which we receive from government, it is evident that the magistrate's authority must be antecedently established, at least be hoped for, in order to produce this expectation. The prospect of reward may augment his authority with regard to some particular persons; but can never give birth to it, with regard to the public. Men naturally look for the greatest favors from their friends and acquaintance; and, therefore, the hopes of any considerable number of the state would never centre in any particular set of men, if these men had no other title to magistracy, and had no separate influence over the opinions of mankind. The same observation may be extended to the other two principles of fear and affection. No man would have any reason to fear the fury of a tyrant, if he had no authority over any but from fear; since, as a single man, his bodily force can reach but a small way, and all the further power he possesses must be founded either on our own opinion, or on the presumed opinion of others. And though affection to wisdom and virtue in a sovereign extends very far,

and has great influence, yet he must antecedently be supposed invested with a public character, otherwise the public esteem will serve him in no stead, nor will his virtue have any influence beyond a narrow sphere.

A government may endure for several ages, though the balance of power and the balance of property do not coincide. This chiefly happens where any rank or order of the state has acquired a large share in the property; but, from the original constitution of the government, has no share in the power. Under what pretense would any individual of that order assume authority in public affairs? As men are commonly much attached to their ancient government, it is not to be expected that the public would ever favor such usurpations. But where the original constitution allows any share of power, though small, to an order of men, who possess a large share of the property, it is easy for them gradually to stretch their authority, and bring the balance of power to coincide with that of property. This has been the case with the House of Commons in England.

Most writers that have treated of the British government have supposed that, as the Lower House represents all the commons of Great Britain, its weight in the scale is proportioned to the property and power of all whom it represents. But this principle must not be received as absolutely true. For though the people are apt to attach themselves more to the House of Commons than to any other member of the constitution, the House being chosen by them as their representatives, and as the public guardians of their liberty, yet are there instances where the House, even when in opposition to the crown, has not been followed by the people; as we may particularly observe of the tory House of Commons in the reign of King William. Were the members obliged to receive instructions from their constituents, like the Dutch deputies, this would entirely alter the case; and if such immense power and riches, as those of all the commons of Great Britain, were brought into the scale, it is not easy to conceive that the crown could either influence that multitude of people, or withstand that balance of property. It is true the crown has great influence over the collective body in the elections of members; but were this influence, which at present is only exerted once in seven years, to be employed in bringing over the people to every vote, it would soon be wasted, and no skill, popularity, or revenue, could support it. I must, therefore,

be of opinion that an alteration in this particular would introduce a total alteration in our government, and would soon reduce it to a pure republic,— and, perhaps, to a republic of no inconvenient form. For though the people, collected in a body like the Roman tribes, be quite unfit for government, yet, when dispersed in small bodies, they are more susceptible both of reason and order; the force of popular currents and tides is, in a great measure, broken; and the public interest may be pursued with some method and constancy. But it is needless to reason any further concerning a form of government which is never likely to have place in Great Britain, and which seems not to be the aim of any party amongst us. Let us cherish and improve our ancient government as much as possible without encouraging a passion for such dangerous novelties.

Complete.

OF INTEREST

LOWNESS of interest is generally ascribed to plenty of money. But money, however plentiful, has no other effect, if fixed, than to raise the price of labor. Silver is more common than gold; and therefore you receive a greater quantity of it for the same commodities. But do you pay less interest for it? Interest in Batavia and Jamaica is at ten per cent., in Portugal at six; though these places, as we may learn from the prices of everything, abound more in gold and silver than either London or Amsterdam.

Were all the gold in England annihilated at once, and one and twenty shillings substituted in the place of every guinea, would money be more plentiful, or interest lower? No, surely; we should only use silver instead of gold. Were gold rendered as common as silver, and silver as common as copper, would money be more plentiful or interest lower? We may assuredly give the same answer. Our shillings would then be yellow, and our halfpence white; and we should have no guineas. No other difference would ever be observed,— no alteration on commerce, manufactures, navigation, or interest,— unless we imagine that the color of the metal is of any consequence.

Now, what is so visible in these greater variations of scarcity or abundance in the precious metals must hold in all inferior changes. If the multiplying of gold and silver fifteen times makes no difference, much less can the doubling or tripling them. All

augmentation has no other effect than to heighten the price of labor and commodities; and even this variation is little more than that of a name. In the progress towards these changes, the augmentation may have some influence, by exciting industry; but after the prices are settled, suitably to the new abundance of gold and silver, it has no manner of influence.

An effect always holds proportion with its cause. Prices have risen near four times since the discovery of the Indies, and it is probable gold and silver have multiplied much more; but interest has not fallen much above half. The rate of interest, therefore, is not derived from the quantity of the precious metals.

Money having chiefly a fictitious value, the greater or less plenty of it is of no consequence, if we consider a nation within itself; and the quantity of specie, when once fixed, though ever so large, has no other effect than to oblige every one to tell out a greater number of those shining bits of metal, for clothes, furniture, or equipage, without increasing any one convenience of life. If a man borrow money to build a house, he then carries home a greater load; because the stone, timber, lead, glass, etc., with the labor of the masons and carpenters, are represented by a greater quantity of gold and silver. But as these metals are considered chiefly as representations, there can no alteration arise, from their bulk or quantity, their weight or color, either upon their real value or their interest. The same interest, in all cases, bears the same proportion to the sum. And if you lent me so much labor and so many commodities; by receiving five per cent. you always receive proportional labor and commodities, however represented, whether by yellow or white coin, whether by a pound or an ounce. It is in vain, therefore, to look for the cause of the fall or rise of interest in the greater or less quantity of gold and silver, which is fixed in any nation.

High interest arises from three circumstances: a great demand for borrowing; little riches to supply that demand; and great profits arising from commerce: and the circumstances are a clear proof of the small advance of commerce and industry, not of the scarcity of gold and silver. Low interest, on the other hand, proceeds from the three opposite circumstances: a small demand for borrowing; great riches to supply that demand; and small profits arising from commerce,—and these circumstances are all connected together, and proceed from the increase of industry and commerce not of gold and silver.

From his «Essays.»

PETRARCH'S FIRST MEETING WITH LAURA

After the Painting by F. Schurig

LEIGH HUNT

(1784–1859)

LEIGH HUNT was a genius when he wrote «Abou Ben Adhem» if never before or afterwards, but he was always a man of talent and an agreeable writer both of prose and verse. His «Italian Poets,» while not profoundly critical, is very useful as an introduction to the best Italian literature, and the brief essays of his «Table-Talk» are in every respect so commendable that all sorts and conditions of readers thank him for the prudent foresight which led him to report in writing what he might have said orally at table had he had a Boswell to slip behind the door and make memoranda of it for posterity. He was born at Southgate, England, October 19th, 1784, and he lived to the ripe age of seventy-five, dying August 28th, 1859. The chief incident of his life was his two-years' imprisonment for writing disrespectfully of the Prince Regent in the Examiner, but the «exquisite taste» in which he furnished his cell did not tend to establish his position as a martyr. He was the associate of two generations of famous literary men. Byron patronized him, and he wrote «Recollections of Byron,» which was received with marked disfavor by the poet's friends and without indorsement by his enemies. He wrote several plays and novels, but his best work was done as a poet and essayist.

«THE WITTIEST OF ENGLISH POETS»

BUTLER is the wittiest of English poets, and at the same time he is one of the most learned, and, what is more, one of the wisest. His «Hudibras,» though naturally the most popular of his works from its size, subject, and witty excess, was an accident of birth and party compared with his «Miscellaneous Poems»; yet both abound in thoughts as great and deep as the surface is sparkling; and his genius altogether, having the additional recommendation of verse, might have given him a fame greater than Rabelais, had his animal spirits been equal to the rest of his qualifications for a universalist. At the same time, though not

abounding in poetic sensibility, he was not without it. He is author of the touching simile,—

> "True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shin'd upon."

The following is as elegant as anything in Lovelace or Waller:—

> "—What security's too strong
> To guard that gentle heart from wrong
> That to its friend is glad to pass
> Itself away, and all it has,
> And, like an anchorite, gives over
> This world for the heaven of a lover!"

And this, if read with the seriousness and singleness of feeling that become it, is, I think, a comparison full of as much grandeur as cordiality.—

> "Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
> In flaming curtains to the dead."

You would sooner have looked for it in one of Marvel's poems than in "Hudibras."

Butler has little humor. His two heroes, Hudibras and Ralph, are not so much humorists as pedants. They are as little like their prctotypes, Don Quixote and Sancho, as two dreary puppets are unlike excesses of humanity. They are not even consistent with their other prototypes, the Puritans, or with themselves, for they are dull fellows unaccountably gifted with the author's wit. In this respect, and as a narrative, the poem is a failure. Nobody ever thinks of the story, except to wonder at its inefficiency; or of Hudibras himself, except as described at his outset. He is nothing but a ludicrous figure. But considered as a banter issuing from the author's own lips, on the wrong side of Puritanism, and, indeed, on all the pedantic and hypocritical abuses of human reason, the whole production is a marvelous compound of wit, learning, and felicitous execution. The wit is pure and incessant; the learning as quaint and out of the way as the subject; the very rhymes are echoing scourges, made of the peremptory and the incongruous. This is one of the reasons why the rhymes have been so much admired. They are laughable, not merely in themselves, but from the masterly will and violence with which they are made to correspond to the absurdities they lash. The

most extraordinary license is assumed as a matter of course; the accentuation jerked out of its place with all the indifference and effrontery of a reason "sufficing unto itself." The poem is so peculiar in this respect, the laughing delight of the reader so well founded, and the passages so sure to be accompanied with a full measure of wit and knowledge, that I have retained its best rhymes throughout, and thus brought them together for the first time.

Butler, like the great wit of the opposite party, Marvel, was an honest man, fonder of his books than of worldly success, and superior to party itself in regard to final principles. He wrote a satire on the follies and vices of the court, which is most likely the reason why it is doubted whether he ever got anything by "Hudibras"; and he was so little prejudiced in favor of the scholarship he possessed that he vindicated the born poet above the poet of books, and would not have Shakespeare tried by a Grecian standard.

Complete.

CHARLES LAMB

LAMB was a humanist, in the most universal sense of the term. His imagination was not great, and he also wanted sufficient heat and music to render his poetry as good as his prose; but as a prose writer, and within the wide circuit of humanity, no man ever took a more complete range than he. He had felt, thought, and suffered so much, that he literally had intolerance for nothing; and he never seemed to have it, but when he supposed the sympathies of men, who might have known better, to be imperfect. He was a wit and an observer of the first order, as far as the world around him was concerned, and society in its existing state; for, as to anything theoretical or transcendental, no man ever had less care for it, or less power. To take him out of habit and convention, however tolerant he was to those who could speculate beyond them, was to put him into an exhausted receiver, or to send him naked, shivering, and driven to shatters, through the regions of space and time. He was only at his ease in the old arms of humanity; and humanity loved and comforted him like one of its wisest though weakest children. His life had experienced great and peculiar sorrows; but he kept up a balance between those and his consolations, by the goodness of his heart,

and the ever-willing sociality of his humor; though, now and then, as if he would cram into one moment the spleen of years, he would throw out a startling and morbid subject for reflection,—perhaps in no better shape than a pun, for he was a great punster. It was a levity that relieved the gravity of his thoughts and kept them from falling too heavily earthward.

Lamb was under the middle size, and of fragile make, but with a head as fine as if it had been carved on purpose. He had a very weak stomach. Three glasses of wine would put him in as lively a condition as can only be wrought in some men by as many bottles,—which subjected him to mistakes on the part of the inconsiderate.

Lamb's essays, especially those collected under the signature of «Elia,» will take their place among the daintiest productions of English wit-melancholy,—an amiable melancholy being the groundwork of them, and serving to throw out their delicate flowers of wit and character with the greater nicety. Nor will they be liked the less for a sprinkle of old language, which was natural in him by reason of his great love of the old English writers. Shakespeare himself might have read them, and Hamlet have quoted them.

Complete. From «Table-Talk.»

LIGHT AND COLOR

LIGHT is, perhaps, the most wonderful of all visible things; that is to say, it has the least analogy to other bodies, and is the least subject to secondary explanations. No object of sight equals it in tenuity, in velocity, in beauty, in remoteness of origin, and closeness of approach. It has «no respect of persons.» Its beneficence is most impartial. It shines equally on the jewels of an Eastern prince and on the dust in the corner of a warehouse. Its delicacy, its power, its utility, its universality, its lovely essence, visible and yet intangible, make up something godlike to our imaginations; and, though we acknowledge divinities more divine, we feel that ignorant as well as wise fault may be found with those who have made it an object of worship.

One of the most curious things with regard to light is, that it is a body, by means of which we become sensible of the exist-

ence of other bodies. It is a substance; it exists as much in the space between our eyes and the object it makes known to us as it does in any other instance; and yet we are made sensible of that object by means of the very substance intervening. When our inquiries are stopped by perplexities of this kind, no wonder that some awe-stricken philosophers have thought further inquiry forbidden; and that others have concluded, with Berkeley, that there is no such thing as substance but in idea, and that the phenomena of creation exist but by the will of the Great Mind, which permits certain apparent causes and solutions to take place, and to act in a uniform manner. Milton doubts whether he ought to say what he felt concerning light:—

> «Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
> Or of the eternal co-eternal beam,
> May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
> And never but in an unapproached light
> Dwelt from eternity, dwelt there in thee,
> Bright effluence of bright essence increate.»

And then he makes that pathetic complaint, during which we imagine him sitting with his blind eyes in the sun, feeling its warmth upon their lids, while he could see nothing:—

> «——Thee I revisit safe,
> And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
> Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
> To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.»

As color is imparted solely by the different rays of light with which they are acted upon, the sun literally paints the flowers. The hues of the pink and rose literally come, every day, direct from heaven.

Complete. From «Table-Talk.»

PETRARCH AND LAURA

THERE is plenty of evidence in her lover's poetry to show that Laura portioned out the shade and sunshine of her countenance in a manner that had the instinctive effect of artifice, though we do not believe there was any intention to practice it. And this is a reasonable conclusion, warranted by the experience of the world. It is not necessary to suppose Laura a

perfect character, in order to excite the love of so imaginative a heart as Petrarch's. A good half or two-thirds of the love may have been assignable to the imagination. Part of it was avowedly attributable to the extraordinary fidelity with which she kept her marriage vow to a disagreeable husband, in a city so licentious as Avignon, and, therefore, partook of that not very complimentary astonishment and that willingness to be at an unusual disadvantage, which make chastity cut so remarkable a figure amid the rakeries of Beaumont and Fletcher. Furthermore, Laura may not have understood the etherealities of Petrarch. It is possible that less homage might have had a greater effect upon her; and it is highly probable (as Petrarch, though he speaks well of her natural talents, says she had not been well educated) that she had that instinctive misgiving of the fine qualities attributed to her, which is produced even in the vainest of women by flights to which they are unaccustomed. It makes them resent their incompetency upon the lover who thus strangely reminds them of it. Most women, however, would naturally be unwilling to lose such an admirer, especially as they found the admiration of him extend in the world; and Laura is described by her lover as manifestly affected by it. Upon the whole, I should guess her to have been a very beautiful, well-meaning, woman, far from insensible to public homage of any sort (she was a splendid dresser, for instance), and neither so wise nor so foolish as to make her seriously responsible for any little coquetries she practiced, or wanting in sufficient address to practice them well. Her history is a lofty comment upon the line in «The Beggar's Opera»:—

«By keeping men off, you keep them on.»

As to the sonnets with which this great man immortalized his love, and which are full of the most wonderful beauties, small and great (the versification being surprisingly various and charming, and the conceits of which they have been accused being for the most part as natural and delightful as anything in them, from a propensity which a real lover has to associate his mistress with everything he sees), justice has been done to their gentler beauties, but not, I think to their intensity and passion. Romeo should have written a criticism on Petrarch's sonnets. He would have done justice both to their «conceits» and their fervor. I

think it is Ugo Foscolo who remarks that Petrarch has given evidence of passion felt in solitude, amounting even to the terrible. His temperament partook of that morbid cast which makes people haunted by their ideas, and which, in men of genius, subjects them sometimes to a kind of delirium of feeling, without destroying the truth of their perceptions. Petrarch more than once represents himself in these sonnets as struggling with a propensity to suicide; nor do we know anything more affecting in the record of a man's struggles with unhappiness than the one containing a prayer of humiliation to God on account of his passion, beginning: —

«*Padre del ciel, dopo i perduti giorni*» —

«Father of heaven, after the lost days.»

The commentators tell us that it was written on a Good Friday, exactly eleven years from the commencement of his love.

Complete. From «Table-Talk.»

MORAL AND PERSONAL COURAGE

IN ALL moral courage there is a degree of personal; personal is sometimes totally deficient in moral. The reason is that moral courage is a result of the intellectual perceptions and of conscience, whereas a man totally deficient in those may have nerves or gall enough to face any danger which his body feels itself competent to oppose. When the physically courageous man comes into the region of mind and speculation, or when the question is purely one of right or wrong, he is apt to feel himself in the condition of the sailor who confessed that he was afraid of ghosts, because he «did not understand their tackle.» When moral courage feels that it is in the right, there is no personal daring of which it is incapable.

Complete. From «Table-Talk.»

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

(1825–1895)

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY was born in Ealing, England, May 4th, 1825. Educated at Ealing School and at Charing Cross Hospital in London, he spent the first four years of his professional life (1846–50) as assistant surgeon on an English man-of-war. In 1855 he became Fullerian professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution, and it was as a physiologist and biologist that he achieved his greatest successes. He was a pupil of Darwin, and he had what Darwin wholly lacked — a combative disposition and a keen enjoyment of controversy. He seldom found an opponent intellectually able to cope with him, even when he was wrong; and as he was frequently right, he won many controversial victories which seemed to give him a high degree of satisfaction. But if he owed much of his reputation with his contemporaries to the public's love of intellectual prize-fighting, his permanent reputation rests on a long list of essays and studies as a biologist and physiologist. Among the most popular of these are «Science and Culture,» «Lay Sermons,» and «Evolution and Ethics.» He died June 29th, 1895. His essay «On the Method of Zadig» stands at the head of its class, unsurpassed among the popular scientific essays of the century.

ON THE METHOD OF ZADIG

(«Retrospective Prophecy as a Function of Science»)

IT IS a usual and commendable practice to preface the discussion of the views of a philosophic thinker by some account of the man and of the circumstances which shaped his life and colored his way of looking at things; but, though Zadig is cited in one of the most important chapters of Cuvier's greatest work, little is known about him, and that little might perhaps be better authenticated than it is.

It is said that he lived at Babylon in the time of King Moabdar, but the name of Moabdar does not appear in the list of Babylonian sovereigns brought to light by the patience and the

industry of the decipherers of cuneiform inscriptions in these later years; nor, indeed, am I aware that there is any other authority for his existence than that of the biographer of Zadig, one Arouet de Voltaire, among whose more conspicuous merits strict historical accuracy is perhaps hardly to be reckoned.

Happily Zadig is in the position of a great many other philosophers. What he was like when he was in the flesh, indeed whether he existed at all, are matters of no great consequence. What we care about in a light is that it shows the way, not whether it is lamp or candle, tallow or wax. Our only real interest in Zadig lies in the conceptions of which he is the putative father; and his biographer has stated these with so much clearness and vivacious illustration that we need hardly feel a pang, even if critical research should prove King Moabdar and all the rest of the story to be unhistorical, and reduce Zadig himself to the shadowy condition of a solar myth.

Voltaire tells us that, disenchanted with life by sundry domestic misadventures, Zadig withdrew from the turmoil of Babylon to a secluded retreat on the banks of the Euphrates, where he beguiled his solitude by the study of nature. The manifold wonders of the world of life had a particular attraction for the lonely student; incessant and patient observation of the plants and animals about him sharpened his naturally good powers of observation and of reasoning; until, at length, he acquired a sagacity which enabled him to perceive endless minute differences among objects which, to the untutored eye, appeared absolutely alike.

It might have been expected that this enlargement of the powers of the mind and of its store of natural knowledge could tend to nothing but the increase of a man's own welfare and the good of his fellowmen. But Zadig was fated to experience the vanity of such expectations.

"One day, walking near a little wood, he saw, hastening that way, one of the queen's chief eunuchs, followed by a troop of officials, who appeared to be in the greatest anxiety, running hither and thither like men distraught in search of some lost treasure.

"'Young man,' cried the eunuch, 'have you seen the queen's dog?' Zadig answered modestly, 'A bitch, I think, not a dog.' 'Quite right,' replied the eunuch; and Zadig continued, 'A very small spaniel who has lately had puppies; she limps with the left

foreleg, and has very long ears.' 'Ah, you have seen her then!' said the breathless eunuch. 'No,' answered Zadig, 'I have not seen her, and I really was not aware that the queen possessed a spaniel.'

"By an odd coincidence, at the very same time, the handsomest horse in the king's stables broke away from his groom in the Babylonian plains. The grand huntsman and all his staff were seeking the horse with as much anxiety as the eunuch and his people the spaniel, and the grand huntsman asked Zadig if he had not seen the king's horse go that way.

"'A first-rate galloper, small-hoofed, five feet high; tail three feet and a half long; cheek pieces of the bit of twenty-three carat gold, shoes silver?' said Zadig.

"'Which way did he go? Where is he?' cried the grand huntsman.

"'I have not seen anything of the horse, and I never heard of him before,' replied Zadig.

"The grand huntsman and the chief eunuch made sure that Zadig had stolen both the king's horse and the queen's spaniel, so they haled him before the High Court of Desterham, which at once condemned him to the knout and transportation for life to Siberia. But the sentence was hardly pronounced when the lost horse and spaniel were found. So the judges were under the painful necessity of reconsidering their decision; but they fined Zadig four hundred ounces of gold for saying he had seen that which he had not seen.

"The first thing was to pay the fine; afterward Zadig was permitted to open his defense to the court, which he did in the following terms:—

"'Stars of justice, abysses of knowledge, mirrors of truth, whose gravity is as that of lead, whose inflexibility is as that of iron, who rival the diamond in clearness, and possess no little affinity with gold; since I am permitted to address your august assembly, I swear by Ormuzd that I have never seen the respectable lady dog of the queen, nor beheld the sacrosanct horse of the king of kings.

"'This is what happened. I was taking a walk toward the little wood near which I subsequently had the honor to meet the venerable chief eunuch and the most illustrious grand huntsman. I noticed the track of an animal in the sand, and it was easy to see that it was that of a small dog. Long faint streaks upon

the little elevations of sand between the footmarks convinced me that it was a she dog with pendent dugs — showing that she must have had puppies not many days since. Other scrapings of the sand, which always lay close to the marks of the forepaws, indicated that she had very long ears; and as the imprint of one foot was always fainter than those of the other three, I judged that the lady dog of our august queen was, if I may venture to say so, a little lame.

«'With respect to the horse of the king of kings, permit me to observe that, wandering through the paths which traverse the wood, I noticed the marks of horseshoes. They were all equidistant. «Ah!» said I, «this is a famous galloper.» In a narrow alley, only seven feet wide, the dust upon the trunks of the trees was a little disturbed at three feet and a half from the middle of the path. «This horse,» said I to myself, «had a tail three feet and a half long, and, lashing it from one side to the other, he has swept away the dust.» Branches of the trees met overhead at the height of five feet, and under them I saw newly fallen leaves; so I knew that the horse had brushed some of the branches, and was therefore five feet high. As to his bit, it must have been made of twenty-three karat gold, for he had rubbed it against a stone, which turned out to be a touchstone, with the properties of which I am familiar by experiment. Lastly, by the marks which his shoes left upon pebbles of another kind, I was led to think that his shoes were of fine silver.'

«All the judges admired Zadig's profound and subtle discernment, and the fame of it reached even the king and the queen. From the anterooms to the presence chamber Zadig's name was in everybody's mouth; and although many of the magi were of opinion that he ought to be burned as a sorcerer, the king commanded that the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been fined should be restored to him. So the officers of the court went in state with the four hundred ounces,— only they retained three hundred and ninety-eight for legal expenses, and their servants expected fees.»

Those who are interested in learning more of the fateful history of Zadig must turn to the original; we are dealing with him only as a philosopher, and this brief excerpt suffices for the exemplification of the nature of his conclusions and of the method by which he arrived at them.

These conclusions may be said to be of the nature of retrospective prophecies; though it is perhaps a little hazardous to employ phraseology which perilously suggests a contradiction in terms—the word «prophecy» being so constantly in ordinary use restricted to «foretelling.» Strictly, however, the term «prophecy» as much applies to outspeaking as to foretelling; and even in the restricted sense of «divination,» it is obvious that the essence of the prophetic operation does not lie in its backward or forward relation to the course of time, but in the fact that it is the apprehension of that which lies out of the sphere of immediate knowledge, the seeing of that which to the natural sense of the seer is invisible.

The foreteller asserts that, at some future time, a properly situated observer will witness certain events; the clairvoyant declares that, at this present time, certain things are to be witnessed a thousand miles away; the retrospective prophet (Would that there were such a word as «backteller»!) affirms that so many hours or years ago, such and such things were to be seen. In all these cases it is only the relation to time which alters; the process of divination beyond the limits of possible direct knowledge remains the same.

No doubt it was their instinctive recognition of the analogy between Zadig's results and those obtained by authorized inspiration which inspired the Babylonian magi with the desire to burn the philosopher. Zadig admitted that he had never either seen or heard of the horse of the king or of the spaniel of the queen; and yet he ventured to assert in the most positive manner that animals answering to their description did actually exist, and ran about the plains of Babylon. If his method was good for the divination of the course of events ten hours old, why should it not be good for those of ten years or ten centuries past; nay, might it not extend to ten thousand years, and justify the impious in meddling with the traditions of Oannes and the fish, and all the sacred foundations of Babylonian cosmogony?

But this was not the worst. There was another consideration which obviously dictated to the more thoughtful of the magi the propriety of burning Zadig out of hand. His defense was worse than his offense. It showed that his mode of divination was fraught with danger to magianism in general. Swollen with the pride of human reason, he had ignored the established canons of magian lore; and, trusting to what, after all, was mere carnal com-

mon sense, he professed to lead men to a deeper insight into nature than magian wisdom, with all its lofty antagonism to everything common, had ever reached. What, in fact, lay at the foundation of all Zadig's arguments, but the coarse, commonplace assumption, upon which every act of our daily lives is based, that we may conclude from an effect to the pre-existence of a cause competent to produce that effect?

The tracks were exactly like those which dogs and horses leave; therefore they were the effects of such animals as causes. The marks at the sides of the fore prints of the dog's track were exactly such as would be produced by long trailing ears; therefore the dog's long ears were the causes of these marks — and so on. Nothing can be more hopelessly vulgar, more unlike the majestic development of a system of grandly unintelligible conclusions from sublimely inconceivable premises, such as delights the magian heart. In fact, Zadig's method was nothing but the method of all mankind. Retrospective prophecies, far more astonishing for their minute accuracy than those of Zadig, are familiar to those who have watched the daily life of nomadic people.

From freshly broken twigs, crushed leaves, disturbed pebbles, and imprints hardly discernible by the untrained eye, such graduates in the university of nature will divine, not only the fact that a party has passed that way, but its strength, its composition, the course it took, and the number of hours or days which have elapsed since it passed. But they are able to do this because, like Zadig, they perceive endless minute differences where untrained eyes discern nothing; and because the unconscious logic of common sense compels them to account for these effects by the causes which they know to be competent to produce them.

And such mere methodized savagery was to discover the hidden things of nature better than *à priori* deductions from the nature of Ormuzd — perhaps to give a history of the past, in which Oannes would be altogether ignored! Decidedly it were better to burn this man at once.

If instinct, or an unwonted use of reason, led Moabdar's magi to this conclusion two or three thousand years ago, all that can be said is that subsequent history has fully justified them. For the rigorous application of Zadig's logic to the results of accurate and long-continued observation has founded all those sciences which have been termed historical or palætiological, because they

are retrospectively prophetic and strive toward the reconstruction in human imagination of events which have vanished and ceased to be.

History, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is based upon the interpretation of documentary evidence; and documents would have no evidential value unless historians were justified in their assumption that they have come into existence by the operation of causes similar to those of which documents are, in our present experience, the effects. If a written history can be produced otherwise than by human agency, or if the man who wrote a given document was actuated by other than ordinary human motives, such documents are of no more evidential value than so many arabesques.

Archæology, which takes up the thread of history beyond the point at which documentary evidence fails us, could have no existence, except for our well-grounded confidence that monuments and works of art, or artifice, have never been produced by causes different in kind from those to which they now owe their origin. And geology, which traces back the course of history beyond the limits of archæology, could tell us nothing except for the assumption that, millions of years ago, water, heat, gravitation, friction, animal and vegetable life caused effects of the same kind as they do now. Nay, even physical astronomy, in so far as it takes us back to the uttermost point of time which palætiological science can reach, is founded upon the same assumption. If the law of gravitation ever failed to be true, even to the smallest extent, for that period, the calculations of the astronomer have no application.

The power of prediction, of prospective prophecy, is that which is commonly regarded as the great prerogative of physical science. And truly it is a wonderful fact that one can go into a shop and buy for small price a book, the "Nautical Almanac," which will foretell the exact position to be occupied by one of Jupiter's moons six months hence; nay more, that, if it were worth while, the Astronomer Royal could furnish us with as infallible a prediction applicable to 1980 or 2980.

But astronomy is not less remarkable for its power of retrospective prophecy.

Thales, oldest of Greek philosophers, the dates of whose birth and death are uncertain, but who flourished about 600 B. C., is

said to have foretold an eclipse of the sun which took place in his time during a battle between the Medes and the Lydians. Sir George Airy has written a very learned and interesting memoir in which he proves that such an eclipse was visible in Lydia on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth of May in the year 585 B. C.

No one doubts that, on the day and at the hour mentioned by the Astronomer Royal, the people of Asia Minor saw the face of the sun totally obscured. But though we implicitly believe this retrospective prophecy, it is incapable of verification. It is impossible even to conceive any means of ascertaining directly whether the eclipse of Thales happened or not. All that can be said is, that the prospective prophecies of the astronomer are always verified; and that, inasmuch as his retrospective prophecies are the result of following backward the very same method as that which invariably leads to verified results when it is worked forward, there is as much reason for placing full confidence in the one as in the other. Retrospective prophecy is therefore a legitimate function of astronomical science; and if it is legitimate for one science it is legitimate for all; the fundamental axiom on which it rests, the constancy of the order of nature, being the common foundation of all scientific thought. Indeed, if there can be grades in legitimacy, certain branches of science have the advantage over astronomy, in so far as their retrospective prophecies are not only susceptible of verification, but are sometimes strikingly verified.

Such a science exists in that application of the principles of biology to the interpretation of the animal and vegetable remains imbedded in the rocks which compose the surface of the globe, which is called palæontology.

At no very distant time the question whether these so-called «fossils» were really the remains of animals and plants was hotly disputed. Very learned persons maintained that they were nothing of the kind, but a sort of concretion or crystallization which had taken place within the stone in which they are found; and which simulated the forms of animal and vegetable life, just as frost on a window pane imitates vegetation. At the present day it would probably be impossible to find any sane advocate of this opinion; and the fact is rather surprising that among the people from whom the circle squarers, perpetual motioners, flat-earth men and the like, are recruited, to say nothing of table

turners and spirit rappers, somebody has not perceived the easy avenue to nonsensical notoriety open to any one who will take up the good old doctrine that fossils are all *lusus naturæ*.

The position would be impregnable, inasmuch as it is quite impossible to prove the contrary. If a man choose to maintain that a fossil oyster shell, in spite of its correspondence, down to every minutest particular, with that of an oyster fresh taken out of the sea, was never tenanted by a living oyster, but is a mineral concretion, there is no demonstrating his error. All that can be done is to show him that, by a parity of reasoning, he is bound to admit that a heap of oyster shells outside a fishmonger's door may also be "sports of nature," and that a mutton bone in a dust bin may have had the like origin. And when you cannot prove that people are wrong, but only that they are absurd, the best course is to let them alone.

The whole fabric of palæontology, in fact, falls to the ground unless we admit the validity of Zadig's great principle, that like effects imply like causes; and that the process of reasoning from a shell, or a tooth, or a bone, to the nature of the animal to which it belonged, rests absolutely on the assumption that the likeness of this shell, or tooth, or bone to that of some animal with which we are already acquainted, is such that we are justified in inferring a corresponding degree of likeness in the rest of the two organisms. It is on this very simple principle, and not upon imaginary laws of physiological correlation, about which, in most cases, we know nothing whatever, that the so-called restorations of the palæontologist are based.

Abundant illustrations of this truth will occur to every one who is familiar with palæontology; none is more suitable than the case of the so-called belemnites. In the early days of the study of fossils, this name was given to certain elongated stony bodies, ending at one extremity in a conical point, and truncated at the other, which were commonly reputed to be thunderbolts, and as such to have descended from the sky. They are common enough in some parts of England; and, in the condition in which they are ordinarily found, it might be difficult to give satisfactory reasons for denying them to be merely mineral bodies.

They appear, in fact, to consist of nothing but concentric layers of carbonate of lime, disposed in subcrystalline fibres, or prisms, perpendicular to the layers. Among a great number of

specimens of these belemnites, however, it was soon observed that some showed a conical cavity at the blunt end; and in still better preserved specimens this cavity appeared to be divided into chambers by delicate saucer-shaped partitions, situated at regular intervals one above the other. Now there is no mineral body which presents any structure comparable to this, and the conclusion suggested itself that the belemnites must be the effects of causes other than those which are at work in inorganic nature. On close examination, the saucer-shaped partitions were proved to be all perforated at one point, and the perforations being situated exactly in the same line, the chambers were seen to be traversed by a canal, or siphuncle, which thus connected the smallest or apical chamber with the largest. There is nothing like this in the vegetable world; but an exactly corresponding structure is met with in the shells of two kinds of existing animals, the pearly nautilus and the spirula, and only in them. These animals belong to the same division — the cephalopoda — as the cuttlefish, the squid, and the octopus. But they are the only existing members of the group which possess chambered, siphunculated shells; and it is utterly impossible to trace any physiological connection between the very peculiar structural characters of a cephalopod and the presence of a chambered shell. In fact, the squid has, instead of any such shell, a horny «pen»; the cuttlefish has the so-called «cuttle bone»; and the octopus has no shell at all, or a mere rudiment of one.

Nevertheless, seeing that there is nothing in nature at all like the chambered shell of the belemnite, except the shells of the nautilus and of the spirula, it was legitimate to prophesy that the animal from which the fossil proceeded must have belonged to the group of the cephalopoda. Nautilus and spirula are both very rare animals, but the progress of investigation brought to light the singular fact that, though each has the characteristic cephalopodous organization, it is very different from the other. The shell of nautilus is external, that of spirula internal; nautilus has four gills, spirula two; nautilus has multitudinous tentacles, spirula has only ten arms beset with horny rimmed suckers; spirula, like the squids and cuttlefishes, which it closely resembles, has a bag of ink which it squirts out to cover its retreat when alarmed; nautilus has none.

No amount of physiological reasoning could enable any one to say whether the animal which fabricated the belemnite was

more like nautilus or more like spirula. But the accidental discovery of belemnites in due connection with black elongated masses which were certainly fossilized ink bags, inasmuch as the ink could be ground up and used for painting as well as if it were recent sepia, settled the question; and it became perfectly safe to prophesy that the creature which fabricated the belemnite was a two-gilled cephalopod with suckers on its arms, and with all the other essential features of our living squids, cuttlefishes, and spirulæ. The palæontologist was, by this time, able to speak as confidently about the animal of the belemnite as Zadig was respecting the queen's spaniel. He could give a very fair description of its external appearance, and even enter pretty fully into the details of its internal organization, and yet could declare that neither he nor any one else had ever seen one. And as the queen's spaniel was found, so happily has the animal of the belemnite; a few exceptionally preserved specimens having been discovered which completely verify the retrospective prophecy of those who interpreted the facts of the case by due application of the method of Zadig.

These belemnites flourished in prodigious abundance in the seas of the Mesozoic or secondary age of the world's geological history; but no trace of them has been found in any of the tertiary deposits, and they appear to have died out toward the close of the Mesozoic epoch. The method of Zadig, therefore, applies in full force to the events of a period which is immeasurably remote, which long preceded the origin of the most conspicuous mountain masses of the present world and the deposition, at the bottom of the ocean, of the rocks which form the greater part of the soil of our present continents. The Euphrates itself, at the mouth of which Oannes landed, is a thing of yesterday compared with a belemnite; and even the liberal chronology of magian cosmogony fixes the beginning of the world only at a time when other applications of Zadig's method afford convincing evidence that, could we have been there to see, things would have looked very much as they do now. Truly the magi were wise in their generation; they foresaw rightly that this pestilent application of the principles of common sense inaugurated by Zadig would be their ruin.

But it may be said that the method of Zadig, which is simple reasoning from analogy, does not account for the most striking feats of modern palæontology,—the reconstruction of entire ani-

mals from a tooth or perhaps a fragment of a bone; and it may be justly urged that Cuvier, the great master of this kind of investigation, gave a very different account of the process which yielded such remarkable results.

Cuvier is not the first man of ability who has failed to make his own mental processes clear to himself, and he will not be the last. The matter can be easily tested. Search the eight volumes of the "Recherches sur les Ossemens Fossiles" from cover to cover, and no reasoning from physiological necessities — nothing but the application of the method of Zadig pure and simple — will be found.

There is one well-known case which may represent all. It is an excellent illustration of Cuvier's sagacity, and he evidently takes some pride in telling his story about it. A split slab of stone arrived from the quarries of Montmartre, the two halves of which contained the greater part of the skeleton of a small animal. On careful examinations of the characters of the teeth and of the lower jaw, which happened to be exposed, Cuvier assured himself that they presented such a very close resemblance to the corresponding parts in the living opossum that he at once assigned the fossil to that genus.

Now the opossums are unlike most mammals in that they possess two bones attached to the fore part of the pelvis, which are commonly called "marsupial bones." The name is a misnomer, originally conferred because it was thought that these bones have something to do with the support of the pouch, or marsupium, with which some, but not all, of the opossums are provided. As a matter of fact, they have nothing to do with the support of the pouch, and they exist as much in those opossums which have no pouches as in those which possess them. In truth, no one knows what the use of these bones may be, nor has any valid theory of their physiological import yet been suggested. And if we have no knowledge of the physiological importance of the bones themselves, it is obviously absurd to pretend that we are able to give physiological reasons why the presence of these bones is associated with certain peculiarities of the teeth and of the jaws. If any one knows why four molar teeth and an inflected angle of the jaw are almost always found along with marsupial bones, he has not yet communicated that knowledge to the world.

If, however, Zadig was right in concluding from the likeness of the hoof prints which he observed to a horse's that the creature which made them had a tail like that of a horse, Cuvier, seeing that the teeth and jaw of his fossil were just like those of an opossum, had the same right to conclude that the pelvis would also be like an opossum's; and so strong was his conviction that this retrospective prophecy about an animal which he had never seen before, and which had been dead and buried for millions of years, would be verified that he went to work upon the slab which contained the pelvis in confident expectation of finding and laying bare the "marsupial bones," to the satisfaction of some persons whom he had invited to witness their disinterment. As he says: "*Cette opération se fit en présence de quelques personnes à qui j'en avais annoncé d'avance le résultat, dans l'intention de leur prouver par le fait la justice de nos théories zoologiques; puis que le vrai cachet d'une théorie est sans contredit la faculté qu'elle donne de prévoir les phénomènes.*"

In the "Ossemens Fossiles," Cuvier leaves his paper just as it first appeared in the "Annales du Muséum," as "a curious monument of the force of zoölogical laws and of the use which may be made of them."

Zoölogical laws truly, but not physiological laws. If one sees a live dog's head, it is extremely probable that a dog's tail is not far off, though nobody can say why that sort of head and that sort of tail go together; what physiological connection there is between the two. So, in the case of the Montmartre fossil, Cuvier, finding a thorough opossum's head, concluded that the pelvis also would be like an opossum's. But, most assuredly, the most advanced physiologist of the present day could throw no light on the question why these are associated, or could pretend to affirm that the existence of the one is necessarily connected with that of the other. In fact, had it so happened that the pelvis of the fossil had been originally exposed, while the head lay hidden, the presence of the "marsupial bones," however like they might have been to an opossum's, would by no means have warranted the prediction that the skull would turn out to be that of the opossum. It might just as well have been like that of some other marsupial; or even like that of the totally different group of monotremes, of which the only living representatives are the echidna and the ornithorhynchus.

For all practical purposes, however, the empirical laws of co-ordination of structures which are embodied in the generalizations of morphology may be confidently trusted, if employed with due caution, to lead to a just interpretation of fossil remains; or, in other words, we may look for the verification of the retrospective prophecies which are based upon them.

And if this be the case, the late advances which have been made in palæontological discovery open out a new field for such prophecies. For it has been ascertained with respect to many groups of animals, that, as we trace them back in time, their ancestors gradually cease to exhibit those special modifications which at present characterize the type, and more nearly embody the general plan of the group to which they belong.

Thus, in the well-known case of the horse, the toes which are suppressed in the living horse are found to be more and more complete in the older members of the group, until, at the bottom of the tertiary series of America, we find an equine animal which has four toes in front and three behind. No remains of the horse tribe are at present known from any Mesozoic deposit. Yet who can doubt that, whenever a sufficiently extensive series of lacustrine and fluviatile beds of that age becomes known, the lineage which has been traced thus far will be continued by equine quadrupeds with an increasing number of digits, until the horse type merges in the five-toed form toward which these gradations point?

But the argument which holds good for the horse, holds good, not only for all mammals, but for the whole animal world. And as the study of the pedigrees or lines of evolution to which at present we have access brings to light, as it assuredly will do, the laws of that process, we shall be able to reason from the facts with which the geological record furnishes us to those which have hitherto remained, and many of which, perhaps, may forever remain, hidden. The same method of reasoning which enables us, when furnished with a fragment of an extinct animal, to prophesy the character which the whole organism exhibited, will, sooner or later, enable us, when we know a few of the later terms of a genealogical series to predict the nature of the earlier terms.

In no very distant future the method of Zadig, applied to a greater body of facts than the present generation is fortunate enough to handle, will enable the biologist to reconstruct the

scheme of life from its beginning, and to speak as confidently of the character of long extinct living beings, no trace of which has been preserved, as Zadig did of the queen's spaniel and the king's horse. Let us hope that they may be better rewarded for their toil and their sagacity than was the Babylonian philosopher; for perhaps, by that time, the magi also may be reckoned among the members of a forgotten fauna, extinguished in the struggle for existence against their great rival common sense.

Complete.

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

(1833–1900)

JOHN JAMES INGALLS, one of the most brilliant political orators of the second half of the nineteenth century, was born in Middleton, Massachusetts, December 29th, 1833. Graduating at Williams College in 1855, and fitting himself for the bar, he removed in 1858 to Atchison, Kansas, and until his death in 1900 he was closely identified with the political history of that State. From 1873 to 1891 he represented Kansas in the United States Senate. After his retirement he devoted himself chiefly to his law practice and to literary work. His celebrated essay on «Blue Grass,» which appeared in the Kansas Magazine in 1872, shows that he had the native capacity for achieving the highest rank in literature. The Civil War and the virulent partisanship which followed it are sufficient to account for the fact that he did not realize his possibilities as a writer. With Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Poe, Holmes, and Lowell, not to mention half a hundred meritorious writers of a lower grade, American literature during the first half of the nineteenth century had in it the promise of that pre-eminence in the literature of the world which it will finally realize. The crudity and passion of the Civil War, which interrupted its steady evolution during a full generation, turned such brilliant intellects as that of Ingalls to the ephemeral work of partisan contention. Their creativeness was not wholly destroyed, but in all sections it was so greatly impeded that it is only with the opening of the twentieth century that the hope of a national American literature, full of the spirit of the people and governed by an adequate sense of the high realities of art, returns with a prospect of progressive and uninterrupted realization. The essay on «Blue Grass,» as it is given here, certainly belongs to this American literature, and it is not less certainly a characteristic Kansas product.

W. V. B.

BLUE GRASS

ATTRACTED by the bland softness of an afternoon in my primeval winter in Kansas, I rode southward through the dense forest that then covered the bluffs of the North Fork of the Wildcat. The ground was sodden with the ooze of melting snow. The dripping trees were as motionless as granite. The last year's leaves, tenacious lingerers, loath to leave the scene of their brief bravery, adhered to the gray boughs like fragile bronze. There were no visible indications of life, but the broad, wintry landscape was flooded with that indescribable splendor that never was on sea or shore — a purple and silken softness, that half veiled, half disclosed the alien horizon, the vast curves of the remote river, the transient architecture of the clouds, and filled the responsive soul with a vague tumult of emotions, pensive and pathetic, in which regret and hope contended for the mastery. The dead and silent globe, with all its hidden kingdom, seemed swimming like a bubble, suspended in an ethereal solution of amethyst and silver, compounded of the exhaling whiteness of the snow, the descending glory of the sky. A tropical atmosphere brooded upon an Arctic scene, creating the strange spectacle of summer in winter, June in January, peculiar to Kansas, which unseen cannot be imagined, but once seen can never be forgotten. A sudden descent into the sheltered valley revealed an unexpected crescent of dazzling verdure, glittering like a meadow in early spring, unreal as an incantation, surprising as the sea to the soldiers of Xenophon as they stood upon the shore and shouted « Thalatta! » It was Blue Grass, unknown in Eden, the final triumph of nature, reserved to compensate her favorite offspring in the new Paradise of Kansas for the loss of the old upon the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light, and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Exaggerated by tropical heats and vapors to the gigantic cane congested with its saccharine secretion, or dwarfed by polar rigors to the fibrous hair of northern solitudes, embracing between these extremes the maize with its resolute pennons, the rice plant of southern swamps, the wheat, rye, barley, oats, and other cereals, no less than the humbler verdure of hillside, pasture, and prairie

in the temperate zone, grass is the most widely distributed of all vegetable beings, and is at once the type of our life and the emblem of our mortality. Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

As he reflected upon the brevity of human life, grass has been the favorite symbol of the moralist, the chosen theme of the philosopher. «All flesh is grass,» said the prophet; «My days are as the grass,» sighed the troubled patriarch; and the pensive Nebuchadnezzar, in his penitential mood, exceeded even these, and, as the sacred historian informs us, did eat grass like an ox.

Grass is the forgiveness of nature,—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibres hold the earth in its place, and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character, and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

One grass differs from another grass in glory. One is vulgar and another patrician. There are grades in its vegetable nobility. Some varieties are useful. Some are beautiful. Others combine utility and ornament. The sour, reedy herbage of the swamps is base born. Timothy is a valuable servant. Redtop and clover are a degree higher in the social scale. But the king of them all, with genuine blood royal, is Blue Grass. Why it is called blue, save that it is most vividly and intensely green, is inexplicable; but had its unknown priest baptized it with all the hues of the prism, he would not have changed its hereditary title to imperial superiority over all its humble kin.

Taine, in his incomparable «History of English Literature,» has well said that the body of man in every country is deeply rooted in the soil of nature. He might properly have declared that men were wholly rooted in the soil, and that the character of nations, like that of forests, tubers and grains, is entirely determined by the climate and soil in which they germinate. Dogmas grow like potatoes. Creeds and carrots, catechisms and cabbages, tenets and turnips, religions and ruta-bagas, governments and grasses, all depend upon the dew point and the thermal range. Give the philosopher a handful of soil, the mean annual temperature and rainfall, and his analysis would enable him to predict with absolute certainty the characteristics of the nation.

Calvinism transplanted to the plains of the Ganges would perish of inanition. Webster is as much an indigenous product of New England as its granite and its pines. Napoleon was possible only in France; Cromwell in England; Christ, and the splendid invention of immortality, alone in Palestine. Moral causes and qualities exert influences far beyond their nativity, and ideas are transplanted and exported to meet the temporary requirements of the tastes or necessities of man; as we see exotic palms in the conservatories of Chatsworth, russet apples at Surinam, and oranges in Atchison. But there is no growth,—nothing but change of location. The phenomena of politics exhibit the operations of the same law. Contrast the enduring fabric of our federal liberties with the abortive struggles of Mexico and the Central American republics. The tropics are inconsistent with democracy. Tyranny is alien to the temperate zone.

The direct agency upon which all these conditions depend, and through which these forces operate, is food. Temperature, humidity, soil, sunlight, electricity, vital force, express themselves

primarily in vegetable existence that furnishes the basis of that animal life which yields sustenance to the human race. What a man, a community, a nation can do, think, suffer, imagine, or achieve, depends upon what it eats. Bran eaters and vegetarians are not the kings of men. Rice and potatoes are the diet of slaves. The races that live on beef have ruled the world, and the better the beef the greater the deeds they have done. Mediæval Europe, the Vandals, and Huns, and Goths, ate the wild hog, whose brutal ferocity was repeated in their truculent valor, and whose loathsome protoplasm bore the same relation to that barbarous epoch that a rosy steak from a short-horned Durham does to the civilization of the nineteenth century. A dim consciousness of the intimate connection between regimen and religion seems to have dawned upon the intellectual horizon of those savage tribes who eat the missionaries which a misguided philanthropy has sent to save their souls from perdition. . . .

The primary form of food is grass. Grass feeds the ox; the ox nourishes man; man dies and goes to grass again; and so the tide of life, with everlasting repetition, in continuous circles, moves endlessly on and upward, and in more senses than one, all flesh is grass. But all flesh is not Blue Grass. If it were, the devil's occupation would be gone.

There is a portion of Kentucky known as the "Blue-Grass Region," and it is safe to say that it has been the arena of the most magnificent intellectual and physical development that has been witnessed among men or animals upon the American continent, or perhaps upon the whole face of the world. In corroboration of this belief, it is necessary only to mention Henry Clay, the orator, and the horse, Lexington, both peerless, electric, immortal. The ennobling love of the horse has extended to all other races of animals. Incomparable herds of high-bred cattle graze the tranquil pastures, their elevating protoplasm supplying a finer force to human passions, brains, and will. Hog artists devote their genius to shortening the snouts and swelling the hams of their grunting brethren. The reflex of this solicitude appears in the muscular, athletic vigor of the men, and the voluptuous beauty of the women who inhabit this favored land. Palaces, temples, forests, peaceful institutions, social order, spring like exhalations from the congenial soil.

All these marvels are attributable as directly to the potential influence of Blue Grass as day and night to the revolution of the

earth. Eradicate it, substitute for it the scrawny herbage of impoverished barrens, and in a single generation man and beast would alike degenerate into a common decay. . . .

The typical Kansas has not yet appeared. Our population is composed of more alien and conflicting elements than were ever assembled under one political organization, each mature, each stimulated to abnormal activity. It is not yet fused and welded into a homogeneous mass, and we must therefore consult the oracles of analogy to ascertain in what garb our Coming Man will arrive. His lineaments and outline will be controlled by the abode we fashion, and the food that we prepare for him when he comes.

Though our State is embryonic and fetal at present, it is not difficult to perceive certain distinctive features indigenous to our limits. The social order is anomalous. Our politics have been exceptional, violent, personal, convulsive. The appetite of the community demands the stimulus of revolution. It is not content with average results in morals. It hungers for excitement. Its favorite apostles and prophets have been the howling dervishes of statesmanship and religion. Every new theory seeks Kansas as its tentative point, sure of partisans and disciples. Our life is intense in every expression. We pass instantaneously from tremendous energy to the most inert and sluggish torpor. There is no golden mean. We act first and think afterwards. These idiosyncrasies are rapidly becoming typical, and, unless modified by the general introduction of Blue Grass, may be rendered permanent. Nature is inconstant, and molds us to her varying moods.

Kansas is all antithesis. It is the land of extremes. It is the hottest, coldest, driest, wettest, thickest, thinnest country of the world. The stranger who crossed our borders for the first time at Wyandotte and traveled by rail to White Cloud would, with consternation, contrast that uninterrupted Sierra of rugose and oak-clad crags with the placid prairies of his imagination. Let him ride along the spine of any of those lateral «divides» or watersheds whose

> «Level leagues forsaken lie,
> A grassy waste, extending to the sky,»

and he would be oppressed by the same melancholy monotony which broods over those who pursue the receding horizon over

the fluctuating plains of the sea. And let his discursion be whither it would, if he listened to the voice of experience he would not start upon his pilgrimage at any season of the year without an overcoat, a fan, a lightning rod, and an umbrella.

The newcomer, alarmed by the traditions of «the drought of '60,» when, in the language of one of the varnished rhetoricians of that epoch, «acorns were used for food and the bark of trees for clothing,» views with terror the long succession of dazzling early summer days, days without clouds and nights without dew, days when the effulgent sun floods the dome with fierce and blinding radiance, days of glittering leaves and burnished blades of serried ranks of corn, days when the transparent air, purged of all earthly exhalation and alloy, seems like a pure, powerful lens, revealing a remoter horizon and a profounder sky.

But his apprehensions are relieved by the unheralded appearance of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, in the northwest. A huge bulk of purple and ebony vapor, preceded by a surging wave of pallid smoke, blots out the sky. Birds and insects disappear, and cattle abruptly stand agaze. An appalling silence, an ominous darkness, fill the atmosphere. A continuous roll of muffled thunder, increasing in volume, shakes the solid earth. The air suddenly grows chill, and smells like an unused cellar. A fume of yellow dust conceals the base of the meteor. The jagged scimiter of the lightning, drawn from its cloudy scabbard, is brandished for a terrible instant in the abyss, and thrust into the affrighted city with a crash, as if the rafters of the world had fallen. The wind, hitherto concealed, leaps from its ambush and lashes the earth with scourges of rain. The broken cisterns of the clouds can hold no water, and rivers run in the atmosphere. Dry ravines become turbid torrents, bearing cargoes of drift and rubbish on their swift descent. Confusion and chaos hold undisputed sway. In a moment the turmoil ceases. A gray veil of rain stands like a wall of granite in the eastern sky. The trailing banners of the storm hang from the frail bastions. The routed squadrons of mist, gray on violet, terrified fugitives, precipitately fly beneath the triumphal arch of a rainbow, whose airy and insubstantial glory dies with the dying sun.

For days the phenomenon is repeated. Water oozes from the air. The strands of rain are woven with the inconstant sunbeam. Reeds and sedges grow in the fields, and all nature tends to fins, web feet, and amphibiousness.

Oppressed by the sedate monotony of the horizon, and tortured by the alternating hopes and fears which such a climate excites, the prairie dweller becomes sombre and grave in his conversation and demeanor. Upon that illimitable expanse, and beneath that silent and cloudless sky, mirth and levity are impossible. Meditation becomes habitual. Fortitude and persistence succumb under the careless husbandry induced by the generous soil. The forests, ledges, and elevations which serve to identify other localities and make them conspicuous, are wanting here. Nature furnishes farms ready made, like clothing in a slopshop; and as we relinquish without pain what we acquire without toil, the denizen has no local attachments, and daunted by slight obstacles, or discontented by trivial discomforts, becomes migratory and follows the coyote and the bison. The pure stimulus of the air brings his nerves into unnatural sensitiveness and activity. His few diseases are brief and fatal. Rapid evaporation absorbs the juices of his body, and he grows cachectic. Hospitality is formal. Life assumes its most serious aspect. In religion he is austere; in debauchery violent and excessive, but irregular.

The thoughtful observer cannot fail to conclude that Kansas is to be the theatre of some extraordinary development in the future. Our history, soil, climate, and population have all been exceptional, and they all point to an anomalous destiny. Our position is focal. Energy accumulates here. Our material advancement indicates a concentration of force, such as no State in its infancy has ever witnessed. Every citizen is impressed with the belief that he has a special mission to perform. Every immigrant immediately catches the contagion and sleeps no more. He rushes to the frontier, stakes out a town without an inhabitant, builds a hotel without a guest, starts a newspaper without a subscriber, organizes railroad companies for direct connections with New York, San Francisco, Hudson's Bay, and the Gulf of Mexico. When two or three are gathered together they vote a million dollars of ten per cent. bonds, payable in London, and before the prairie dogs have had time to secure a new location the bonds are sold, locomotives are heard screaming in the distance, a strange population assembles from the four quarters of the globe, and an impassioned orator rises in the next State convention and demands the nomination of the Honorable Ajax Agamemnon of Marathon, to represent that ancient constituency in the halls of the national congress. In a year, or a month, it may be, the excitement subsides, corner

lots can be bought for less than the price of quarter sections, «jimson weed» starts up in the streets, second-hand clothing men purchase the improvements for a tenth of their cost, and the volcano breaks out again in some other part of the State.

The names of dead Kansas newspapers outnumber the living; her acts of incorporation for forgotten cities, towns, railroads, ferries, colleges, cemeteries, banks, fill ponderous volumes; the money that has been squandered in these chimerical schemes would build the Capitol of polished marble, and cover its dome with beaten gold.

But, notwithstanding this random and spasmodic activity, our solid progress has been without parallel. No community in the world can show a corresponding advancement in the same time and under similar circumstances. Guided by reflection, directed by prudence, controlled by calm reason, upon what higher eminence these intense forces might have placed us can hardly be conjectured. But such a career, however fortunate it might have been, our physical surroundings have rendered impossible. The sudden release of the accumulated energy so long imprisoned in the useless soil, the prodigious store of electricity in the atmosphere, and the resentment which Nature always exhibits at the invasion of her solitudes, all contributed to induce a social disorder as intemperate as their own. But an improvement in our physical conditions is already perceptible. The introduction of the metals in domestic and agricultural implements, jewelry, railroads, and telegraphs, has, to a great extent, restored the equilibrium, and by constantly conducting electricity to the earth, prevents local congestion and a recurrence of the tempests and tornadoes of early days. The rains which were wont to run from the trampled pavement of the sod suddenly into the streams are now absorbed into the cultivated soil, and gradually restored to the air by solar evaporation, making the alternation of the seasons less violent, and continued droughts less probable. Under these benign influences, prairie grass is disappearing. The various breeds of cattle, hogs, and horses are improving. The culture of orchards and vineyards yields more certain returns. A richer, healthier, and more varied diet is replacing the side meat and corn pone of antiquity. Blue Grass is marching into the bowels of the land without impediment. Its perennial verdure already clothes the bluffs and uplands along the streams, its spongy sward retaining the moisture of the earth, preventing the

annual scarification by fire, promoting the growth of forests, and elevating the nature of man.

Supplementing this material improvement is an evident advance in manners and morals. The little log schoolhouse is replaced by magnificent structures furnished with every educational appliance. Churches multiply. The commercial element has disappeared from politics. The intellectual standard of the press has advanced, and with the general diffusion of Blue Grass we may reasonably anticipate a career of unexampled and enduring prosperity.

The drama has opened with a stately procession of historic events. No ancient issues confuse the theme. No buried nations sleep in the untainted soil, vexing the present with their phantoms, retarding progress with the burden of their outworn creeds, depressing enthusiasm by the silent reproof of their mighty achievements. Heirs of the greatest results of time, we are emancipated from all allegiance to the past. Unincumbered by precedents, we stand in the vestibule of a future which is destined to disclose upon this arena time's noblest offspring,—the perfected flower of American manhood.

From the Kansas Magazine
September, 1872

WASHINGTON IRVING

(1783–1859)

NEXT to Addison himself, Washington Irving is the most thorough master of Addison's prose style. Indeed, it is not a paradox to say that at times he writes the Addisonian essay better than Addison himself, for he has a delicacy of touch in portrait drawing and character sketching which he does not lose even when he is most serious; while Addison's tender humor is far from being a characteristic of all his Spectator essays. This in Addison is not an indication of inferiority, but an incident of that solidity of judgment and loftiness of thought which are as characteristic of him at his very best as parody and burlesque are of Irving when he throws off the restraints of his classical training. Addison could not have written the Knickerbocker «History of New York,» nor could Irving have written Addison's essay «On the Message of the Stars» in the Spectator of August 22d, 1712. We can see, too, that Irving's best characters in «Bracebridge Hall» are the near relations of Sir Roger de Coverley's family and friends. But if Irving takes pleasure in openly imitating the manner of the Spectator, he succeeds to an eminent degree in doing what no one else has been able to do at all,—in giving new vitality and a distinct individuality to everything he borrows from the masters of Queen Anne's reign.

Irving differs from the Spectator school much more in character than in style. To them the essay was to be the means of reforming a depraved generation. They had a deep consciousness of a serious mission, and as a result they often cease to amuse in their anxiety to instruct. Irving has little of the reformer in him. He saw the inconsistencies and incongruities of human character and of the history which grows out of them; but instead of preaching, he laughed. He is, by nature a story-teller rather than a «Vates,» as Addison was, and all his essays tend to become stories. In the «Alhambra,» the essay and the tale are so blended that it is impossible to separate them. So in his masterpieces, «Rip Van Winkle» and «The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,» Irving, though he is still a pupil of Addison, is no longer an essayist at all, but a story-teller, illustrating a highly developed faculty of inventing plots of which Addison shows only a rudimentary trace. Charming as he is in essay writing, Irving's great strength lies in easy narrative. This he understood so thoroughly that when his

extensive writings are analyzed they are found to be nearly all narrative. Even his lightest sketches have a tendency to develop a plot. His portraits will not stay upon his easel. They «come to life,» step down and begin to act in the most animated manner before they are more than half drawn. In this he resembles Hawthorne, and it is this chiefly which differentiates him from the «wits» of Queen Anne's reign. We believe in Sir Roger de Coverley — as the most admirable literary portrait ever painted. But we accept Rip Van Winkle, with all his improbabilities, as one of the high realities of a supernatural world, — not a portrait, but an absolute illogical necessity, who, when once created by Irving, is as much alive as we are. What this means we can the better realize by remembering that the difficulty of presenting Sir Roger on the stage would be as insuperable as that of keeping Rip Van Winkle off.

Irving was born at New York, April 3d, 1783. His father, William Irving, was an Englishman, and Irving at early maturity had none of the prejudice against English manners and institutions which often characterized young Americans of that time. In 1804, when he went abroad for two years for his health, he received the first impulse towards a mode of writing in which he excels, — that of describing the customs of other countries in such sketches and essays as those of «Bracebridge Hall» and the «Alhambra.» In 1815 he went abroad again, and «Bracebridge Hall,» which appeared seven years later, made him a great favorite with the aristocratic party in England. His Knickerbocker «History of New York,» which appeared in 1809, had made him famous in America. «The Sketch Book» appeared in parts in 1819, and was published in book form in 1820. Until his death, November 28th, 1859, he continued to write one volume after another of sketches, biographies, and histories with hardly a dull line in them. It is not necessary and it would be ungrateful to complain that he lacks depth, while no doubt it is true that no other author of his generation has written so voluminously and so entertainingly on such a wide range of subjects.

W. V. B.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL

The ancientest house, and the best for housekeeping, in this country or the next; and though the master of it write but Squire, I know no lord like him.—«Merry Beggars.»

THE reader, if he has perused the volumes of «The Sketch Book,» will probably recollect something of the Bracebridge family, with which I once passed a Christmas. I am now on another visit at the Hall, having been invited to a wedding which is shortly to take place. The Squire's second son, Guy, a fine, spirited young captain in the army, is about to be married to his father's ward, the fair Julia Templeton. A gathering of relations and friends has already commenced, to celebrate the joyful occasion; for the old gentleman is an enemy to quiet, private weddings. «There is nothing,» he says, «like launching a young couple gayly, and cheering them from the shore; a good outset is half the voyage.»

Before proceeding any further, I would beg that the Squire might not he confounded with that class of hard-riding, fox-hunting gentlemen so often described, and, in fact, so nearly extinct in England. I use this rural title partly because it is his universal appellation throughout the neighborhood, and partly because it saves me the frequent repetition of his name, which is one of those rough old English names at which Frenchmen exclaim in despair.

The Squire is, in fact, a lingering specimen of the old English country gentleman; rusticated a little by living almost entirely on his estate, and something of a humorist, as Englishmen are apt to become when they have an opportunity of living in their own way. I like his hobby passing well, however, which is a bigoted devotion to old English manners and customs; it jumps a little with my own humor, having as yet a lively and unsated curiosity about the ancient and genuine characteristics of my «fatherland.»

There are some traits about the Squire's family, also, which appear to me to be national. It is one of those old aristocratical families, which, I believe, are peculiar to England, and scarcely understood in other countries; that is to say, families of the ancient gentry, who, though destitute of titled rank, maintain a high

ancestral pride; who look down upon all nobility of recent creation, and would consider it a sacrifice of dignity to merge the venerable name of their house in a modern title.

This feeling is very much fostered by the importance which they enjoy on their hereditary domains. The family mansion is an old manor house, standing in a retired and beautiful part of Yorkshire. Its inhabitants have been always regarded, through the surrounding country, as «the great ones of the earth»; and the little village near the Hall looks up to the Squire with almost feudal homage. An old manor house, and an old family of this kind, are rarely to be met with at the present day; and it is probably the peculiar humor of the Squire that has retained this secluded specimen of English housekeeping in something like the genuine old style.

I am again quartered in the paneled chamber, in the antique wing of the house. The prospect from my window, however, has quite a different aspect from that which it wore on my winter visit. Through the early month of April, yet a few warm, sunshiny days have drawn forth the beauties of the spring, which, I think, are always most captivating on their first opening. The parterres of the old-fashioned garden are gay with flowers; and the gardener has brought out his exotics, and placed them along the stone balustrades. The trees are clothed with green buds and tender leaves. When I throw open my jingling casement, I smell the odor of mignonette, and hear the hum of the bees from the flowers against the sunny wall, with the varied song of the throstle, and the cheerful notes of the tuneful little wren.

While sojourning in this stronghold of old fashions, it is my intention to make occasional sketches of the scenes and characters before me. I would have it understood, however, that I am not writing a novel, and have nothing of intricate plot or marvelous adventure to promise the reader. The Hall of which I treat has, for aught I know, neither trapdoor, nor sliding panel, nor donjon keep; and, indeed, appears to have no mystery about it. The family is a worthy well-meaning family, that, in all probability, will eat and drink, and go to bed, and get up regularly, from one end of my work to the other; and the Squire is so kind-hearted that I see no likelihood of his throwing any kind of distress in the way of the approaching nuptials. In a word, I cannot foresee a single extraordinary event that is likely to occur in the whole term of my sojourn at the Hall.

I tell this honestly to the reader, lest, when he finds me dallying along, through every-day English scenes, he may hurry ahead, in hopes of meeting with some marvelous adventure further on. I invite him, on the contrary, to ramble gently on with me, as he would saunter out into the fields, stopping occasionally to gather a flower, or listen to a bird, or admire a prospect, without any anxiety to arrive at the end of his career. Should I, however, in the course of my wanderings about this old mansion see or hear anything curious, that might serve to vary the monotony of this every-day life, I shall not fail to report it for the reader's entertainment: —

> «For freshest wits I know will soon be wearie
> Of any book, how grave soe'er it be,
> Except it have odd matter, strange and merrie,
> Well sauc'd with lies and glaréd all with glee.»

Complete. From «Bracebridge Hall.»

THE BUSY MAN

A decayed gentleman who lives most upon his own mirth and my master's means, and much good do him with it. He does hold my master up with his stories, and songs, and catches, and such tricks and jigs, you would admire — he is with him now.

—«A Jovial Crew.»

By no one has my return to the Hall been more heartily greeted than by Mr. Simon Bracebridge, or Master Simon, as the Squire most commonly calls him. I encountered him just as I entered the park, where he was breaking a pointer, and he received me with all the hospitable cordiality with which a man welcomes a friend to another one's house. I have already introduced him to the reader as a brisk, old, bachelor-looking little man; the wit and superannuated beau of a large family connection, and the Squire's factotum. I found him, as usual, full of bustle, with a thousand petty things to do, and persons to attend to, and in chirping good humor; for there are few happier beings than a busy idler,— that is to say, a man who is eternally busy about nothing.

I visited him, the morning after my arrival, in his chamber, which is in a remote corner of the mansion, as he says he likes

to be to himself, and out of the way. He has fitted it up in his own taste, so that it is a perfect epitome of an old bachelor's notions of convenience and arrangement. The furniture is made up of odd pieces from all parts of the house, chosen on account of their suiting his notions, or fitting some corner of his apartment; and he is very eloquent in praise of an ancient elbow chair, from which he takes occasion to digress into a censure on modern chairs, as having degenerated from the dignity and comfort of high-backed antiquity.

Adjoining to his room is a small cabinet, which he calls his study. Here are some hanging shelves, of his own construction, on which are several old works on hawking, hunting, and farriery, and a collection or two of poems and songs of the reign of Elizabeth, which he studies out of compliment to the Squire; together with the Novelist's Magazine, the Sporting Magazine, the Racing Calendar, a volume or two of the Newgate Calendar, a book of the peerage, and another of heraldry.

His sporting dresses hang on pegs in a small closet; and about the walls of his apartment are hooks to hold his fishing tackle, whips, spurs, and a favorite fowling piece, curiously wrought and inlaid, which he inherits from his grandfather. He has, also, a couple of old single-keyed flutes, and a fiddle which he has repeatedly patched and mended himself, affirming it to be a veritable Cremona; though I have never heard him extract a single note from it that was not enough to make one's blood run cold.

From this little nest his fiddle will often be heard, in the stillness of midday, drowsily sawing some long-forgotten tune; for he prides himself on having a choice collection of good old English music, and will scarcely have anything to do with modern composers. The time, however, at which his musical powers are of most use is now and then of an evening, when he plays for the children to dance in the hall, and he passes among them and the servants for a perfect Orpheus.

His chamber also bears evidence of his various avocations: there are half-copied sheets of music; designs for needlework; sketches of landscapes, very indifferently executed; a camera lucida; a magic lantern, for which he is endeavoring to paint glasses; in a word, it is the cabinet of a man of many accomplishments, who knows a little of everything, and does nothing well.

After I had spent some time in his apartments, admiring the ingenuity of his small inventions, he took me about the establish-

ment to visit the stables, dog kennel, and other dependencies, in which he appeared like a general visiting the different quarters of his camp; as the Squire leaves the control of all these matters to him, when he is at the Hall. He inquired into the state of the horses; examined their feet; prescribed a drench for one, and bleeding for another; and then took me to look at his own horse, on the merits of which he dwelt with great prolixity, and which, I noticed, had the best stall in the stable.

After this I was taken to a new toy of his and the Squire's, which he termed the falconry, where there were several unhappy birds in durance, completing their education. Among the number was a fine falcon, which Master Simon had in especial training, and he told me that he would show me, in a few days, some rare sport of the good old-fashioned kind. In the course of our round, I noticed that the grooms, gamekeeper, whippers-in, and other retainers, seemed all to be on somewhat of a familiar footing with Master Simon, and fond of having a joke with him, though it was evident they had great deference for his opinion in matters relating to their functions.

There was one exception, however, in a testy old huntsman, as hot as a peppercorn; a meagre, wiry old fellow, in a threadbare velvet jockey cap, and a pair of leather breeches, that, from much wear, shone as though they had been japanned. He was very contradictory and pragmatical and apt, as I thought, to differ from Master Simon now and then, out of mere captiousness. This was particularly the case with respect to the treatment of the hawk, which the old man seemed to have under his peculiar care, and, according to Master Simon, was in a fair way to ruin; the latter had a vast deal to say about casting, and imping, and gleaming, and enseaming, and giving the hawk the rangle, which I saw was all heathen Greek to old Christy; but he maintained his point notwithstanding, and seemed to hold all this technical lore in utter disrespect.

I was surprised at the good humor with which Master Simon bore his contradictions, till he explained the matter to me afterwards. Old Christy is the most ancient servant in the place, having lived among dogs and horses the greater part of a century, and had been in the service of Mr. Bracebridge's father. He knows the pedigree of every horse on the place, and has bestrode the great great-grandsires of most of them. He can give a circumstantial detail of every fox hunt for the last sixty or

seventy years, and has a history for every stag's head about the house and for every hunting trophy nailed to the door of the dog kennel.

All the present race have grown up under his eye, and humor him in his old age. He once attended the Squire to Oxford, when he was student there, and enlightened the whole university with his hunting lore. All this is enough to make the old man opinionated, since he finds, on all these matters of first-rate importance, he knows more than the rest of the world. Indeed, Master Simon had been his pupil, and acknowledges that he derived his first knowledge in hunting from the instructions of Christy; and I much question whether the old man does not still look upon him as rather a greenhorn.

On our return homewards, as we were crossing the lawn in front of the house, we heard the porter's bell ring at the lodge, and shortly afterwards a kind of cavalcade advanced slowly up the avenue. At sight of it my companion paused, considered it for a moment, and then, making a sudden exclamation, hurried away to meet it. As it approached I discovered a fair, fresh-looking elderly lady, dressed in an old-fashioned riding habit, with a broad-brimmed white beaver hat, such as may be seen in Sir Joshua Reynolds' paintings. She rode a sleek white pony, and was followed by a footman in rich livery, mounted on an over-fed hunter. At a little distance in the rear came an ancient cumbrous chariot, drawn by two very corpulent horses, driven by as corpulent a coachman, beside whom sat a page dressed in a fanciful green livery. Inside of the chariot was a starched prim personage, with a look somewhat between a lady's companion and a lady's maid, and two pampered curs, that showed their ugly faces, and barked out of each window.

There was a general turning out of the garrison to receive this newcomer. The squire assisted her to alight, and saluted her affectionately; the fair Julia flew into her arms, and they embraced with the romantic fervor of boarding-school friends; she was escorted into the house by Julia's lover, towards whom she showed distinguished favor; and a line of the old servants, who had collected in the Hall, bowed most profoundly as she passed.

I observed that Master Simon was most assiduous and devout in his attentions upon this old lady. He walked by the side of her pony up the avenue; and, while she was receiving the salu-

tations of the rest of the family, he took occasion to notice the fat coachman, to pat the sleek carriage horses, and, above all, to say a civil word to my lady's gentlewoman, the prim, sour-looking vestal in the chariot.

I had no more of his company for the rest of the morning He was swept off in the vortex that followed in the wake of this lady. Once, indeed, he paused for a moment, as he was hurrying on some errand of the good lady, to let me know that this was Lady Lillycraft, a sister of the Squire, of large fortune, which the captain would inherit, and that her estate lay in one of the best sporting counties in all England.

Complete. From «Bracebridge Hall.»

GENTILITY

—— True Gentrie standeth in the trade
Of virtuous life, not in the fleshly line;
For blood is knit, but Gentrie is divine.
—«Mirror for Magistrates.»

I HAVE mentioned some peculiarities of the Squire in the education of his sons; but I would not have it thought that his instructions were directed chiefly to their personal accomplishments. He took great pains also to form their minds, and to inculcate what he calls good old English principles, such as are laid down in the writings of Peachem and his contemporaries. There is one author of whom he cannot speak without indignation, which is Chesterfield. He avers that he did much, for a time, to injure the true national character, and to introduce, instead of open manly sincerity, a hollow perfidious courtliness. «His maxims,» he affirms, «were calculated to chill the delightful enthusiasm of youth, and to make them ashamed of that romance which is the dawn of generous manhood, and to impart to them a cold polish and a premature worldliness.» «Many of Lord Chesterfield's maxims would make a young man a mere man of pleasure; but an English gentleman should not be a mere man of pleasure. He has no right to such selfish indulgence. His ease, his leisure, his opulence, are debts due to his country, which he must ever stand ready to discharge. He should be a man at all points; simple, frank, courteous, intelligent, accomplished, and informed· upright, intrepid, and disinterested; one who can mingle among

freemen; who can cope with statesmen; who can champion his country and its rights either at home or abroad. In a country like England, where there is such free and unbounded scope for the exertion of intellect, and where opinion and example have such weight with the people, every gentleman of fortune and leisure should feel himself bound to employ himself in some way towards promoting the prosperity or glory of the nation. In a country where intellect and action are trammeled and restrained men of rank and fortune may become idlers and triflers with impunity; but an English coxcomb is inexcusable; and this, perhaps, is the reason why he is the most offensive and insupportable coxcomb in the world."

The Squire, as Frank Bracebridge informs me, would often hold forth in this manner to his sons when they were about leaving the paternal roof; one to travel abroad, one to go to the army, and one to the university. He used to have them with him in the library, which is hung with the portraits of Sydney, Surrey, Raleigh, Wyat, and others. "Look at those models of true English gentlemen, my sons," he would say with enthusiasm; "those were men that wreathed the graces of the most delicate and refined taste around the stern virtues of the soldier; that mingled what was gentle and gracious with what was hardy and manly; that possessed the true chivalry of spirit, which is the exalted essence of manhood. They are the lights by which the youth of the country should array themselves. They were the patterns and idols of their country at home; they were the illustrators of its dignity abroad. 'Surrey,' says Camden, 'was the first nobleman that illustrated his high birth with the beauty of learning. He was acknowledged to be the gallantest man, the politest lover, and the completest gentleman of his time.' And as to Wyat, his friend Surrey most amiably testifies of him, that his person was majestic and beautiful, his visage 'stern and mild'; that he sang, and played the lute with remarkable sweetness; spoke foreign languages with grace and fluency, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of wit. And see what a high commendation is passed upon these illustrious friends: 'They were the two chieftains, who, having traveled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poetry, greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poetry from what it had been before, and therefore may be justly called the reformers of our English poetry and style.' And Sir Philip

Sydney, who has left us such monuments of elegant thought and generous sentiment, and who illustrated his chivalrous spirit so gloriously in the field. And Sir Walter Raleigh, the elegant courtier, the intrepid soldier, the enterprising discoverer, the enlightened philosopher, the magnanimous martyr. These are the men for English gentlemen to study. Chesterfield, with his cold and courtly maxims, would have chilled and impoverished such spirits. He would have blighted all the budding romance of their temperaments. Sydney would never have written his 'Arcadia,' nor Surrey have challenged the world in vindication of the beauties of his 'Geraldine.' These are the men, my sons," the Squire will continue, "that show to what our national character may be exalted, when its strong and powerful qualities are duly wrought up and refined. The solidest bodies are capable of the highest polish; and there is no character that may be wrought to a more exquisite and unsullied brightness than that of the true English gentleman."

When Guy was about to depart for the army, the Squire again took him aside, and gave him a long exhortation. He warned him against that affectation of cold-blooded indifference, which he was told was cultivated by the young British officers, among whom it was a study to "sink the soldier" in the mere man of fashion. "A soldier," said he, "without pride and enthusiasm in his profession, is a mere sanguinary hireling. Nothing distinguishes him from the mercenary bravo but a spirit of patriotism or a thirst for glory. It is the fashion nowadays, my son," said he, "to laugh at the spirit of chivalry; when that spirit is really extinct, the profession of a soldier becomes a mere trade of blood." He then set before him the conduct of Edward the Black Prince, who is his mirror of chivalry; valiant, generous, affable, humane; gallant in the field; but when he came to dwell on his courtesy toward his prisoner, the king of France,—how he received him in his tent, rather as a conqueror than as a captive,—attended on him at table like one of his retinue,—rode uncovered beside him on his entry into London, mounted on a common palfrey, while his prisoner was mounted in state on a white steed of stately beauty,—the tears of enthusiasm stood in the old gentleman's eyes.

Finally, on taking leave, the good Squire put in his son's hands, as a manual, one of his favorite old volumes, the "Life of the Chevalier Bayard," by Godefroy; on a blank page of which he had written an extract from the "Morte d'Arthur," containing the

eulogy of Sir Ector over the body of Sir Launcelot of the Lake, which the Squire considers as comprising the excellencies of a true soldier. "Ah, Sir Launcelot! thou wert head of all Christian knights; now there thou liest; thou wert never matched of none earthly knights-hands. And thou wert the curtiest knight that ever bare shield. And thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou wert the kindest man that ever strook with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among the presse of knights. And thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

Complete. From "Bracebridge Hall."

FORTUNE TELLING

Each city, each town, and every village,
Afford us either an alms or pillage;
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in a barn we tumble on straw.
If warm and fair, by yea-cock and nay-cock,
The fields will afford us a hedge or a hay-cock.
—"Merry Beggars."

As I was walking one evening with the Oxonian, Master Simon, and the General, in a meadow not far from the village, we heard the sound of a fiddle, rudely played, and, looking in the direction whence it came, we saw a thread of smoke curling up from among the trees. The sound of music is always attractive; for, wherever there is music, there is good humor, or good will. We passed along a footpath, and had a peep, through a break in the hedge, at the musician and his party, when the Oxonian gave us a wink, and told us that if we would follow him we should have some sport.

It proved to be a gipsy encampment, consisting of three or four little cabins, or tents, made of blankets and sail cloth, spread over hoops stuck in the ground. It was on one side of a green lane, close under a hawthorn hedge, with a broad beech tree spreading above it. A small rill tinkled along close by, through the fresh sward that looked like a carpet.

A teakettle was hanging by a crooked piece of iron over a fire made from dry sticks and leaves, and two old gipsies in red cloaks sat crouched on the grass, gossiping over their evening cup of tea; for these creatures, though they live in the open air, have their ideas of fireside comforts. There were two or three children sleeping on the straw with which the tents were littered; a couple of donkeys were grazing in the lane, and a thievish-looking dog was lying before the fire. Some of the younger gipsies were dancing to the music of a fiddle played by a tall, slender stripling in an old frock coat, with a peacock's feather stuck in his hatband.

As we approached, a gipsy girl with a pair of fine roguish eyes came up and, as usual, offered to tell our fortunes. I could not but admire a certain degree of slattern elegance about the baggage. Her long, black silken hair was curiously plaited in numerous small braids, and negligently put up in a picturesque style that a painter might have been proud to have devised. Her dress was of figured chintz, rather ragged, and not over-clean, but of a variety of most harmonious and agreeable colors; for these beings have a singularly fine eye for colors. Her straw hat was in her hand, and a red cloak thrown over one arm.

The Oxonian offered at once to have his fortune told, and the girl began with the usual volubility of her race; but he drew her on one side, near the hedge, as he said he had no idea of having his secrets overheard. I saw he was talking to her instead of she to him, and, by his glancing towards us now and then, that he was giving the baggage some private hints. When they returned to us, he assumed a very serious air. «Zounds!» said he, «it's very astonishing how these creatures come by their knowledge; this girl has told me some things that I thought no one knew but myself!»

The girl now assailed the General: «Come, your honor,» said she, «I see by your face you're a lucky man; but you're not happy in your mind; you're not, indeed, sir; but have a good heart, and give me a good piece of silver, and I'll tell you a nice fortune.»

The General had received all her approaches with a banter, and had suffered her to get hold of his hand; but at the mention of the piece of silver, he hemmed, looked grave, and, turning to us, asked if we had not better continue our walk. «Come, my master,» said the girl, archly, «you'd not be in such a hurry, if you knew all that I could tell you about a fair lady that has a

notion for you. Come, sir, old love burns strong; there's many a one comes to see weddings that go away brides themselves!»— Here the girl whispered something in a low voice, at which the General colored up, was a little fluttered, and suffered himself to be drawn aside under the hedge, where he appeared to listen to her with great earnestness, and at the end paid her half a crown with the air of a man that has got the worth of his money.

The girl next made her attack upon Master Simon, who, however, was too old a bird to be caught, knowing that it would end in an attack upon his purse, about which he is a little sensitive. As he has a great notion, however, of being considered a royster, he chuckled her under the chin, played her off with rather broad jokes, and put on something of the rakehelly air, that we see now and then assumed on the stage, by the sad-boy gentlemen of the old school. «Ah, your honor,» said the girl, with a malicious leer, «you were not in such a tantrum last year, when I told you about the widow you know who; but if you had taken a friend's advice, you'd never have come away from Doncaster races with a flea in your ear!»

There was a secret sting in this speech that seemed quite to disconcert Master Simon. He jerked away his hand in a pet, smacked his whip, whistled to his dogs, and intimated that it was high time to go home. The girl, however, was determined not to lose her harvest. She now turned upon me, and, as I have a weakness of spirit where there is a pretty face concerned, she soon wheedled me out of my money, and, in return, read me a fortune, which, if it prove true,—and I am determined to believe it,—will make me one of the luckiest men in the chronicles of Cupid.

I saw that the Oxonian was at the bottom of all this oracular mystery, and was disposed to amuse himself with the General, whose tender approaches to the widow had attracted the notice of the wag. I was a little curious, however, to know the meaning of the dark hints which had so suddenly disconcerted Master Simon; and took occasion to fall in the rear with the Oxonian on our way home, when he laughed heartily at my questions, and gave me ample information on the subject.

The truth of the matter is, that Master Simon has met with a sad rebuff since my Christmas visit to the Hall. He used at that time to be joked about a widow, a fine dashing woman, as he privately informed me. I had supposed the pleasure he

betrayed on these occasions resulted from the usual fondness of old bachelors for being teased about getting married, and about flirting, and being fickle and false-hearted. I am assured, however, that Master Simon had really persuaded himself the widow had a kindness for him; in consequence of which he had been at some extraordinary expense in new clothes, and had actually got Frank Bracebridge to order him a coat from Stultz. He began to throw out hints about the importance of a man's settling himself in life before he grew old; he would look grave whenever the widow and matrimony were mentioned in the same sentence; and privately asked the opinion of the Squire and parson about the prudence of marrying a widow with a rich jointure, but who had several children.

An important member of a great family connection cannot harp much upon the theme of matrimony without its taking wind; and it soon got buzzed about that Mr. Simon Bracebridge was actually gone to Doncaster races, with a new horse; but that he meant to return in a curricle with a lady by his side. Master Simon did, indeed, go to the races, and that with a new horse; and the dashing widow did make her appearance in her curricle,—but it was unfortunately driven by a strapping young Irish dragoon, with whom even Master Simon's self-complacency would not allow him to venture into competition, and to whom she was married shortly afterwards.

It was a matter of sore chagrin to Master Simon for several months, having never before been fully committed. The dullest head in the family had a joke upon him; and there is no one that likes less to be bantered than an absolute joker. He took refuge for a time at Lady Lillycraft's, until the matter should blow over; and occupied himself by looking over her accounts, regulating the village choir, and inculcating loyalty into a pet bullfinch, by teaching him to whistle «God Save the King.»

He has now pretty nearly recovered from the mortification; holds up his head, and laughs as much as any one; again affects to pity married men, and is particularly facetious about widows, when Lady Lillycraft is not by. His only time of trial is when the General gets hold of him, who is infinitely heavy and persevering in his waggery, and will interweave a dull joke through the various topics of a whole dinner time. Master Simon often parries these attacks by a stanza from his old work of «Cupid's Solicitor for Love»:—

«'Tis in vain to woo a widow over long,
In once or twice her mind you may perceive;
Widows are subtle, be they old or young,
And by their wiles young men they will deceive.»

Complete. From «Bracebridge Hall.»

LOVE CHARMS

——Come, do not weep, my girl;
Forget him, pretty pensiveness; there will
Come others, every day, as good as he.

—*Sir J. Suckling.*

THE approach of a wedding in a family is always an event of great importance, but particularly so in a household like this in a retired part of the country. Master Simon, who is a pervading spirit, and, through means of the butler and housekeeper, knows everything that goes forward, tells me that the maidservants are continually trying their fortunes, and that the servants' hall has of late been quite a scene of incantation.

It is amusing to notice how the oddities of the head of a family flow down through all the branches. The Squire, in the indulgence of his love of everything which smacks of old times, has held so many grave conversations with the parson at table, about popular superstitions and traditional rites, that they have been carried from the parlor to the kitchen by the listening domestics, and, being apparently sanctioned by such high authority, the whole house has become infected by them.

The servants are all versed in the common modes of trying luck and the charms to insure constancy. They read their fortunes by drawing strokes in the ashes, or by repeating a form of words and looking in a pail of water. St. Mark's Eve, I am told, was a busy time with them,—being an appointed night for certain mystic ceremonies. Several of them sowed hemp seed to be reaped by their true lovers; and they even ventured upon the solemn and fearful preparation of the dumb cake. This must be done fasting, and in silence. The ingredients are handed down in traditional form. «An eggshell full of salt an eggshell full of malt, and an eggshell full of barley meal.» When the cake is ready, it is put upon a pan over the fire, and the future husband will appear, turn the cake, and retire; but if a word is spoken,

or a fast is broken, during this awful ceremony, there is no knowing what horrible consequences would ensue.

The experiments, in the present instance, came to no result; they that sowed the hemp seed forgot the magic rhyme that they were to pronounce, so the true lover never appeared; and as to the dumb cake, what between the awful stillness they had to keep, and the awfulness of the midnight hour, their hearts failed them when they had put the cake in the pan; so that, on the striking of the great house-clock in the servants' hall, they were seized with a sudden panic, and ran out of the room, to which they did not return until morning, when they found the mystic cake burned to a cinder.

The most persevering at these spells, however, is Phœbe Wilkins, the housekeeper's niece. As she is a kind of privileged personage, and rather idle, she has more time to occupy herself with these matters. She has always had her head full of love and matrimony. She knows the dream book by heart, and is quite an oracle among the little girls of the family, who always come to her to interpret their dreams in the mornings.

During the present gayety of the house, however, the poor girl has worn a face full of trouble; and, to use the housekeeper's words, "has fallen into a sad, hystericky way lately." It seems that she was born and brought up in the village, where her father was parish clerk, and she was an early playmate and sweetheart of young Jack Tibbets. Since she has come to live at the Hall, however, her head has been a little turned. Being very pretty, and naturally genteel, she has been much noticed and indulged; and being the housekeeper's niece, she has held an equivocal station between a servant and a companion. She has learned something of fashions and notions among the young ladies, which has effected quite a metamorphosis; insomuch that her finery at church on Sundays has given mortal offense to her former intimates in the village. This has occasioned the misrepresentations which have awakened the implacable family pride of Dame Tibbets. But what is worse, Phœbe, having a spice of coquetry in her disposition, showed it on one or two occasions to her lover, which produced a downright quarrel; and Jack, being very proud and fiery, has absolutely turned his back upon her for several successive Sundays.

The poor girl is full of sorrow and repentance, and would fain make up with her lover; but he feels his security and stands aloof. In this he is doubtless encouraged by his mother, who is

continually reminding him what he owes to his family; for this same family pride seems doomed to be the eternal bane of lovers.

As I hate to see a pretty face in trouble, I have felt quite concerned for the luckless Phœbe ever since I heard her story. It is a sad thing to be thwarted in love at any time, but particularly so at this tender season of the year, when every living thing, even to the very butterfly, is sporting with its mate; and the green fields, and the budding groves, and the singing of the birds, and the sweet smell of the flowers are enough to turn the head of a love-sick girl. I am told that the coolness of young Ready Money lies very heavy at poor Phœbe's heart. Instead of singing about the house as formerly, she goes about pale and sighing, and is apt to break into tears when her companions are full of merriment.

Mrs. Hannah, the vestal gentlewoman of my Lady Lillycraft, has had long talks and walks with Phœbe, up and down the avenue, of an evening; and has endeavored to squeeze some of her own verjuice into the other's milky nature. She speaks with contempt and abhorrence of the whole sex, and advises Phœbe to despise all the men as heartily as she does. But Phœbe's loving temper is not to be curdled; she has no such thing as hatred or contempt for mankind in her whole composition. She has all the simple fondness of heart of poor, weak, loving woman; and her only thoughts at present are how to conciliate and reclaim her wayward swain.

The spells and love charms, which are matters of sport to the other domestics, are serious concerns with this love-stricken damsel. She is continually trying her fortune in a variety of ways. I am told that she has absolutely fasted for six Wednesdays and three Fridays successively, having understood that it was a sovereign charm to insure being married to one's liking within the year. She carries about, also, a lock of her sweetheart's hair, and a riband he once gave her, being a mode of producing constancy in a lover. She even went so far as to try her fortune by the moon, which has always had much to do with lovers' dreams and fancies. For this purpose she went out in the night of the full moon, knelt on a stone in the meadow, and repeated the old traditional rhyme:—

> "All hail to thee, moon, all hail to thee;
> I pray thee, good moon, now show to me
> The youth who my future husband shall be."

When she came back to the house she was faint and pale, and went immediately to bed. The next morning she told the porter's wife that she had seen some one close by the hedge in the meadow, which she was sure was young Tibbets; at any rate, she had dreamed of him all night,—both of which, the old dame assured her, were most happy signs. It has since turned out that the person in the meadow was old Christy, the huntsman, who was walking his nightly rounds with the great stag hound; so that Phœbe's faith in the charm is completely shaken.

Complete. From «Bracebridge Hall.»

THE BROKEN HEART

I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
—*Middleton.*

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellowmen. But a woman's

whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire,—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless,—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness,—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim,—how many soft cheeks grow pale,—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals,—so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of her heart has failed,—the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirit, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken,—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams,—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to

"darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low,—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young,—so intelligent,—so generous,—so brave,—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country,—the eloquent vindication of his name,—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation,—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every

worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth — who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! — so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation, — none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene, — nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her loves. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul, — that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, — and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay, — to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat

the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching,—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness,—that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrecoverably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:—

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
  And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
  For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
  Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
  How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love — for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him —
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

Complete. From «The Sketch Book.»

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

—*Garrick.*

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall; so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The armchair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. «Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?» thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbowchair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, in a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it

as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guidebook under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed and dreamed all night of Shakespeare, the Jubilee, and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring, for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in bycorners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, with a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Lawrence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross; of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in the chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit

with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the crones and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one who visits the house to sit; whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard, I am at a loss to say,—I merely mention the fact; and my hostess privately assured me that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a Northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am very willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travelers who travel for their gratification to be the same. What is it to us whether these stories be true or false so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

From the birthplace of Shakespeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, moldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired; the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built

their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows; and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort, which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low whitewashed room, with a stone floor, carefully scrubbed, served for parlor, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and prayer book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room; with a bright warming pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's granddaughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl, —and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighboring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet «bosom scenes» of life that they are to be met with.

I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers; but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval, during which Shakespeare's writings lay in comparative neglect, has spread its shadow over history; and it is his good or evil lot, that scarcely anything remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters. on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee,

and they remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the fête, who superintended the arrangements, and who, according to the sexton, was "a short punch man, very lively and bustling." John Ange had assisted also in cutting down Shakespeare's mulberry tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale; no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakespeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakespeare having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb,— the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels, even at the fountain head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low, perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:—

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
> To dig the dust inclosed here.
> Blest be he that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of

that cheerful, social disposition by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease — fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor!

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with the remains so awfully guarded by a malediction, and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare.

Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full-length effigy of his old friend John Combe, of usurious memory, on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervades the place — the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence; other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement there was something intense and thrilling in the idea that in very truth the remains of Shakespeare were moldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard I plucked a branch from one of the yew trees, — the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

From «Stratford on Avon,» in the «Sketch Book.»

ANNA BROWNELL JAMESON

(1794–1860)

MRS. JAMESON, whose « Characteristics of Women » has become a classic, was born in Dublin, May 17th, 1794. Her father, D. Brownell Murphy, was a miniature-painter, no wealthier than artists generally are, and his daughter began life at the age of sixteen as a governess in the family of the Marquis of Winchester. In 1825 she married Robert Jameson, a lawyer, with whom she did not live long. He went as a judge to Jamaica, while she remained at home to pursue her career as an authoress. Her « Characteristics of Women » appeared in 1832, her « Sacred and Legendary Art » from 1848 to 1852, and her « Miscellaneous Essays » in 1846. She wrote also « Celebrated Female Sovereigns » and a number of other works which were once widely read. She died in Middlesex, England, March 17th, 1860.

OPHELIA, POOR OPHELIA

OPHELIA — poor Ophelia! O far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life! What shall be said of her? for eloquence is mute before her! Like a strain of sad sweet music, which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear — like the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms — like the snowflake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth — like the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses — such is the character of Ophelia; so exquisitely delicate, it seems as if a touch would profane it; so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider it too deeply. The love of Ophelia, which she never once confesses, is like a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts as upon her own. Her sorrow asks not words, but tears; and her madness has precisely the same effect that

would be produced by the spectacle of real insanity, if brought before us: we feel inclined to turn away and veil our eyes in reverential pity and too painful sympathy.

Beyond every character that Shakespeare has drawn (Hamlet alone excepted) that of Ophelia makes us forget the poet in his own creation. Whenever we bring it to mind it is with the same exclusive sense of her real existence, without reference to the wondrous power which called her into life. The effect (and what an effect!) is produced by means so simple, by strokes so few, and so unobtrusive, that we take no thought of them. It is so purely natural and unsophisticated, yet so profound in its pathos, that, Hazlitt observes, it takes us back to the old ballads — we forget that, in its perfect artlessness, it is the supreme and consummate triumph of art.

The situation of Ophelia in the story is that of a young girl who, at an early age, is brought from a life of privacy into the circle of the court — a court such as we read of in those early times, at once rude, magnificent, and corrupted. She is placed immediately about the person of the queen, and is apparently her favorite attendant. The affection of the wicked queen for this gentle and innocent creature is one of those beautiful redeeming touches, one of those penetrating glances into the secret springs of natural and feminine feeling, which we find only in Shakespeare. Gertrude, who is not so wholly abandoned but that there remains within her heart some sense of the virtues she has forfeited, seems to look with a kind yet melancholy complacency on the lovely being she has destined for the bride of her son; and the scene in which she is introduced as scattering flowers on the grave of Ophelia is one of those effects of contrast in poetry, in character, and in feeling, at once natural and unexpected which fill the eye and make the heart swell and tremble within itself; — like the nightingales singing in the grove of the Furies, in Sophocles.

Again, in the father of Ophelia, the Lord Chamberlain Polonius — the shrewd, wary, subtle, pompous, garrulous old courtier — have we not the very man who would send his son into the world to see all, learn all it could teach of good and evil, but keep his only daughter as far as possible from every taint of that world he knew so well? So that when she is brought to the court she seems in her loveliness and perfect purity like a seraph that had wandered out of bounds, and yet breathed an

earth the air of paradise. When her father and her brother find it necessary to warn her simplicity, give her lessons of worldly wisdom, and instruct her «to be scanter of her maiden presence»; for that Hamlet's vows of love «but breathe like sanctified and pious bonds, the better to beguile»; we feel at once that it comes too late: for from the moment she appears on the scene amid the dark conflict of crime and vengeance, and supernatural terrors, we know what must be her destiny. Once at Murano, I saw a dove caught in a tempest; perhaps it was young, and either lacked strength of wing to reach its home, or the instinct which teaches to shun the brooding storm; but so it was — and I watched it, pitying, as it flitted, poor bird! hither and thither, with its silver pinions shining against the black thundercloud, till, after a few giddy whirls, it fell blinded, affrighted, and bewildered into the turbid wave beneath, and was swallowed up forever. It reminded me then of the fate of Ophelia; and now when I think of her, I see again before me that poor dove, beating with weary wing, bewildered amid the storm. It is the helplessness of Ophelia, arising merely from her innocence, and pictured without any indication of weakness, which melts us with such profound pity. She is so young, that neither her mind nor her person have attained maturity; she is not aware of the nature of her own feelings; they are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them, and love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. She says very little, and what she does say seems rather intended to hide than to reveal the emotions of her heart; yet in those few words we are made as perfectly acquainted with her character, and with what is passing in her mind, as if she had thrown forth her soul with all the glowing eloquence of Juliet. Passion with Juliet seems innate, a part of her being, «as dwells the gathered lightning in the cloud»; and we never fancy her but with the dark splendid eyes and Titian-like complexion of the south. While in Ophelia we recognize as distinctly the pensive, fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the north, whose heart seems to vibrate to the passion she has inspired, more conscious of being loved than of loving; and yet, alas! loving in the silent depths of her young heart, far more than she is loved. . . .

When the heathen would represent their Jove as clothed in all his Olympian terrors, they mounted him on the back of an

eagle, and armed him with the lightnings; but when in Holy Writ the Supreme Being is described as coming in his glory, he is upborne on the wings of cherubim, and his emblem is the dove. Even so our blessed religion, which has revealed deeper mysteries in the human soul than ever were dreamed of by Philosophy till she went hand in hand with Faith, has taught us to pay that worship to the symbols of purity and innocence which in darker times was paid to the manifestations of power; and therefore do I think that the mighty intellect, the capacious, soaring, penetrating genius of Hamlet, may be represented without detracting from its grandeur, as reposing upon the tender virgin innocence of Ophelia, with all that deep delight with which a superior nature contemplates the goodness which is at once perfect in itself, and of itself unconscious. That Hamlet regards Ophelia with this kind of tenderness,— that he loves her with a love as intense as can belong to a nature in which there is (I think) much more of contemplation and sensibility than action or passion,— is the feeling and conviction with which I have always read the play of « Hamlet.»

As to whether the mind of Hamlet be or be not touched with madness — this is another point at issue among critics, philosophers, aye, and physicians. To me it seems that he is not so far disordered as to cease to be a responsible human being; that were too pitiable: but rather that his mind is shaken from its equilibrium, and bewildered by the horrors of his situation,— horrors, which his fine and subtle intellect, his strong imagination, and his tendency to melancholy, at once exaggerate, and take from him the power either to endure, or « by opposing, end them.» We do not see him as a lover, nor as Ophelia first beheld him; for the days when he importuned her with love were before the opening of the drama — before his father's spirit revisited the earth; but we behold him at once in a sea of troubles, of perplexities, of agonies, of terrors; without remorse, he endures all its horrors; without guilt, he endures all its shame. A loathing of the crime he is called on to revenge, which revenge is again abhorrent to his nature, has set him at strife with himself; the supernatural visitation has perturbed his soul to its inmost depths; all things else, all interests, all hopes, all affections, appear as futile, when the majestic shadow comes lamenting from its place of torment «to shake him with thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul!» His love for Ophelia is then ranked by

himself among those trivial, fond records which he has deeply sworn to erase from his heart and brain. He has no thought to link his terrible destiny with hers; he cannot marry her; he cannot reveal to her, young, gentle, innocent as she is, the terrific influences which have changed the whole current of his life and purposes. In his distraction, he overacts the painful part to which he had tasked himself; he is like that judge of the Areopagus who, being occupied with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom, and with such angry violence, that unwittingly he killed it.

In the scene with Hamlet in which he madly outrages and upbraids himself, Ophelia says very little; there are two short sentences in which she replies to his wild, abrupt discourse —

Hamlet — I did love you once.

Ophelia — Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet — You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Ophelia — I was the more deceived.

Those who ever heard Mrs. Siddons read the play of « Hamlet » cannot forget the world of meaning, of love, of sorrow, of despair, conveyed in these two simple phrases. Here, and in the soliloquy afterwards, where she says,—

> « And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
> That sucked the honey of his music vows. »

are the only allusions to herself and her own feelings in the course of the play; and these, uttered almost without consciousness on her own part, contain the revelation of a life of love, and disclose the secret burthen of a heart bursting with its own unuttered grief. She believes Hamlet crazed; she is repulsed, she is forsaken, she is outraged, where she had bestowed her young heart, with all its hopes and wishes; her father is slain by the hand of her lover, as it is supposed, in a paroxysm of insanity; she is entangled inextricably in a web of horrors which she cannot even comprehend, and the result seems inevitable.

Of her subsequent madness what can be said? What an affecting — what an astonishing picture of a mind utterly, hopelessly wrecked! — past hope — past cure! There is the frenzy of excited passions — there is the madness caused by intense and continued thought — there is the delirium of fevered nerves: but

Ophelia's madness is distinct from these; it is not the suspension, but the utter destruction of the reasoning powers; it is the total imbecility which, as medical people well know, too frequently follows some terrible shock to the spirits. Constance is frantic; Lear is mad; Ophelia is insane. Her sweet mind lies in fragments before us — a pitiful spectacle! Her wild, rambling fancies; her aimless, broken speeches; her quick transitions from gayety to sadness — each equally purposeless and causeless; her snatches of old ballads, such as perhaps her nurse sang her to sleep with in her infancy — are all so true to the life, that we forget to wonder, and can only weep. It belonged to Shakespeare alone so to temper such a picture that we can endure to dwell upon it —

> «Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
> She turns to favor and to prettiness.»

That in her madness she should exchange her bashful silence for empty babbling, her sweet maidenly demeanor for the impatient restlessness that spurns at straws, and say and sing precisely what she never would or could have uttered had she been in possession of her reason, is so far from being an impropriety, that it is an additional stroke of nature. It is one of the symptoms of this species of insanity, as we are assured by physicians. I have myself known one instance in the case of a young Quaker girl, whose character resembled that of Ophelia, and whose malady arose from a similar cause.

The whole action of this play sweeps past us like a torrent which hurries along in its dark and resistless course all the personages of the drama towards a catastrophe which is not brought about by human will, but seems like an abyss ready dug to receive them, where the good and wicked are whelmed together. As the character of Hamlet has been compared, or rather contrasted, with the Greek Orestes, being, like him, called on to avenge a crime by a crime, tormented by remorseful doubts, and pursued by distraction; so to me the character of Ophelia bears a certain relation to that of the Greek Iphigenia, with the same strong distinction between the classical and the romantic conception of the portrait. Iphigenia led forth to sacrifice, with her unresisting tenderness, her mournful sweetness, her virgin innocence, is doomed to perish by that relentless power which has linked her destiny with crimes and contests in which she has no part but

as a sufferer; and even so, poor Ophelia, «divided from herself and her fair judgment,» appears here like a spotless victim offered up to the mysterious and inexorable fates.

«For it is the property of crime to extend its mischiefs over innocence, as it is of virtue to extend its blessings over many that deserve them not, while frequently the author of one or the other is not, as far as we can see, either punished or rewarded.» But there's a heaven above us!

From «Characteristics of Women.»

JOHN JAY

(1745–1829)

JOHN JAY, the associate of Hamilton and Madison in writing the essays of the Federalist, was born in New York city, December 12th, 1745. He was a lawyer of much ability, and became prominent as a patriot leader in the early troubles with England. From 1774 to 1779 he represented New York in Congress. In 1780 he went as minister to Spain, and while abroad served as one of the peace commissioners at Paris in 1782. From 1784 to 1789 he was a member of the Cabinet, holding the portfolio of foreign affairs. When the Supreme Court of the United States was organized in 1789, he became its first Chief-Justice. In 1794 he was sent abroad as minister to England, and on his return was elected Governor of New York, serving from 1795 to 1801. He died May 17th, 1829.

CONCERNING DANGERS FROM FOREIGN FORCE AND INFLUENCE

WHEN the people of America reflect that the question now submitted to their determination is one of the most important that has engaged, or can well engage, their attention, the propriety of their taking a comprehensive, as well as a very serious view of it, must be evident.

Nothing is more certain than the indispensable necessity of government; and it is equally undeniable that whenever and however it is instituted, the people must cede to it some of their natural rights, in order to vest it with requisite powers. It is well worthy of consideration, therefore, whether it would conduce more to the interest of the people of America, that they should, to all general purposes, be one nation under one federal government, than that they should divide themselves into separate confederacies, and give to the head of each the same kind of powers which they are advised to place in one national government.

It has until lately been a received and uncontradicted opinion that the prosperity of the people of America depended on their

continuing firmly united; and the wishes, prayers, and efforts, of our best and wisest citizens, have been constantly directed to that object. But politicians now appear, who insist that this opinion is erroneous, and that, instead of looking for safety and happiness in union, we ought to seek it in a division of the states into distinct confederacies or sovereignties. However extraordinary this new doctrine may appear, it, nevertheless, has its advocates; and certain characters who were formerly much opposed to it are at present of the number. Whatever may be the arguments or inducements which have wrought this change in the sentiments and declarations of these gentlemen, it certainly would not be wise in the people at large to adopt these new political tenets, without being fully convinced that they are founded in truth and sound policy.

It has often given me pleasure to observe that independent America was not composed of detached and distant territories, but that one connected, fertile, widespreading country, was the portion of our Western sons of liberty. Providence has in a particular manner blessed it with a variety of soils and productions, and watered it with innumerable streams, for the delight and accommodation of its inhabitants. A succession of navigable waters forms a kind of chain round its borders, as if to bind it together; while the most noble rivers in the world, running at convenient distances, present them with highways for the easy communication of friendly aids, and the mutual transportation and exchange of their various commodities.

With equal pleasure I have as often taken notice that Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country to one united people; and a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs; and who, by their joint counsels, arms, and efforts, fighting side by side, throughout a long and bloody war, have nobly established their general liberty and independence.

This country and this people seem to have been made for each other; and it appears as if it was the design of Providence that an inheritance so proper and convenient for a band of brethren, united to each other by the strongest ties, should never be split into a number of unsocial, jealous, and alien sovereignties.

Similar sentiments have hitherto prevailed among all orders

and denominations of men among us. To all general purposes we have uniformly been one people. Each individual citizen everywhere enjoying the same national rights, privileges, and protection. As a nation we have made peace and war; as a nation, we have vanquished our common enemies; as a nation, we have formed alliances, and made treaties, and entered into various compacts and conventions with foreign states.

A strong sense of the value and blessings of union induced the people at a very early period to institute a federal government to preserve and perpetuate it. They formed it almost as soon as they had a political existence; nay, at a time when their habitations were in flames, when many of them were bleeding in the field; and when the progress of hostility and desolation left little room for those calm and mature inquiries and reflections which must ever precede the formation of a wise and well-balanced government for a free people. It is not to be wondered at that a government, instituted in times so inauspicious, should on experiment be found greatly deficient and inadequate to the purpose it was intended to answer.

This intelligent people perceived and regretted these defects. Still continuing no less attached to union than enamored of liberty, they observed the danger which immediately threatened the former and more remotely the latter; and being persuaded that ample security for both could only be found in a national government more wisely framed they, as with one voice, convened the late Convention at Philadelphia, to take that important subject under consideration.

This Convention, composed of men who possessed the confidence of the people, and many of whom had become highly distinguished by their patriotism, virtue, and wisdom, in times which tried the souls of men, undertook the arduous task. In the mild season of peace, with minds unoccupied by other subjects, they passed many months in cool, uninterrupted, and daily consultations. And, finally, without having been awed by power, or influenced by any passion, except love for their country, they presented and recommended to the people the plan produced by their joint and very unanimous counsels.

Admit, for so is the fact, that this plan is only recommended, not imposed; yet, let it be remembered that it is neither recommended to blind approbation, nor to blind reprobation; but to that sedate and candid consideration, which the magnitude and

importance of the subject demand, and which it certainly ought to receive. But, as has been already remarked, it is more to be wished than expected that it may be so considered and examined. Experience on a former occasion teaches us not to be too sanguine in such hopes. It is not yet forgotten that well-grounded apprehensions of imminent danger induced the people of America to form the memorable Congress of 1774. That body recommended certain measures to their constituents, and the event proved their wisdom; yet it is fresh in our memories how soon the press began to teem with pamphlets and weekly papers against those very measures. Not only many of the officers of government who obeyed the dictates of personal interest, but others from a mistaken estimate of consequences, from the undue influence of ancient attachments, or whose ambition aimed at objects which did not correspond with the public good, were indefatigable in their endeavors to persuade the people to reject the advice of that patriotic Congress. Many, indeed, were deceived and deluded, but the great majority reasoned and decided judiciously; and happy they are in reflecting that they did so.

They considered that the Congress was composed of many wise and experienced men. That being convened from different parts of the country, they brought with them and communicated to each other a variety of useful information. That in the course of the time they passed together in inquiring into and discussing the true interest of their country, they must have acquired very accurate knowledge on that head. That they were individually interested in the public liberty and prosperity, and therefore that it was not less their inclination than their duty, to recommend such measures only, as after the most mature deliberation they really thought prudent and advisable.

These and similar considerations then induced the people to rely greatly on the judgment and integrity of the Congress; and they took their advice, notwithstanding the various arts and endeavors used to deter and dissuade them from it. But if the people at large had reason to confide in the men of that Congress, few of whom had then been fully tried or generally known, still greater reason have they now to respect the judgment and advice of the Convention; for it is well known that some of the most distinguished members of that Congress, who have been since tried and justly approved for patriotism and abilities, and who have grown old in acquiring political information, were also

members of this Convention, and carried into it their accumulated knowledge and experience.

It is worthy of remark, that not only the first, but every succeeding Congress, as well as the late Convention, have invariably joined with the people in thinking that the prosperity of America depended on its Union. To preserve and perpetuate it was the great object of the people in forming that Convention; and it is also the great object of the plan which the Convention has advised them to accept. With what propriety, therefore, or for what good purposes, are attempts at this particular period made by some men, to depreciate the importance of the Union? or why is it suggested that three or four confederacies would be better than one? I am persuaded in my own mind that the people have always thought right on this subject, and that their universal and uniform attachment to the cause of the Union rests on great and weighty reasons.

They who promote the idea of substituting a number of distinct confederacies in the room of the plan of the Convention, seem clearly to foresee that the rejection of it would put the continuance of the Union in the utmost jeopardy; that certainly would be the case; and I sincerely wish that it may be as clearly foreseen by every good citizen, that whenever the dissolution of the Union arrives, America will have reason to exclaim, in the words of the poet, "Farewell! A Long Farewell, to all my Greatness!"

PUBLIUS.

Complete. Number 2 of the Federalist.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB

(1841–)

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, and member of Parliament, was born at Dundee, Scotland, August 27th, 1841. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the list of his degrees and honors from other institutions is a long one. Among his publications are «The Characters of Theophrastus,» «The Attic Orators,» «Introduction to Homer,» «Lectures on Greek Poetry,» «Humanism in Education,» «Greek Literature,» and «Modern Greece.»

HOMER AND THE EPIC

THE Homeric poems give us the earliest sketch of certain political principles which may be traced through every branch of the Indo-European family of nations. Homeric political life has three great elements — King, Council, and Assembly,— the germs of Monarchy, Aristocracy, Democracy. The Homeric king (*Basileus*) leads his people in war, he is supreme judge, and he takes the chief part in public sacrifices to the gods,— but only as the head of the family does in a private sacrifice: the king is not a priest. He rules by divine right. The gods have given to his house that sceptre which he received from his father, and which he will hand on to his son. But his power is limited in three ways. Firstly, he must obey certain customs and traditions of his people, which form a body of unwritten yet positive law (*themistes*), and are the basis on which public justice is administered. Secondly, he must consult his Council (*Boulê*) of nobles and elders. Thirdly, his proposed measures must have the sanction of his whole people in their Assembly (*Agora*). The commoners who make up this Assembly cannot originate or discuss measures; they can only vote Aye or No. The saucy Thersites in the «Iliad» attempts to make a blustering speech, but sits down whimpering with a red weal on his back from the staff of Odysseus. In the «Odyssey» we see the beginning of a time when the Assembly was beginning to play more than this passive

part, and when, on the other hand, the king's successor was not necessarily his son or heir, but might be one of the nobles who were now more nearly on a level with him.

Homeric manners are the social side of Homeric politics. The public life is monarchical. The social life is patriarchal. As the king cares for his subjects, so the patriarch cares for his dependants. The intercourse of the chiefs is marked by the courtesy of a noble warrior caste, strangely mingled with brutal ferocity. Achilles is the model of Greek knighthood. His reception of King Priam is worthy of a knight. Yet even then Achilles feels the wild beast within him; he dreads lest, at some rash word, his fury should leap out, and he should slay his helpless old guest. A tie of hospitality (*xenia*) or hereditary friendship is held to exist between men whose fathers have entertained each other, and this claim insures a welcome. Hospitality to all wayfarers is recognized as a duty, since «strangers and beggars are sent by Zeus»; but a man who really «welcomed all comers» is named in the «Iliad» as if his virtue were memorable. Women have a higher position and more freedom than in the later historical age of Greece. Polygamy is unknown among Greeks, and there are few exceptions to the sanctity of marriage. The home life of King Alcinous and Queen Arêtê in the «Odyssey» is like a modern picture of fireside happiness, and no image of girlhood more noble or charming than Nausicaa can be found in poetry. A touch in the «Iliad» shows real feeling for the pathos of a lonely woman's life — the mention of the «true-hearted toiler,» working all day long «to win a scanty wage for her children.»

The amusements of a chief's country life are hunting, farming, or gardening, playing at games, such as throwing the javelin or quoit, or, after a solid but temperate dinner, listening to the minstrel's song. The mistress of the house weaves or embroiders among her handmaids. Queen Arêtê had made the robe which Nausicaa gave to Odysseus; and the princess helped her mother in household matters, being in sole charge of the washing. Slaves were often of gentle birth and nurture, having been taken in war or kidnaped in childhood; the latter was the case with Eumæus, the trusty swineherd of Odysseus; and we see here how intimate might be the confidence between master and old retainer. The «Iliad» gives us some bright glimpses of simple, joyous life: the patriarchal chief standing silent, glad at

heart, among his reapers, while food is being made ready under the trees; the troop of vintagers bearing the baskets of grapes with dance and song from the vineyard; the bridal procession, with the marriage hymn sounding and the bridegroom's friends dancing to flute and harp, while the women stand at their doors to see it pass; the maidens, with their fine linen robes and fair diadems, the youths with glossy tunics and golden swords slung by silver belts, dancing to the minstrel's music, while a delighted crowd looks on.

One test of civilization is the material of which men make their implements. Stone comes before metal. But the metal age itself has periods. In the first period, men use the metals separately, or hammer them together, but do not know how to smelt or fuse or solder them. The Homeric poems belong to the end of this first period. The next step is usually the smelting of copper with tin, so as to make bronze. The metals named come thus in Homeric order of value:—(1) gold; (2) silver; (3) tin; (4) «cyanus» (a dark metal, perhaps bronze, hardly blue steel); (5) iron; (6) copper (*chalcus*, certainly not «brass,» *i. e.*, copper + zinc); (7) lead. Fine works in metal are usually of Phœnician workmanship,—as armor (cuirass, shield, helmet),—bowls and vases,—ornamental baskets,—clasps, brooches, necklaces, etc. There is no money. A fine can be paid in gold and copper; «two talents' weight of gold» are once mentioned as a gift of honor; but oxen are the only regular measure of value. A mad bargain is to exchange armor worth 100 oxen for armor worth 9; a precious daughter is one «who brings oxen» (to her parents, in dower from her suitor). There is no certain allusion to writing; in «Iliad,» VII. 172, the heroes scratch their marks on their lots, and in VI. 172 the «signs» on the «folded tablet» need not be alphabetical. It does not necessarily follow that the poet could not write himself. In the «Odyssey» we hear of «professional men»—physicians, soothsayers, minstrels, heralds, artificers in wood and metal.

The earth is imagined as a sort of flat oval, with the river Oceanus flowing round it. The poet of the «Iliad» knows the coasts of Asia Minor and their islands, but describes no scenery in Greece Proper, and knows the lands to east and south only from hearsay. The poet of the «Odyssey» had probably never seen Ithaca or its neighboring islands, but knew the Peloponnesus and the eastern parts of Greece Proper. Cyprus (whence «copper»)

is mentioned in both poems. The Nile is "the river Egypt." Egyptian Thebes is the type of a rich and glorious place — ranking with Orchomenus in Bœotia and (for wealth) with Delphi. Its old greatness under Rameses was long past; Memphis was the capital when these poets sang: but Thebes had been embellished by Sesonchis, founder of the twenty-second Egyptian dynasty, and the fame of his march into Syria may have reached Ionian poets of 930–900 B. C. Sidon, capital and seaport of Phœnicia, is famous for embroidery and metal work. Tyre is never named.

The Greeks themselves, and all men till the end of the last century, were nearly unanimous in believing the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" to be the work of one poet, Homer. Homer is named in a spurious fragment of Hesiod, but the earliest authentic mention is in the philosopher and poet Xenophanes, who flourished about 510 B. C. The name Homêrus means "fitted together," and was the ordinary word for a hostage, *i. e.*, a pledge agreed upon between two parties. But nothing was accurately known about his life or date. Most opinions placed Homer either in the time when the Ionian colonies in Asia Minor were founded (about 1044 B. C.), or within a century later. The philosopher Aristotle, who wrote on Homer, and the Homeric critic Aristarchus seem to have put him about 1044 B. C. The historian Herodotus (440 B. C.), differing probably from most of his own contemporaries, made Homer, along with Hesiod, live as late as 850 B. C. According to a Greek epigram, Homer was claimed as son by Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Ithaca, Pylus, Argos, Athens. But all the best evidence connects Homer with Smyrna, an originally Æolian city which afterwards became Ionian. An ancient epithet for him is Melesigenes, "son of Meles," the name of a stream which flowed through old Smyrna, on the border between Æolis and Ionia. This is significant when we remember that the "Iliad" is an Ionian poem on Æolian themes. The unknown author of the "Homeric" hymn to Apollo of Delos speaks of himself as a blind old man living in Chios; the Ancients thought that this hymn was by Homer, and thus the tradition of Homer's blindness was perpetuated. The little island Ios, one of the Cyclades, claimed to have Homer's grave. The Homeridæ, "sons of Homer," who claimed to be descendants of the poet, lived in the Ionian island of Chios. The art of epic poetry was hereditary in their house, as poetry and music and other arts often were in Greek families.

Both «Iliad» and «Odyssey» had their first origin on the Ionian coast of Asia Minor, and came thence to Greece Proper. The Spartans said that their lawgiver Lycurgus first brought to Greece a complete copy of the poems, which he had got from the Creophylidæ, a family of poets in Samos. Athens was of small account when the «Iliad» was first sung; the poem mentions it only once, as «a well-built town,» and the only one of Athenian warriors who is mentioned by name is quite obscure. But it was at Athens, not at Sparta, that loving care for the poems was first shown in Greece Proper. The traditions of this care refer to the sixth century B. C., and connect themselves with three names, the lawgiver Solon, the tyrant Pisistratus, and his son Hipparchus. Pisistratus, in the last period of his rule (537–527 B. C.) is said to have commissioned some learned men, of whom the poet Onomacritus was the chief, to collect the poems of Homer. It is now generally believed that an «Iliad» and an «Odyssey» already existed in writing at that time, but that the text had become much deranged, especially through the practice of reciting short passages without regard to their context. Besides these two poems, many other epic poems or fragments of the Ionian school went under Homer's name. The great task of the commission was to collect all these «poems of Homer» into one body. From this general stock, they may have supplied what they thought wanting in the «Iliad» and «Odyssey.» Their work cannot, in any case, have been critical in a modern sense. But it can hardly be doubted that some systematic attempt to preserve «the poems of Homer» was made in the reign of Pisistratus. And one fact is certain. In the sixth century B. C. reciters of «Homeric poems» regularly competed for a prize at the greatest of Athenian festivals, the Panathenæa, held in every fourth year.

These reciters were called Rhapsodists. «Rhapsodist» means literally «a stitcher of songs»; hence one who weaves a long, smoothly flowing chant, *i. e.*, an epic poet, as chanting his poem in a flowing recitative. The characters of poet and reciter were always united,—first in the early minstrel; then in the hereditary poets, such as the Homeridæ; and then in the free guild of poets, the rhapsodists, to whom the name of Homeridæ was extended. But the early minstrel sang to the harp; the later «rhapsodist» merely chanted, with a branch of laurel, the symbol of poetry, in his hand. Those who tell how the people in an Indian

village still hang on the lips of him who recites one of the great Indian epics help us to imagine the passionate sympathy, the tears, the rapture, with which a Greek crowd heard it told how the king of Troy knelt to Achilles in his tent by night, or how the dying hound in the courtyard of Odysseus just lived to give a feeble welcome to the wanderer whom no one else knew.

The Homeric poems were to the Greeks more than national poems have ever been to any people. Every other people, as it has grown older, has turned away from the poetry of its youth, or has even allowed it to perish. Cicero mourns the loss of the early Roman lays; the English ballads in Percy's collection are mere gleanings of a once great harvest; Walter Scott was only in time to save relics from the minstrelsy of the Border. But the Homeric poems were simple and strong enough to be popular early, and mature enough in art to please an age of ripe culture. Boys learned Homer by heart at school, priests quoted him touching the gods, moralists went to him for maxims, statesmen for arguments, cities for claims to territory or alliance, noble houses for the title deeds of their fame. From about 450 B. C., «civic» or «public» editions were prepared by various cities for their own use at public festivals. There was the «edition of Massilia,» «of Chios,» «of Sinôpê,» «of Argos,» «of Cyprus,» «of Crete.» «Private editions,» the work of individual revisers, were also numerous. The most famous of these was that prepared by Aristotle for his pupil Alexander,—known as the «Edition of the Casket» from the jeweled case in which Alexander is said to have carried it about with him in the East.

The learned study of Homer at Alexandria reached its highest point in Aristarchus (156 B. C.), whose revision of the text became the standard one, and is mainly the basis of our own. The Alexandrian scholars had no text as old as Pisistratus, and knew little of what his commission had done; they used mainly the editions of the cities, especially Massilia, Chios, and Argos. The division of «Iliad» and «Odyssey» into twenty-four books each is usually ascribed to Aristarchus, but may have been as old as 350 B. C.; before the poems had been divided by «rhapsodies» or short cantos; thus our Book I. of the «Iliad» contained two cantos, «The Anger» and «The Plague.» Aristarchus founded a school of Homeric criticism which continued productive till about 200 A. D. All this work is now known only from scanty notices.

Our oldest and best manuscript of either poem, the *Venetus* A of the "Iliad" is of the tenth century, and was found at Venice late in the last century, along with some *scholia* or commentaries which are of value as preserving remarks of Aristarchus and other Alexandrian scholars. Hitherto it had been thought that the text of Homer had come down to us from about 1000 B. C. It was now seen that our text was not older than the Alexandrian age. The first printed edition of Homer, revised by the Byzantine Demetrius Chalkondyles (1430–1510), was published at Florence in 1488; the first Aldine Edition at Venice in 1504.

The belief that Homer composed both "Iliad" and "Odyssey" was unquestioned until about 170 B. C. a grammarian Hellanicus, and one Xenon asserted that Homer was the author of the "Iliad," but not of the "Odyssey." They and their followers were called the Separaters (*chôrizontes*), because they separated the "Iliad," in its origin, from the "Odyssey." As to their grounds, we only know that one of these was the style, and this implies literary study. Old Greece was uncritical, and believed strongly in one author for both poems. The mere fact that a double authorship should have been mooted shows that there were good grounds for a natural doubt. But the doubt found little acceptance. Aristarchus wrote against "the paradox of Xenon," and the Roman Seneca, writing on "the shortness of life," regards this as a question for which life is too short.

Early in the last century Vico, a Neapolitan (1668–1744), in his "Principles of New Knowledge," maintained that the names of great lawgivers and poets of the Old World are symbols; thus "Homer" is Greek Epic Poetry; "Homer's poems" were made by a series of poets, and not written down at first; and the "Odyssey" is at least a century younger than the "Iliad." But Vico had no proofs. These were first offered by F. A. Wolf in his "Prolegomena" (1795) or introduction to his edition of Homer. Neither the "Iliad" nor the "Odyssey," he says, was originally made as one poem. Each has been put together from many small unwritten poems. These, by different authors, had no common plan. The "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were first framed from these, and first written down, by the Commission of Pisistratus. Wolf's theory — as throwing light on the origin of popular poetry generally — roused enthusiasm in Germany, which was then in literary revolt from art to nature.

The result of Homeric study since Wolf has been, not to prove any precise theory, but to gain wider assent for certain propositions which narrow the scope of the question.

From «Greek Literature.»

RICHARD JEFFERIES

(1848–1887)

THE art in which Richard Jefferies excelled is called in German «Tonkunst.» It has been so little practiced among English writers that there is no English name for it except «word painting,» which is inadequate. It is the art of describing natural objects and of presenting ideas in symphonies and harmonies of tone. It need not be said that while poetry depends upon it for all its forms of expression, it belongs to prose only when it is employed by a master great enough in his art, not to sacrifice sense to sound or sound to sense. No recent writer has illustrated the possibilities of this art better than Jefferies has done in his descriptions of nature.

He was born in Wiltshire, England, November 6th, 1848. His love of nature and the keenness of his vision for the infinite art it manifests appeared in his work from the first, but «Wild Life in a Southern Country,» which appeared in 1879, is the first of his important nature studies. He wrote novels and tales, which were received with some favor, but the sketches of life in the woods and fields which he continued to write until his death (August 14th, 1887) give him his claim to enduring reputation. As an observer of nature, he is en titled to be classed with John Burroughs in America.

A ROMAN BROOK

THE brook has forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the brook. Many faces have been mirrored since in the flowing water, many feet have waded in the sandy shallow. I wonder if any one else can see it in a picture before the eyes as I can, bright and vivid as the trees suddenly shown at night by a great flash of lightning. All the leaves and branches and the birds at roost are visible during the flash. It is barely a second; it seems much longer. Memory, like the lightning, reveals the pictures in the mind. Every curve, and shore, and shallow is as familiar now as when I followed the winding stream so often. When the mowing grass was at its height you could not walk far beside the bank; it grew so thick and strong and full of umbelliferous

plants as to weary the knees. The life, as it were, of the meadows seemed to crowd down toward the brook in summer to reach out and stretch toward the life-giving water. There the buttercups were taller and closer together, nails of gold driven so thickly that the true surface was not visible. Countless rootlets drew up the richness of the earth like miners in the darkness, throwing their petals of yellow ore broadcast above them. With their fullness of leaves the hawthorn bushes grow larger — the trees extend further — and thus overhung with leaf and branch, and closely set about by grass and plant, the brook disappeared only a little way off, and could not have been known from a mound and hedge. It was lost in the plain of meads — the flowers alone saw its sparkle.

Hidden in those bushes and tall grasses, high in the trees and low on the ground, there were the nests of happy birds. In the hawthorns blackbirds and thrushes built, often overhanging the stream, and the fledgelings fluttered out into the flowery grass. Down among the stalks of the umbelliferous plants, where the grasses were knotted together, the nettle-creeper concealed her treasure, having selected a hollow by the bank so that the scythe should pass over. Up in the pollard ashes and willows, here and there, wood pigeons built. Doves cooed in the little wooden inclosures where the brook curved almost round upon itself. If there was a hollow in the oak a pair of starlings chose it, for there was no advantageous nook that was not seized on. Low beside the willow stoles the sedge reedlings built; on the ledges of the ditches, full of flags, moor hens made their nests. After the swallows had coursed long miles over the meads to and fro, they rested on the tops of the ashes and twittered sweetly. Like the flowers and grass, the birds were drawn toward the brook. They built by it, they came to it to drink; in the evening a grasshopper lark trilled in a hawthorn bush. By night, crossing the footbridge, a star sometimes shone in the water under foot. At morn and even the peasant girls came down to dip; their path was worn through the mowing grass, and there was a flat stone let into the bank as a step to stand on. Though they were poorly habited, without one line of form or tint of color that could please the eye, there is something in dipping water that is Greek — Homeric — something that carries the mind home to primitive times. Always the little children came with them; they too loved the brook like the grass and the birds. They wanted to see the

fishes dart away and hide in the green flags; they flung daisies and buttercups into the stream to float and catch awhile at the flags, and float again and pass away, like the friends of our boyhood, out of sight. Where there was pasture roan cattle came to drink, and horses, restless horses, stood for hours by the edge under the shade of ash trees. With what joy the spaniel plunged in, straight from the bank out among the flags—you could mark his course by seeing their tips bend as he brushed them in swimming. All life loved the brook.

Far down away from the roads and hamlets there was a small orchard on the very bank of the stream, and just before the grass grew too high to walk through I looked in the inclosure to speak to its owner. He was busy with his spade at a strip of garden, and grumbled that the hares would not let it alone, with all that stretch of grass to feed on. Nor would the rooks, and the moor hens ran over it, and the water rats burrowed; the wood pigeons would have the peas, and there was no rest from them all. While he talked and talked, far from the object in hand, as aged people will, I thought how the apple tree in blossom before us cared little enough who saw its glory. The branches were in bloom everywhere, at the top as well as at the side,—at the top where no one could see them but the swallows. They did not grow for human admiration: that was not their purpose; that is our affair only—we bring the thought to the tree. On a short branch low down the trunk there hung the weather-beaten and broken handle of an earthenware vessel; the old man said it was a jug, one of the old folk's jugs,—he often dug them up. Some were cracked, some nearly perfect; lots of them had been thrown out to mend the lane. There were some chips among the heap of weeds yonder. These fragments were the remains of Anglo-Roman pottery. Coins had been found—half a gallon of them—the children had had most. He took one from his pocket, dug up that morning; they were of no value,—they would not ring. The laborers tried to get some ale for them, but could not; no one would take the little brass things. That was all he knew of the Cæsars: the apples were in fine bloom now, weren't they?

Fifteen centuries before there had been a Roman station at the spot where the lane crossed the brook. There the centurions rested their troops after their weary march across the downs, for the lane, now bramble-grown and full of ruts, was then a Roman road. There were villas, and baths, and fortifications; these things

you may read about in books. They are lost now in the hedges, under the flowering grass, in the ash copses, all forgotten in the lane, and along the footpath where the June roses will bloom after the apple blossom has dropped. But just where the ancient military way crosses the brook, there grow the finest, the largest, the bluest, and most lovely forget-me-nots that ever lover gathered for his lady.

The old man, seeing my interest in the fragments of pottery, wished to show me something of a different kind lately discovered. He led me to a spot where the brook was deep, and had somewhat undermined the edge. A horse trying to drink there had pushed a quantity of earth into the stream and exposed a human skeleton lying within a few inches of the water. Then I looked up the stream and remembered the buttercups and tall grasses, the flowers that crowded down to the edge; I remembered the nests, and the dove cooing; the girls that came down to dip, the children who cast their flowers to float away. The wind blew the loose apple bloom and it fell in showers of painted snow. Sweetly the greenfinches were calling in the trees; afar the voice of the cuckoo came over the oaks. By the side of the living water, the water that all things rejoiced in, near to its gentle sound, and the sparkle of sunshine on it, had lain this sorrowful thing.

Complete. From «Bits of Oak Bark.»

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(1743–1826)

JEFFERSON wrote several essays in the artistic form Aristotle insists on for a poem — with a beginning, a middle, and an end. But it was an accident. He was a great artist in the construction of state papers. The Declaration of Independence has no equal as a piece of composition among the state papers of any other country. In America its only rival is Washington's Farewell Address and its only superior Jefferson's own First Inaugural Address. As a writer of political letters, Jefferson is so easily first that he has no good second. He had an almost incomparable genius for working through others, and he made letter writing the means of exercising it. His letters mount from the hundreds into the thousands, and the style he gets from his correspondence appears in his more formal writing. In his «Notes on Virginia,» however, he frequently approximates the essay, and once or twice achieves it in due form. But in everything except his state papers, he is obviously careless of form; while over and above the form in whatever he writes are the ideas which have worked in all the ferment of eighteenth and nineteenth century politics.

TRUTH AND TOLERATION AGAINST ERROR

THE first settlers in this country were emigrants from England, of the English Church, just at a point of time when it was flushed with complete victory over the religious of all other persuasions. Possessed, as they became, of the powers of making, administering, and executing the laws, they showed equal intolerance in this country with their Presbyterian brethren, who had emigrated to the northern government. The poor Quakers were flying from persecution in England. They cast their eyes on these new countries as asylums of civil and religious freedom; but they found them free only for the reigning sect. Several acts of the Virginia Assembly of 1659, 1662, and 1693, had made it penal in parents to refuse to have their children baptized; had prohibited the unlawful assembling of Quakers; had

made it penal for any master of a vessel to bring a Quaker into the State; had ordered those already here, and such as should come thereafter, to be imprisoned till they should abjure the country; provided a milder punishment for their first and second return, but death for their third; had inhibited all persons from suffering their meetings in or near their houses, entertaining them individually, or disposing of books which supported their tenets. If no execution took place here, as did in New England, it was not owing to the moderation of the Church, or spirit of the legislature, as may be inferred from the law itself; but to historical circumstances which have not been handed down to us. The Anglicans retained full possession of the country about a century. Other opinions began then to creep in, and the great care of the government to support their own church having begotten an equal degree of indolence in its clergy, two-thirds of the people had become dissenters at the commencement of the present revolution. The laws, indeed, were still oppressive on them, but the spirit of the one party had subsided into moderation, and of the other had risen to a degree of determination which commanded respect.

The present state of our laws on the subject of religion is this. The convention of May, 1776, in their declaration of rights, declared it to be a truth, and a natural right, that the exercise of religion should be free; but when they proceeded to form on that declaration the ordinance of government, instead of taking up every principle declared in the bill of rights, and guarding it by legislative sanction, they passed over that which asserted our religious rights, leaving them as they found them. The same convention, however, when they met as a member of the general assembly in October, 1776, repealed all acts of parliament which had rendered criminal the maintaining any opinions in matters of religion, the forbearing to repair to church, and the exercising any mode of worship; and suspended the laws giving salaries to the clergy, which suspension was made perpetual in October, 1779. Statutory oppressions in religion being thus wiped away, we remain at present under those only imposed by the common law, or by our own acts of assembly. At the common law, heresy was a capital offense, punishable by burning. Its definition was left to the ecclesiastical judges, before whom the conviction was, till the statute of the First Elizabeth, c., 1, circumscribed it, by declaring that nothing should be deemed heresy, but what had been so

determined by authority of the canonical Scriptures, or by one of the first four general councils, or by other council, having for the grounds of their declaration the express and plain words of the Scriptures. Heresy, thus circumscribed, being an offense against the common law, our act of assembly, of October, 1777, *c.* 17, gives cognizance of it to the general court, by declaring that the jurisdiction of that court shall be general in all matters at the common law. The execution is by the writ *De hæretico comburendo.* By our own act of assembly of 1705, c. 30, if a person brought up in the Christian religion denies the being of a God, or the Trinity, or asserts there are more gods than one, or denies the Christian religion to be true, or the Scriptures to be of divine authority, he is punishable on the first offense by incapacity to hold any office or employment ecclesiastical, civil, or military; on the second by disability to sue, to take any gift or legacy, to be guardian, executor, or administrator, and by three years' imprisonment without bail. A father's right to the custody of his own children being founded in law on his right of guardianship, this being taken away, they may of course be severed from him, and put by the authority of a court into more orthodox hands. This is a summary view of that religious slavery under which a people have been willing to remain, who have lavished their lives and fortunes for the establishment of their civil freedom. The error seems not sufficiently eradicated, that the operations of the mind, as well as the acts of the body, are subject to the coercion of the laws. But our rulers can have no authority over such natural rights, only as we have submitted to them. The rights of conscience we never submitted, we could not submit. We are answerable for them to our God. The legitimate powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others. But it does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty Gods, or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg. If it be said his testimony in a court of justice cannot be relied on, reject it then, and be the stigma on him. Constraint may make him worse by making him a hypocrite, but it will never make him a truer man. It may fix him obstinately in his errors, but will not cure them. Reason and free inquiry are the only effectual agents against error. Give loose to them, they will support the true religion by bringing every false one to their tribunal, to the test of their investigation. They are the natural enemies of error, and of error only. Had not the Roman

government permitted free inquiry, Christianity could never have been introduced. Had not free inquiry been indulged at the era of the Reformation, the corruptions of Christianity could not have been purged away. If it be restrained now, the present corruptions will be protected, and new ones encouraged. Was the government to prescribe to us our medicine and diet, our bodies would be in such keeping as our souls are now. Thus in France the emetic was once forbidden as a medicine, and the potato as an article of food. Government is just as infallible, too, when it fixes systems in physics. Galileo was sent to the Inquisition for affirming that the earth was a sphere; the government had declared it to be as flat as a trencher, and Galileo was obliged to abjure his error. This error, however, at length prevailed, the earth became a globe, and Descartes declared it was whirled round its axis by a vortex. The government in which he lived was wise enough to see that this was no question of civil jurisdiction, or we should all have been involved by authority in vortices. In fact, the vortices have been exploded, and the Newtonian principle of gravitation is now more firmly established, on the basis of reason, than it would be were the government to step in, and to make it an article of necessary faith. Reason and experiment have been indulged, and error has fled before them. It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself. Subject opinion to coercion: whom will you make your inquisitors? Fallible men; men governed by bad passions, by private as well as public reasons. And why subject it to coercion? To produce uniformity. But is uniformity of opinion desirable? No more than of face and stature. Introduce the bed of Procrustes then, and as there is danger that the large men may beat the small, make us all of a size, by lopping the former and stretching the latter. Difference of opinion is advantageous in religion. The several sects perform the office of a *censor morum* over each other. Is uniformity attainable? Millions of innocent men, women, and children, since the introduction of Christianity have been burned, tortured, fined, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch towards uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one-half the world fools, and the other half hypocrites. To support roguery and error all over the earth. Let us reflect that it is inhabited by a thousand millions of people. That these profess probably a thousand different systems of religion. That ours is but one of that thousand.

That if there be but one right, and ours that one, we should wish to see the nine hundred and ninety-nine wandering sects gathered into the fold of truth. But against such a majority we cannot effect this by force. Reason and persuasion are the only practicable instruments. To make way for these, free inquiry must be indulged; and how can we wish others to indulge it while we refuse it ourselves. But every State, says an inquisitor, has established some religion. No two, say I, have established the same. Is this a proof of the infallibility of establishments? Our sister States of Pennsylvania and New York, however, have long subsisted without any establishment at all. The experiment was new and doubtful when they made it. It has answered beyond conception. They flourish infinitely. Religion is well supported; of various kinds, indeed, but all good enough; all sufficient to preserve peace and order; or if a sect arises, whose tenets would subvert morals, good sense has fair play, and reasons and laughs it out of doors, without suffering the state to be troubled with it. They do not hang more malefactors than we do. They are not more disturbed with religious dissensions. On the contrary, their harmony is unparalleled, and can be ascribed to nothing but their unbounded tolerance, because there is no other circumstance in which they differ from every nation on earth. They have made the happy discovery that the way to silence religious disputes is to take no notice of them. Let us too give this experiment fair play, and get rid, while we may, of those tyrannical laws. It is true we are as yet secured against them by the spirit of the times. I doubt whether the people of this country would suffer an execution for heresy, or a three years' imprisonment for not comprehending the mysteries of the Trinity. But is the spirit of the people an infallible, a permanent reliance? Is it government? Is this the kind of protection we receive in return for the rights we give up? Besides, the spirit of the times may alter, will alter. Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careless. A single zealot may commence persecutor, and better men be his victims. It can never be too often repeated that the time for fixing every essential right on a legal basis is while our rulers are honest, and ourselves united. From the conclusion of this war we shall be going down hill. It will not then be necessary to resort every moment to the people for support. They will be forgotten therefore, and their rights disregarded. They will forget themselves but in the sole

faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due respect for their rights. The shackles, therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war, will remain on us long, will be made heavier and heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion.

Complete. From Jefferson's
«Notes on Virginia.»

LORD FRANCIS JEFFREY

(1773–1850)

FRANCIS JEFFREY, one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review, was born in Edinburgh, October 23d, 1773, and educated for the bar. He began practice in 1794, but the claims of his business as a young advocate left him ample leisure and he joined with Brougham, Sidney Smith, and others, in establishing the Edinburgh Review, the first number of which (October 10th, 1802) was edited by Sidney Smith and the next three by Jeffrey, with Brougham as the principal political contributor. The Review which remained chiefly under the editorship of Jeffrey, was a success from the beginning, and it made all its principal contributors famous. But Jeffrey never wholly recovered from the *ex cathedra* style which the critical reviewer of that period used as an indispensable part of his offensive armament. In 1829 he gave up the editorship of the Review to become Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and the rest of his life was largely devoted to law and public affairs. He became Lord Rector of Glasgow University in 1820, Lord Advocate in 1830, Member of Parliament in 1832, and Judge of the Court of Sessions in 1834. He died January 26th, 1850. He had a strong and active intellect, and it appears in his essays, saving many of them from the deserved oblivion which has overtaken most of the overbearing geniuses of that period of talented and insolent reviewers. Of his best essay — his Obituary of Watt — it is at once simple justice and the highest possible praise to say that it is worthy of the subject.

WATT AND THE WORK OF STEAM

MR. JAMES WATT, the great improver of the steam engine, died on the twenty-fifth of August, 1819, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours, for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honors; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have gathered «all its fame.» We have said that Mr. Watt was the great improver of the steam engine; but, in

WATT DISCOVERING THE POWER OF STEAM.

After the Painting by David Neal.

David Dodge Neal was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1837, and educated at Munich, where "Watt Discovering the Power of Steam" was painted. "Cromwell's Visit to Milton" is another celebrated picture by Neal.

truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its inventor. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivance it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility,—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which that power can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon this country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and, in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand-fold the amount of its productions. It was our improved steam engine, in short, that fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged (1819), with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments; and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labors of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing! And certainly no man ever bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plow and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their

rude cotemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations. And it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not, perhaps, the character in which he will be most frequently recalled — most deeply lamented — or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information,— had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodizing power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense,— and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting;— such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it, without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted too with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticizing the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty — by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinc-

tively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its proper place among its other rich furniture; and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the verbiage of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it, for his own use, to its true value and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most painful study of the originals,—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

It is needless to say that with those vast resources his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree. But it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk — at least in his latter years. But though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavored to select, from his inexhaustible stores, what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity he gave himself no trouble; and, indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing, but, on the con-

trary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humor, which ran through most of his conversation, and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness too, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity,—and prized accordingly, far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful—though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonized admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations; and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes, which he delivered with the same grave brow, and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanor; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength and mild self-possession in his manner than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretensions; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostures out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

In his temper and dispositions he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous and considerate of the feelings of all around him; and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit, and the social gayety which had illumined his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigor and colloquial animation,—never more delightful or more instructive,—than in his last visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardor of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary;—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest perform-

ances, as the productions of «a young artist, just entering on his eighty-third year!»

This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconvenience through the summer, but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching, and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honorable labors of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honors, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle, — and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God.

Complete. From the Edinburgh Review. Published on the death of Watt.

ON GOOD AND BAD TASTE

If things are not beautiful in themselves, but only as they serve to suggest interesting conceptions to the mind, then everything which does in point of fact suggest such a conception to any individual is beautiful to that individual; and it is not only quite true that there is no room for disputing about tastes, but that all tastes are equally just and correct in so far as each individual speaks only of his own emotions. When a man calls a thing beautiful, however, he may indeed mean to make two very different assertions: he may mean that it gives him pleasure by suggesting to him some interesting emotion; and, in this sense, there can be no doubt that, if he merely speak the truth, the thing is beautiful; and that it pleases him precisely in the same way that all other things please those to whom they appear beautiful. But if he mean further to say that the thing possesses some quality which should make it appear beautiful to every other person, and that it is owing to some prejudice or defect in them if it appear otherwise, then he is as unreasonable and absurd as he would think those who should attempt to convince him that he felt no emotion of beauty.

All tastes, then, are equally just and true, in so far as concerns the individual whose taste is in question; and what a man feels distinctly to be beautiful is beautiful to him, whatever other people may think of it. All this follows clearly from the theory now in question; but it does not follow from it that all tastes are equally good or desirable, or that there is any difficulty in describing that which is really the best and the most to be envied. The only use of the faculty of taste is to afford an innocent delight, and to aid the cultivation of a finer morality; and that man certainly will have the most delight from this faculty, who has the most numerous and the most powerful perceptions of beauty. But if beauty consist in the reflection of our affections and sympathies, it is plain that he will always see the most beauty whose affections are warmest and most exercised, whose imagination is most powerful, and who has most accustomed himself to attend to the objects by which he is surrounded. In so far as mere feeling and enjoyment are concerned, therefore, it seems evident that the best taste must be that which belongs to the best affections, the most active fancy, and the most attentive habits of observation. It will follow pretty exactly, too, that all men's perceptions of beauty will be nearly in proportion to the degree of their sensibility and social sympathies; and that those who have no affections towards sentient beings will be just as insensible to beauty in external objects, as he who cannot hear the sound of his friend's voice must be deaf to its echo.

In so far as the sense of beauty is regarded as a mere source of enjoyment, this seems to be the only distinction that deserves to be attended to; and the only cultivation that taste should ever receive, with a view to the gratification of the individual, should be through the indirect channel of cultivating the affections and powers of observation. If we aspire, however, to be creators as well as observers of beauty, and place any part of our happiness in ministering to the gratification of others, as artists, or poets, or authors of any sort, then, indeed, a new distinction of tastes, and a far more laborious system of cultivation will be necessary. A man who pursues only his own delight will be as much charmed with objects that suggest powerful emotions, in consequence of personal and accidental associations, as with those that introduce similar emotions by means of associations that are universal and indestructible. To him all objects of the former class

are really as beautiful as those of the latter; and for his own gratification, the creation of that sort of beauty is just as important an occupation. But if he conceive the ambition of creating beauties for the admiration of others, he must be cautious to employ only such objects as are the natural signs, or the inseparable concomitants of emotions, of which the greater part of mankind are susceptible; and his taste will then deserve to be called bad and false, if he obtrude upon the public, as beautiful, objects that are not likely to be associated in common minds with any interesting impressions.

For a man himself, then, there is no taste that is either bad or false; and the only difference worthy of being attended to is that between a great deal and a very little. Some who have cold affections, sluggish imaginations, and no habits of observation, can with difficulty discern beauty in anything; while others, who are full of kindness and sensibility, and who have been accustomed to attend to all the objects around them, feel it almost in everything. It is no matter what other people may think of the objects of their admiration; nor ought it to be any concern of theirs that the public would be astonished or offended, if they were called upon to join in that admiration. So long as no such call is made, this anticipated discrepancy of feeling need give them no uneasiness; and the suspicion of it should produce no contempt in any other persons. It is a strange aberration indeed of vanity that makes us despise persons for being happy, for having sources of enjoyment in which we cannot share; and yet this is the true account of the ridicule, which is so generally poured upon individuals who seek only to enjoy their peculiar tastes unmolested. For if there be any truth in the theory we have been expounding, no taste is bad for any other reason than because it is peculiar, as the objects in which it delights must actually serve to suggest to the individual those common emotions and universal affections upon which the sense of beauty is everywhere founded. The misfortune is, however, that we are apt to consider all persons who make known their peculiar relishes, and especially all who create any objects for their gratification, as in some measure dictating to the public, and setting up an idol for general adoration; and hence this intolerant interference with almost all peculiar perceptions of beauty, and the unsparing derision that pursues all deviations from acknowledged standards. This intolerance, we admit, is often provoked by

something of a spirit of proselytism and arrogance in those who mistake their own casual associations for natural or universal relations; and the consequence is, that mortified vanity dries up the fountain of their peculiar enjoyment, and disenchants, by a new association of general contempt or ridicule, the scenes that had been consecrated by some innocent but accidental emotion.

As all men must have some peculiar associations, all men must have some peculiar notions of beauty, and, of course, to a certain extent, a taste that the public would be entitled to consider as false or vitiated. For those who make no demands on public admiration, however, it is hard to be obliged to sacrifice this source of enjoyment; and even for those who labor for applause, the wisest course, perhaps, if it were only practicable, would be to have two tastes; one to enjoy, and one to work by; one founded upon universal associations, according to which they finished those performances for which they challenged universal praise, and another guided by all casual and individual associations, through which they looked fondly upon nature, and upon the objects of their secret admiration.

From the essay on "Beauty."

JEROME K. JEROME

(1859–)

JEROME KLAPKA JEROME was born at Walsall, England, May 2d, 1859. He is the son of a clergyman, and in a sketch of his life, which he is supposed to have revised for the press, it is said in summing up his work that he has been «clerk, schoolmaster, actor, and journalist.» He has edited To-Day and the Idler, and published a notable list of books, chief among which stands «Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,» 1889,—a work which is so full of good nature, and so entirely free from unnecessary seriousness that the world will not willingly let it die. Among his latest works are «Sketches in Lavender,» «Letters to Clorinda,» and «Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.»

ON GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

NOT exactly the sort of thing for an idle fellow to think about, is it? But outsiders, you know, often see most of the game; and sitting in my arbor by the wayside, smoking my hookah of contentment, and eating the sweet lotus leaves of indolence, I can look out musingly upon the whirling throng that rolls and tumbles past me on the great highroad of life.

Never-ending is the wild procession. Day and night you can hear the quick tramp of the myriad feet—some running, some walking, some halting and lame; but all hastening, all eager in the feverish race, all straining life and limb and heart and soul to reach the ever-receding horizon of success.

Mark them as they surge along—men and women, old and young, gentle and simple, fair and foul, rich and poor, merry and sad—all hurrying, bustling, scrambling. The strong pushing aside the weak; the cunning creeping past the foolish; those behind elbowing those before; those in front kicking, as they run, at those behind. Look close, and see the flitting show. Here is an old man panting for breath; and there a timid maiden, driven by a hard and sharp-faced matron; here is a studious youth, read-

ing "How to Get On in the World," and letting everybody pass him as he stumbles along with his eyes on his book; here is a bored-looking man, with a fashionably dressed woman jogging his elbow; here a boy gazing wistfully back at the sunny village that he never again will see; here, with a firm and easy step, strides a broad-shouldered man; and here, with a stealthy tread, a thin-faced, stooping fellow dodges and shuffles upon his way; here, with gaze fixed always on the ground, an artful rogue carefully works his way from side to side of the road, and thinks he is going forward; and here a youth with a noble face stands, hesitating as he looks from the distant goal to the mud beneath his feet.

And now into the sight comes a fair girl, with her dainty face growing more wrinkled at every step; and now a careworn man, and now a hopeful lad.

A motley throng—a motley throng! Prince and beggar, sinner and saint, butcher and baker and candlestick maker, tinkers and tailors, and plowboys and sailors—all jostling along together. Here the counsel in his wig and gown, and here the old Jew clothesman under his dingy tiara; here the soldier in scarlet, and here the undertaker's mute in streaming hatband and worn cotton gloves; here the musty scholar, fumbling his faded leaves, and here the scented actor, dangling his showy seals. Here the glib politician, crying his legislative panaceas; and here the peripatetic Cheap-Jack, holding aloft his quack cures for human ills. Here the sleek capitalist, and there the sinewy laborer; here the man of science, and here the shoeblack; here the poet, and here the water-rate collector; here the cabinet minister, and there the ballet dancer. Here a red-nosed publican, shouting the praises of his vats, and here a temperance lecturer at fifty pounds a night; here a judge, and there a swindler; here a priest, and there a gambler. Here a jeweled duchess, smiling and gracious; here a thin lodging-house keeper, irritable with cooking; and here a wabbling, strutting thing, tawdry in paint and finery.

Cheek by cheek they struggle onward. Screaming, cursing, and praying, laughing, singing, and moaning, they rush past side by side. Their speed never slackens, the race never ends. There is no wayside rest for them, no halt by cooling fountains, no pause beneath green shades. On, on, on—on through the heat and the crowd and the dust—on, or they will be trampled down and lost—on, with throbbing brain and tottering limbs—on, till the heart

grows sick, and the eyes grow blurred and a gurgling groan tells those behind they may close up another space.

And yet in spite of the killing pace and the stony track, who but the sluggard or the dolt can hold aloof from the course? Who—like the belated traveler that stands watching fairy revels till he snatches and drains the goblin cup, and springs into the whirling circle—can view the mad tumult, and not be drawn into its midst? Not I, for one. I confess to the wayside arbor, the pipe of contentment, and the lotus leaves being altogether unsuitable metaphors. They sounded very nice and philosophical, but I'm afraid I am not the sort of person to sit in arbors, smoking pipes, when there is any fun going on outside. I think I more resemble the Irishman, who, seeing a crowd collecting, sent his little girl out to ask if there was going to be a row—"'Cos, if so, father would like to be in it."

I love the fierce strife. I like to watch it. I like to hear of people getting on in it—battling their way bravely and fairly—that is, not slipping through by luck or trickery. It stirs one's old-Saxon fighting blood, like the tales of "knights who fought 'gainst fearful odds" that thrilled us in our schoolboy days.

And fighting the battle of life is fighting against fearful odds too. There are giants and dragons in this nineteenth century, and the golden casket that they guard is not so easy to win as it appears in the storybooks. There, Algernon takes one long, last look at the ancestral hall, dashes the teardrop from his eye, and goes off—to return in three years' time, rolling in riches. The authors do not tell us "how it's done," which is a pity, for it would surely prove exciting.

But then not one novelist in a thousand ever does tell us the real story of his hero. They linger for a dozen pages over a tea party, but sum up a life's history with "he had become one of our merchant princes," or, "he was now a great artist, with the whole world at his feet." Why, there is more real life in one of Gilbert's patter songs than in half the biographical novels ever written. He relates to us all the various steps by which his office boy rose to be the "ruler of the Queen's navee," and explains to us how the briefless barrister managed to become a great and good judge, "ready to try this breach of promise of marriage." It is in the petty details, not in the great results, that the interest of existence lies.

What we really want is a novel showing us all the hidden undercurrent of an ambitious man's career—his struggles, and failures, and hopes, his disappointments and victories. It would be an immense success. I am sure the wooing of Fortune would prove quite as interesting a tale as the wooing of any flesh-and-blood maiden, though, by the way, it would read extremely similar; for Fortune is, indeed, as the Ancients painted her, very like a woman—not quite so unreasonable and inconsistent, but nearly so—and the pursuit is much the same in one case as in the other. Ben Jonson's couplet—

> "Court a mistress, she denies you;
> Let her alone, she will court you"

puts them both in a nutshell. A woman never thoroughly cares for her lover until he has ceased to care for her; and it is not until you have snapped your fingers in Fortune's face, and turned on your heel, that she begins to smile upon you.

But by that time you do not much care whether she smiles or frowns. Why could she not have smiled when her smiles would have thrilled you with ecstasy? Everything comes too late in this world.

Good people say that it is quite right and proper that it should be so, and that it proves ambition is wicked.

Bosh! Good people are altogether wrong. (They always are, in my opinion. We never agree on any single point.) What would the world do without ambitious people, I should like to know? Why, it would be as flabby as a Norfolk dumpling. Ambitious people are the leaven which raises into wholesome bread. Without ambitious people the world would never get up. They are busybodies who are about early in the morning, hammering, shouting, and rattling the fire irons, and rendering it generally impossible for the rest of the house to remain in bed.

Wrong to be ambitious, forsooth! The men wrong, who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut the smooth road over which Humanity marches forward from generation to generation! Men wrong, for using the talents that their Master has intrusted to them—for toiling while others play!

Of course they are seeking their reward. Man is not given that God-like unselfishness that thinks only of others' good. But in working for themselves they are working for us all. We are so bound together that no man can labor for himself alone,

Each blow he strikes in his own behalf helps to mold the Universe. The stream, in struggling onward, turns the mill wheel; the coral insect, fashioning its tiny cells, joins continents to each other; and the ambitious man, building a pedestal for himself, leaves a monument to posterity. Alexander and Cæsar fought for their own ends, but, in doing so, they put a belt of civilization half round the earth. Stephenson, to win a fortune, invented the steam engine; and Shakespeare wrote his plays in order to keep a comfortable home for Mrs. Shakespeare and the little Shakespeares.

Contented, unambitious people are all very well in their way. They form a neat, useful background for great portraits to be painted against; and they make a respectable, if not particularly intelligent audience for the active spirits of the age to play before. I have not a word to say against contented people so long as they keep quiet. But do not, for goodness' sake, let them go strutting about, as they are so fond of doing, crying out that they are the true models for the whole species. Why, they are the deadheads, the drones in the great hive, the street crowds that lounge about, gaping at those who are working.

And let them not imagine either — as they are also fond of doing — that they are very wise and philosophical, and that it is a very artful thing to be contented. It may be true that "a contented mind is happy anywhere," but so is a Jerusalem pony, and the consequence is that both are put anywhere and are treated anyhow. "Oh, you need not bother about him," is what is said; "he is very contented as he is, and it would be a pity to disturb him." And so your contented party is passed over, and the discontented man gets his place.

If you are foolish enough to be contented, don't show it, but grumble with the rest; and if you can do with a little, ask for a great deal. Because if you don't you won't get any. In this world, it is necessary to adopt the principle pursued by the plaintiff in an action for damages, and to demand ten times more than you are ready to accept. If you can feel satisfied with a hundred, begin by insisting on a thousand; if you start by suggesting a hundred, you will only get ten.

It was by not following this simple plan that poor Jean Jacques Rousseau came to such grief. He fixed the summit of his earthly bliss at living in an orchard with an amiable woman and a cow, and he never attained even that. He did get as far as

the orchard, but the woman was not amiable, and she brought her mother with her, and there was no cow. Now, if he had made up his mind for a large country estate, a houseful of angels, and a cattle show, he might have lived to possess his kitchen garden and one head of live stock, and even possibly have come across that *rara avis* — a really amiable woman.

What a terribly dull affair, too, life must be for contented people! How heavy the time must hang upon their hands, and what on earth do they occupy their thoughts with, supposing that they have any? Reading the paper and smoking seems to be the intellectual food of the majority of them, to which the more energetic add playing the flute and talking about the affairs of the next-door neighbor.

They never know the excitement of expectation, nor the stern delight of accomplished effort, such as stir the pulse of the man who has objects, and hopes, and plans. To the ambitious man, life is a brilliant game,— a game that calls forth all his tact, and energy, and nerve,— a game to be won in the long run, by the quick eye and the steady hand, and yet having sufficient chance about its working out to give it all the glorious zest of uncertainty. He exults in it, as the strong swimmer in the heaving billows, as the athlete in the wrestle, as the soldier in the battle.

And if he be defeated, he wins the grim joy of fighting; if he lose the race, he, at least, has had a run. Better to work and fail than to sleep one's life away.

So, walk up, walk up, walk up. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! walk up, boys and girls! Show your skill and try your strength; brave your luck, and prove your pluck. Walk up! The show is never closed, and the game is always going. The only genuine sport in all the fair, gentlemen — highly respectable and strictly moral — patronized by the nobility, clergy, and gentry. Established in the year one, gentlemen, and been flourishing ever since! — walk up. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and take a hand. There are prizes for all, and all can play. There is gold for the man and fame for the boy; rank for the maiden and pleasure for the fool. So walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up! — all prizes, and no blanks; for some few win, and as to the rest, why —

> "The rapture of pursuing
> Is the prize the vanquished gain."

Complete.

DOUGLAS JERROLD

(1803–1857)

DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD, author of Mrs. Caudle's immortal «Curtain Lectures,» was born in London, January 3d, 1803. He was the eldest son of an actor, Samuel Jerrold, who introduced him to stage life at a very early age. Not fancying the stage, he left it at the age of sixteen and entered the navy as a midshipman. After two years' service, he returned to London and began his literary career as apprentice to a printer, working in the shop and using his leisure to write contributions for the magazines. In 1829 «Black-Eyed Susan,» his first successful play, was produced, and several years later he attempted the management of the Strand Theatre. Not succeeding, he returned to writing for the magazines, and in 1841, when Punch appeared, he became one of its favorite contributors. His articles signed «Q.» continued to appear in it, until his death, June 8th, 1857. He wrote a large number of plays as well as essays, sketches, and stories. Next to «Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures,» his «Story of a Feather» is the most widely circulated of his works.

BARBARISM IN BIRDCAGE WALK

MAY we ask the reader to behold with us a melancholy show —a saddening, miserable spectacle? We will not take him to prison, a workhouse, a Bedlam, where human nature expiates its guiltiness, its lack of worldly goods, its most desolate perplexity; but we will take him to a wretchedness, first contrived by wrong and perpetrated by folly. We will show him the embryo mischief that in due season shall be born in the completion of its terror, and shall be christened with a sounding name,—Folly and Wickedness standing its sponsors.

We are in St. James's Park. The royal standard of England burns in the summer air—the Queen is in London. We pass the Palace, and in a few paces are in Birdcage Walk. There, reader, is the miserable show we promised you. There are some fifty recruits, drilled by a sergeant to do homicide, killingly,

handsomely. In Birdcage Walk Glory sits upon her eggs, and hatches eagles!

How very beautiful is the sky above us! What a blessing comes with the fresh, quick air! The trees, drawing their green beauty from the earth, quicken our thoughts of the bounteousness of this teeming world. Here in this nook, this patch, where we yet feel the vibrations of surrounding London — even here Nature, constant in her beauty, blooms and smiles, uplifting the heart of man — if the heart be his to own her.

Now, look aside and contemplate God's image with a musket. Your bosom duly expanding with gratitude to Nature for the blessings she has heaped about you, behold the crowning glory of God's work managed, like a machine, to slay the image of God — to stain the teeming earth with homicidal blood — to fill the air with howling anguish! Is not yonder row of clowns a melancholy sight? Yet are they the sucklings of Glory — the baby mighty ones of a future Gazette. Reason beholds them with a deep pity. Imagination magnifies them into fiends of wickedness. There is carnage about them — carnage, and the pestilential vapor of the slaughtered. What a fine-looking thing is war! Yet dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it and sing swaggering songs about it — what is it, nine times out of ten — but murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergeant's shilling?

And now we hear the fifes and drums of her Majesty's grenadiers. They pass on the other side; and a crowd of idlers, their hearts jumping to the music, their eyes dazzled, and their feelings perverted, hang about the march and catch the infection — the love of glory! And true wisdom thinks of the world's age, and sighs at its slow advance in all that really dignifies man, — the truest dignity being the truest love for his fellow. And then hope, and faith in human progress, contemplate the pageant, its real ghastliness disguised by outward glare and frippery, and know the day will come when the symbols of war will be as the sacred beasts of old Egypt — things to mark the barbarism of bygone war; melancholy records of the past perversity of human nature.

We can imagine the deep-chested laughter — the look of scorn which would annihilate, and then the smile of compassion — of the man of war at this, the dream of folly and the wanderings of an inflamed brain. Yet, O man of war! at this very moment

are you shrinking, withering like an aged giant. The fingers of Opinion have been busy at your plume — you are not the feathered thing you were; and then that little tube, the goose quill, has sent its silent shot into your huge anatomy; and the corroding ink, even whilst you look at it, and think it shines so brightly, is eating with a tooth of rust into your sword.

That a man should kill a man and rejoice in the deed — nay, gather glory from it — is the act of a wild animal. The force of muscle and the dexterity of limb which make the wild man a conqueror are deemed, in savage life, man's highest attributes. The creature whom, in the pride of our Christianity, we call heathen and spiritually desolate, has some personal feeling in the strife — he kills his enemy, and then, making an oven of hot stones, bakes his dead body, and, for crowning satisfaction, eats it. His enemy becomes a part of him; his glory is turned to nutriment; and he is content. What barbarism! Field marshals sicken at the horror; nay, troopers shudder at the tale, like a fine lady at a toad.

In what, then, consists the prime evil? In the murder, or in the meal? Which is the most hideous deed — to kill a man, or to cook and eat the man when killed?

But, softly, there is no murder in the case. The craft of man has made a splendid ceremony of homicide — has invested it with dignity. He slaughters with flags flying, drums beating, trumpets braying. He kills according to method, and has worldly honors for his grim handiwork. He does not, like the unchristian savage, carry away with him mortal trophies from the skulls of his enemies. No, the alchemy and magic of authority turn his well-won scalps into epaulets, or hang them in stars and crosses at his buttonhole; and then, the battle over, the dead not eaten but carefully buried — and the maimed and mangled howling and blaspheming in hospitals — the meek Christian warrior marches to church, and reverently folding his sweet and spotless hands, sings Te Deum. Angels wave his fervent thanks to God, to whose footstool — in his own faith — he has so lately sent his shuddering thousands. And this spirit of destruction working within him is canonized by the craft and ignorance of man and worshiped as glory!

And this religion of the sword — this dazzling heathenism, that makes a pomp of wickedness — seizes and distracts us even on the threshold of life. Swords and drums are our baby play-

things; the types of violence and destruction are made the petty pastimes of our childhood; and as we grow older, the outward magnificence of the ogre Glory — his trappings and his trumpets, his privileges, and the songs that are shouted in his praise — ensnare the bigger baby to his sacrifice. Hence slaughter becomes an exalted profession; the marked, distinguished employment of what in the jargon of the world is called a gentleman.

But for this craft operating upon this ignorance, who — in the name of outraged God — would become the hireling of the sword? Hodge, poor fellow, enlists. He wants work; or he is idle, dissolute. Kept, by the injustice of the world, as ignorant as the farmyard swine, he is the better instrument for the world's craft. His ear is tickled with the fife and drum; or he is drunk; or the sergeant — the lying valet of glory — tell a good tale, and already Hodge is a warrior in the rough. In a fortnight's time you may see him at Chatham; or, indeed, he was one of those we marked in Birdcage Walk. Day by day the sergeant works at the block plowman, and, chipping and chipping, at length carves out a true, handsome soldier of the line. What knew Hodge of the responsibility of man? What dreams had he of the self-accountability of the human spirit? He is become the lackey of carnage, the liveried footman, at a few pence per day, of fire and blood. The musket stock, which for many an hour he hugs — hugs in sulks and weariness — was no more a party to its present use than was Hodge. That piece of walnut is the fragment of a tree that might have given shade and fruit for another century; homely, rustic people gathering under it. Now it is the instrument of wrong and violence, the working tool of slaughter. Tree and man, are not their destinies as one?

And is Hodge alone of benighted mind? Is he alone deficient of that knowledge of moral right and wrong, which really and truly crowns the man king of himself? When he surrenders up his nature, a mere machine with human pulses to do the bidding of war, has he taken counsel with his own reflection — does he know the limit of the sacrifice? He has taken his shilling, and knows the facings of his uniform!

When the born and bred gentleman, to keep to coined and current terms, pays down his thousand pounds or so for his commission, what incites to the purchase? It may be the elegant idleness of the calling; it may be the bullion and glitter of the regimentals; or, devout worshiper, it may be an unquenchable

thirst for glory. From the moment when his name stars the Gazette, what does he become? The bond servant of war! Instantly he ceases to be a judge between moral right and moral injury. It is his duty not to think, but to obey. He has given up, surrendered to another the freedom of his soul; he has dethroned the majesty of his own will. He must be active in wrong, and see not the injustice; shed blood for craft and usurpation, calling bloodshed valor. He may be made, by the iniquity of those who use him, a burglar and a brigand; but glory calls him pretty names for his prowess, and the wicked weakness of the world shouts and acknowledges him. And is this the true condition of reasonable man? Is it by such means that he best vindicates the greatness of his mission here? Is he when he most gives up the free motions of his own soul—is he then most glorious?

A few months ago chance showed us a band of ruffians who, as it afterwards appeared, were intent upon most desperate mischief. They spread themselves over the country, attacking, robbing, and murdering all who fell into their hands. Men, women, and children all suffered alike. Nor were the villains satisfied with this. In their wanton ruthlessness they set fire to cottages, and tore up and destroyed plantations. Every footpace of their march was marked with blood and desolation.

Who were these wretches? you ask. What place did they ravage? Were they not caught and punished?

They were a part of the army of Africa; valorous Frenchmen, bound for Algiers to cut Arab throats; and, in the name of glory, and for the everlasting glory of France, to burn, pillage, and despoil; and all for national honor—all for glory!

But Glory cannot dazzle Truth. Does it not at times appear no otherwise than a highwayman with a pistol at a nation's breast? a burglar with a crowbar entering a kingdom? Alas! in this world there is no Old Bailey for nations, otherwise where would have been the crowned heads that divided Poland? Those felon monarchs anointed to—steal? It is true the historian claps the cutpurse conqueror in the dock, and he is tried by the jury of posterity. He is past the verdict, yet is not its damnatory voice lost upon generations? For thus is the world taught—albeit slowly taught—true glory; when that which passed for virtue is truly tested to be vile; when the hero is hauled from the car and fixed forever in the pillory.

But war brings forth the heroism of the soul; war tests the magnanimity of man. Sweet is the humanity that spares a fallen foe; gracious the compassion that tends his wounds, that brings even a cup of water to his burning lips. Granted. But is there not a heroism of a grander mold — the heroism of forbearance? Is not the humanity that refuses to strike a nobler virtue than the late pity born of violence? Pretty is it to see the victor with salve and lint to his bloody trophy — a maimed and agonized fellowman; but surely it had been better to withhold the blow than to have first been mischievous, to be afterwards humane.

That nations professing a belief in Christ should couple glory with war is monstrous blasphemy. Their faith, their professing faith, is — "Love one another"; their practice is to — cut throats; and more, to bribe and hoodwink men to the wickedness, the trade of blood is magnified into a virtue. We pray against battle, and glorify the deeds of death. We say beautiful are the ways of peace, and then cocker ourselves upon our perfect doings in the art of manslaying. Let us then cease to pay the sacrifice of admiration to the demon — War; let us not acknowledge him as a mighty and majestic principle, but at the very best a grim and melancholy necessity.

But there always has been — there always will be — war. It is inevitable; it is a part of the condition of human society. Man has always made glory to himself from the destruction of his fellow; so it will continue. It may be very pitiable; would it were otherwise! But so it is, and there is no helping it.

Happily we are slowly killing this destructive fallacy. A long breathing time of peace has been fatal to the dread magnificence of glory. Science and philosophy — *povera e nuda filosofia* — have made good their claims, inducing man to believe that he may vindicate the divinity of his nature otherwise than by perpetrating destruction. He begins to think there is a better glory in the communication of triumphs of the mind than in the clash of steel and the roar of artillery. At the present moment a society, embracing men of distant nations — "natural enemies," as the old wicked cant of the old patriotism had it — is at work plucking the plumes from Glory, unbracing his armor, and divesting the ogre of all that dazzled foolish and unthinking men, showing the rascal in his natural hideousness, in all his base deformity. Some, too, are calculating the cost of Glory's table; some show-

ing what an appetite the demon has, devouring at a meal the substance of these thousand sons of industry — yea, eating up the wealth of kingdoms. And thus by degrees are men beginning to look upon this god Glory as no more than a finely trapped Sawney Bean — a monster and a destroyer — a nuisance — a noisy lie.

Complete. From the «Handbook of Swindling.»

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709–1784)

IT IS as unpardonable not to know Samuel Johnson in his various moods as an essayist as it would be to pretend to love his prose style as we may love that of Addison or Irving, Earle or Fuller. He was a great man, and in the eighteenth century a great writer. He will always remain a great man—virile, full of *virtus*, daring to be himself at any cost, including the actual experience of misery verging close on starvation; fierce in the assertion of his right to count for a unit in creation and not to be overborne by any one, gentle or common, noble or ignoble; yet under this fierceness so tender that from the depths of his sympathy for the suffering of others we may judge how deeply he himself must have suffered under—

> «The insolence of office and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes.»

We can see his sensibility still more plainly when he writes Lord Chesterfield: «The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind.» That rebuke, the proudest which struggling merit ever administered to the vanity of fashionable culture, we could not wish to have been other than it was. From the time Homer learned to describe the insolence of the suitors of Penelope at meals, by his own experience in living on scraps from lordly tables, to the Augustan Age when Horace and Virgil were obliged to buy permission to become immortal at the price of the meanest sycophancy to power;—from the very beginning of literature until Teutonic individuality met the pride of aristocratic power in the Teutoburgerwald and with naked breast bore it backward,—there was never the match of that reply from this plebeian «son of John» to his lord. When in the time of Tacitus, the German ancestors of the remote and unknown English «John,» who begot the original «Johnson,» waded the Rhine bare-legged through broken ice, making their way towards Rome, they were preparing the world for the coming of this heroic soul, fitted by the anguish of deep and long-continued humiliation for the pride of this answer. To be «humble with the humble and haughty with the proud» is the highest of the merely human virtues, but it is truly assumed in the mythology of the race which produced the «Johnsons» that human virtues belong to «Midgard,»—the «middle yard,»—a condition of

soul in which the celestial and infernal powers are forever blent,—not in harmony, but in the keen struggle of hand-to-hand fighting. We would be above or below humanity not to love Johnson for the pride of his poverty, but no genius of Carlyle, Taine, or Macaulay can change by eulogy the law under which the human soul acts in doing its creative work. Complete self-forgetfulness, the absorption of the artist in his art, is the first necessity of great creative work, and for Dr. Samuel Johnson, whether in Grub Street poverty or as the flattered author of the Dictionary and the «Great Cham of Literature» in his day, complete self-forgetfulness was never possible. The panoplied dignity he asserted against Chesterfield stiffens his essays and robs them of the grace which, if they only had it, would make them the great intellectual masterpieces of the eighteenth century. Among the great intellects of England in that century, none was stronger than Samuel Johnson, but in the Kingdom of Heaven in literature where the sweetness of Addison and the tender love of Thackeray for all goodness are the highest laws, he that is least is greater than he. Yet when we see this uncouth and almost absurd figure coming from the wilderness of Grub Street garrets, in the rusty camel's-hair of his threadbare coat, shambling towards the twentieth century, mumbling to himself and making strange gestures as he approaches, we would be unworthy, indeed, of his sacrifices, if we did not uncover and do him the deepest reverence as to the John the Baptist of a new dispensation in literature — a dispensation which the journalist Franklin illustrated when at table he pledged the trade lords of Philadelphia in water gruel and told them that those who could live on it needed no man's patronage. Samuel Johnson made that possible. To realize what it means to literature, we have only to read Dryden's prefaces and the average «dedication» of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In modern times no greater work has been done for the world than that which accomplished the revolution from such conditions. It made Truth possible for genius, and set so high a standard of manhood in literature, that no man of real intellect dares now to be openly the sycophant of Vanity, Folly and Falsehood — even when these hold all the avenues of preferment, and demand subservience as the price of advancement.

Owing this and more to Samuel Johnson, we ought to thank Heaven for him and to read his Rambler and Idler essays, his «Rasselas,» his poems, his biographies, and his Dictionary too, to learn what manner of man he was in the realities back of the unequaled portrait Boswell has left.

When once or twice in a century heaven sends a Man on earth to show us what manhood means, we cannot learn too much of him. And Samuel Johnson was a Man. W. V. B.

OMAR, THE SON OF HASSAN

OMAR, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive caliphs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of Omar began to fail, the curls of beauty fell from his head, strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the caliph the keys of trust and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent; Omar admired his wit and loved his docility. Tell me, said Caled, thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which you have gained power and preserved it are to you no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of your conduct, and teach me the plan upon which your wisdom has built your fortune.

Young man, said Omar, it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar which spread its branches over my head: — Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining: ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images which I shall be busy through the rest of my life in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for

every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself. I will, however, not deviate too far from the beaten track of life, but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide; with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdad, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my last days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state. Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge; and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them. I now postponed my purpose of traveling; for why should I go abroad while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the caliph. I was heard with attention, I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

I still wished to see distant countries, listened with rapture to the relations of travelers, and resolved some time to ask my dismission that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

In my fiftieth year I began to suspect that the time of traveling was past, and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of gazing upon girls. I had now nothing left but retirement, and for

retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad.

Complete. Number 101 of the Idler.

DIALOGUE IN A VULTURE'S NEST

MANY naturalists are of opinion that the animals which we commonly consider as mute have the power of imparting their thoughts to one another. That they can express general sensations is very certain: every being that can utter sounds has a different voice for pleasure and for pain. The hound informs his fellows when he scents his game; the hen calls her chickens to their food by her cluck, and drives them from danger by her scream.

Birds have the greatest variety of notes; they have, indeed, a variety, which seems almost sufficient to make a speech adequate to the purposes of a life which is regulated by instinct, and can admit little change or improvement. To the cries of birds curiosity or superstition has been always attentive; many have studied the language of the feathered tribes, and some have boasted that they understood it.

The most skillful or most confident interpreters of the sylvan dialogues have been commonly found among the philosophers of the East, in a country where the calmness of the air and the mildness of the seasons allow the student to pass a great part of the year in groves and bowers. But what may be done in one place by peculiar opportunities may be performed in another by peculiar diligence. A shepherd of Bohemia has, by long abode in the forests, enabled himself to understand the voice of birds; at least he relates with great confidence a story, of which the credibility is left to be considered by the learned:—

As I was sitting (said he) within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures inter-

changeably crying on the summit of a cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over the care of the flock; I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering, or giving disturbance.

I soon perceived that my labor would be well repaid, for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by the last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

My children, said the old vulture, you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasturage; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food. I have often regaled you with the flesh of man. Tell us, said the young vultures, where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest? He is too bulky, said the mother; when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground. Since man is so big, said the young ones, how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear, by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenseless than a sheep? We have not the strength of man, returned the mother, and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtilty; and the vultures would seldom feast upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the earth with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered, and mangled for the convenience of the vulture. But when men have killed their prey, said the pupil, why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he has satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf? Man,

said the mother, is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species. If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way, said the young one, what need shall we have of laboring for ourselves? Because man will sometimes, replied the mother, remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flight of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood. But still, said the young one, I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat. My child, said the mother, this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the aerie of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with the power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the fallen acorns, so men are by some unaccountable power driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover more closely round them pretend that there is in every herd one that gives directions to the rest and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to the vultures.

Complete. Number 22 of the Idler.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A GARRET

Ὄσσαν ἐπ' Οὐλύμπῳ μέμασαν θέμεν αὐτὰρ ἐπ' Ὄσσῃ
Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἵν' οὐρανὸς ἀμβατὸς εἴη.
—*Homer.*

The gods they challenge, and affect the skies:
Heaved on Olympus, tottering Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood.
—*Pope.*

TO THE RAMBLER

Sir:—

NOTHING has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluse speculation, and has never hardened his front in public life, or accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven, by a burst of laughter, from the fortresses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradictions the possibility of tearing down bulwarks with a silkworm's thread; and the astronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

If I could by any efforts have shaken off this cowardice, I had not sheltered myself under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating to the public the theory of a garret; a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, either for want of leisure to prosecute the various researches in which a nice discussion must engage them, or because it requires such diversity of knowledge, and such extent of curiosity, as is scarcely to be found in any single intellect; or perhaps others foresaw the tumults which would be raised against them, and confined their knowledge to their own breasts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

That the professors of literature generally reside in the highest stories has been immemorially observed. The wisdom of the

Ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation; why else were the Muses stationed on Olympus, or Parnassus, by those who could with equal right have raised them bowers in the vale of Tempe, or erected their altars among the flexures of Meander? Why was Jove himself nursed upon a mountain? or why did the goddesses, when the prize of beauty was contested, try the cause upon the top of Ida? Such were the fictions by which the great masters of the earlier ages endeavored to inculcate to posterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obscured by the negligence and ignorance of succeeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated symbol of Pythagoras, ἀνεμῶν πνεόντων τὴν ἠχὼ προσκύνει; "when the wind blows, worship its echo." This could not but be understood by his disciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently visited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholly obliterated in the age of Augustus, for Tibullus evidently congratulates himself upon his garret, not without some allusion to the Pythagorean precept:—

Quem juvat immites ventos audire cubantem—
Aut, gelidas hybernus aquas cum fuderit auster,
Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,
Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing showers!

And it is impossible not to discover the fondness of Lucretius, an early writer, for a garret, in his description of the lofty towers of serene learning, and of the pleasure with which a wise man looks down upon the confused and erratic state of the world moving below him:—

Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.

———'Tis sweet thy laboring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
And all the magazines of learning fortified:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.

—*Dryden.*

The institution has, indeed, continued to our own time; the garret is still the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet; but this, like many ancient customs, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reason for which it was established: —

Causa latet: res est notissima.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
—*Addison.*

Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning these habitations of literature, but without much satisfaction to the judicious inquirer. Some have imagined that the garret is generally chosen by the wits as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aërial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge, and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusements; and some, yet more visionary, tell us that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinement.

These conveniences may perhaps all be found in a well-chosen garret; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated invariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of a universal practice, there must still be presumed a universal cause, which, however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by its discovery, and you by its promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from

the time of Hippocrates; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered by a long series of observations that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapors, and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth accelerates the fancy and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dullness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favorable to his intellects, according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may perhaps reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cause of the gayety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer than that he who towers to the fifth story is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground floor. The nations between the tropics are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful, because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and, there-

fore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniences of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must actuate our languor by taking a few turns round the centre in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air motion and effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory, and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigor of understanding till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue blockheads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe. But let not any man be considered as unimprovable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of Aretæus was rational in no other place but in his own shop.

I think a frequent removal to various distances from the centre, so necessary to a just estimate of intellectual abilities, and consequently of so great use in education, that if I hoped that the public could be persuaded to so expensive an experiment, I would propose that there should be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like those which Bacon describes in Solomon's house, for the expansion and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments or constitutions. Perhaps some that fume away in meditations upon time and space in the tower might compose tables of interest at a certain depth; and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might at the height of half a mile ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addison observes that we may find the heat of Virgil's climate in some lines of his «Georgics»: so when I read a composition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly sally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it fresh from the garret; an expression which would break from me upon the perusal of most of your papers, did I not believe that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock loft.

HYPERTATUS.

Complete. Number 117 of the Rambler.

SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FAULTS

SHAKESPEARE with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall show them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candor higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot estimate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent of time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labor to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavored, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We

need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies. Shakespeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his «Arcadia,» confounded the pastoral with the feudal times; the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine: the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve; yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gayety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labor is more. The effusions of passion which exigence forces out are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumor, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakespeare found it an incumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavored to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavored, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not

reject; he struggles with it awhile, and, if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and solved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity. A quibble is to Shakespeare what luminous vapors are to the traveler; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disposition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange that in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favor than that which must be indulged to all human excellence: that his virtues be rated with his failings: but from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence

to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood; that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unraveled; he does not endeavor to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakespeare is the poet of nature; but his plan has commonly, what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shown no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet than pleasure to the auditor. . . .

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of «As You Like It,» which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's «Gamelyn,» was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of «Hamlet» in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in Saxo Grammaticus. His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by version, they supplied him with new objects; he dilated some of Plutarch's «Lives» into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvelous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakespeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labors were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminating events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

From the preface to «Shakespeare.»

PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never

attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best: he did not court the candor, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of «Thirty-eight,» of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. «Almost every line,» he said, «was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent sometime afterwards to me for the press with almost every line written twice over a second time.»

His declaration that his care for his works ceased at their publication was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the «Iliad,» and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the «Essay on Criticism» received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigor.

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dry-

den were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me, for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

From «Lives of the Poets.»

BEN JONSON

(*c.* 1573–1637)

BEN JONSON'S «Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter» are not essays in the same sense with Bacon's. He is a quaint and entertaining prose writer, and it frequently happens that in rambling from subject to subject over the wide range of things which interest him, he finds something which results in an essay as complete in form as could be desired. Quite frequently, however, he prefers to gossip pleasantly, changing the subject as soon as he is tired of it, without regard to whether he has reached the end of it or not. In his lyric poems, he shows the artistic sense which belonged to his seasons of concentrated effort. His ode to the moon,—

> «Queen and huntress chaste and fair,
> Now the sun is laid to sleep,»

is scarcely surpassed in its art by any other lyric in the language, and it represents him well on the too infrequent occasions when he subjected himself to the strain of doing his best.

He was born at Westminster, England, about the year 1573, from obscure parentage. His stepfather was a bricklayer, but he was sent to school first to St. Martins-in-the-Fields, and afterwards to Westminster. In 1597 he is found working in London as a player and writer of plays. In 1598 his «Every Man in His Humor» was put on the stage at the Globe Theatre, and it is said that Shakespeare appeared as one of the actors in it. Jonson was popular as a playwright, and so great a favorite at court that he had a pension of £200 a year. He knew and valued Shakespeare, but, as one of the passages in his «Discoveries» shows, his admiration was not undiscriminating. In 1637, when Jonson died, the court was engaged in preparing for the life-and-death struggle which was to come with Cromwell's Ironsides. The poet was forgotten after his burial in Westminster Abbey, until one of his admirers, Sir John Young, caused to be cut upon the tomb the celebrated epitaph, «O Rare Ben Jonson.»

ON SHAKESPEARE—ON THE DIFFERENCE OF WITS

I REMEMBER the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, «Would he had blotted a thousand,» which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, «Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.» He replied, «Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause»; and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

In the difference of wits I have observed there are many notes; and it is a little maistry to know them, to discern what every nature, every disposition will bear; for before we sow our land we should plough it. There are no fewer forms of minds than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians, some to be sent to the plow, and trades.

There is no doctrine will do good where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high; others low and still; some hot and fiery; others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur.

There be some that are forward and bold; and these will do every little thing easily. I mean that is hard by and next them, which they will utter unretarded without any shamefacedness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are what they are on the sudden; they show presently like grain that, scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise

at first, but there is an *ingenistitium;* they stand still at sixteen, they get no higher.

You have others that labor only to ostentation; and are ever more busy about the colors and surface of a work than in the matter and foundation, for that is hid, the other is seen.

Others that in composition are nothing but what is rough and broken. *Quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.* And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly that struck the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves; have some singularity in a ruff, cloak, or hatband; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended while they are looked on. And this vice, one that is authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated; so that ofttimes the faults which he fell into, the others seek for. This is the danger, when vice becomes a precedent.

Others there are that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall in what they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors.

> "They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream,
> In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream."

You may sound these wits and find the depth of them with your middle finger. They are cream-bowl, or but puddle-deep.

Some that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers; that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice. By which means it happens that what they have discredited and impugned in one week, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last, and therein their own folly so much that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested; not that the place did need it neither, but that they thought themselves furnished and would vent it.

Some again who, after they have got authority, or, which is less, opinion, by their writings, to have read much, dare presently to feign whole books and authors, and lie safely. For what never was will not easily be found, not by the most curious.

And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false venditation of their own naturals, think to divert the sagacity of their readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their own fox-like thefts; when yet they are so rank, as a man may find whole pages together usurped from one author; their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books; and so come forth more ridiculously and palpably guilty than those who, because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

But the wretcheder are the obstinate contemners of all helps and arts; such as presuming on their own naturals (which, perhaps, are excellent), dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the terms when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily with their ignorance. These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature; and they utter all they can think with a kind of violence and indisposition, unexamined, without relation either to person, place, or any fitness else; and the more willful and stubborn they are in it the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment, who think those things the stronger that have no art; as if to break were better than to open, or to rend asunder gentler than to loose.

It cannot but come to pass that these men who commonly seek to do more than enough may sometimes happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they only and ambitiously seek for) stick out and are more eminent because all is sordid and vile about them; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. Now, because they speak all they can (however unfitly), they are thought to have the greater copy; where the learned use ever election and a mean, they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportioned body. The true artificer will not run away from Nature as he were afraid of her, or depart from life and the likeness of truth, but speak to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the Tamerlanes and Tamer-chams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. He knows

it is his only art so to carry it as none but artificers perceive it. In the meantime, perhaps, he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor writer, or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks, by these men who, without labor, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense, are received or preferred before him. He gratulates them and their fortune. Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies, his wisdom in dividing, his subtlety in arguing, with what strength he doth inspire his readers, with what sweetness he strokes them; in inveighing, what sharpness; in jest, what urbanity he uses; how he doth reign in men's affections; how invade and break in upon them, and makes their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his elocution to behold what word is proper, which hath ornaments, which height, what is beautifully translated, where figures are fit, which gentle, which strong, to show the composition manly; and how he hath avoided faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate phrase; which is not only praised of the most, but commended (which is worse), especially for that it is naught.

Complete. From «Timber; or, Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter.»

ON MALIGNANCY IN STUDIES

THERE be some men are born only to suck out the poison of books: *Habent venenum pro victu; imo, pro deliciis.* And such are they that only relish the obscene and foul things in poets; which makes the profession taxed. But by whom? Men that watch for it; and (had they not had this hint) are so unjust valuers of letters, as they think no learning good but what brings in gain. It shows they themselves would never have been of the professions they are, but for the profits and fees. But if another learning well used can instruct to good life, inform manners, no less persuade and lead men, than they threaten and compel, and have no reward: is it therefore the worse study? I could never think the study of wisdom confined only to the philosopher; or of piety to the divine; or of state to the politic: but that he which can feign a commonwealth (which is the poet) can govern it with counsels, strengthen it with laws, correct it with judgments, inform it with religion and morals is all these. We

do not require in him mere elocution, or an excellent faculty in verse, but the exact knowledge of all virtues, and their contraries, with ability to render the one loved, the other hated, by his proper embattling them. The philosophers did insolently, to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest generals and gravest counselors never durst. For such had rather do, than promise the best things.

Complete. From «Timber; or, Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter.»

OF GOOD AND EVIL

A GOOD man will avoid the spot of any sin. The very aspersion is grievous; which makes him choose his way in his life as he would in his journey. The ill man rides through all confidently; he is coated and booted for it. The oftener he offends, the more openly; and the fouler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty, like a riding coat, the more it is worn, is the less cared for. It is good enough for the dirt still, and the ways he travels in. An innocent man needs no eloquence; his innocence is instead of it; else I had never come off so many times from these precipices, whither men's malice hath pursued me. It is true, I have been accused to the lords, to the king, and by great ones: but it happened my accusers had not thought of the accusation with themselves; and so were driven, for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander: or too late (being entered so far) to seek starting holes for their rashness, which were not given them. And then they may think what accusation that was like to prove, when they that were the engineers feared to be the authors. Nor were they content to feign things against me, but to urge things feigned by the ignorant against my profession; which though, from their hired and mercenary impudence, I might have passed by, as granted to a nation of barkers, that let out their tongues to lick others' sores, yet I durst not leave myself undefended, having a pair of ears unskillful to hear lies, or have those things said of me, which I could truly prove of them. They objected making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them, their not being able to read them, but as worthy of scorn. Nay, they would offer to urge mine own writings against me, but by pieces (which was an excellent way of

malice): as if any man's context might not seem dangerous and offensive, if that which was knit to what went before were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves uttered might not seem subject to calumny, which, read entire, would appear most free. At last they upbraided my poverty: I confess she is my domestic; sober of diet, simple of habit, frugal, painful, a good counselor to me, that keeps me from cruelty, pride, or other more delicate impertinences, which are the nurse children of riches. But let them look over all the great and monstrous wickednesses, they shall never find those in poor families. They are the issue of the wealthy giants, and the mighty hunters: whereas no great work, worthy of praise or memory, but came out of poor cradles. It was the ancient poverty that founded commonweals, built cities, invented arts, made wholesome laws, armed men against vices, rewarded them with their own virtues, and preserved the honor and state of nations, till they betrayed themselves to riches.

Complete. From «Timber; or, Discoveries Made upon Man and Matter.»

«JUNIUS»

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS (?)

(1740–1818)

AMONG the letters of «Junius,»— each a masterpiece of vituperation,— that of July 8th, 1769, to the Duke of Grafton is unapproachable. It is as hard to read it without feeling that its victim must have deserved it as it is to escape regret at the necessity of even suspecting the depths of infamy possible for those who aspire to control others by force and fraud. Of all who have studied politics since Machiavelli showed scoundrels how to make a public policy of their worst villainy, Junius alone has adequately expressed the indignant contempt every honest man who knows such politics must feel for such politicians. Swift, who approaches Junius in knowledge of the subject, broke his heart and died, wrecked in mind and body, by the «cruel indignation» which alone could have endowed the author of the «Junius» letters with the transcendent ability he displays in attacking the great criminals of the commercial and political combination which was then using the power of the oppressed English people to rob the people of India. To appreciate the full significance of the domestic politics which provoked the letters of «Junius,» the reader who has the letter to the Duke of Grafton fresh in mind, must take up Burke's speech opening the bribery charges against Hastings and read on until he has learned how the imposts laid on Hindoo farmers by the allies and agents of the British East India Company were collected by the use of torture. If, as Macaulay supposes, Sir Philip Francis wrote the letters of «Junius,» he had ample opportunity to realize abroad the meaning of the corruption he had denounced at home, for he was in India from 1774 to 1780 as a member of the council appointed to check Hastings. He was born at Dublin, October 22d, 1740, his father, Rev. Philip Francis, being the author of a celebrated translation of Horace which, in spite of some pardonable pedantry, remains still the English masterpiece of its class. With this family tradition of ability, the younger Francis developed in his own right, talent of a high order. From being a junior clerk in the office of the Secretary of State in 1756, he rose in 1774 to be one of the Council for India. On his return from the East, he was elected to Parliament (1784) where, as in his writings,

he showed himself a formidable opponent of those he considered opponents of justice and progress. He died December 23d, 1818. The argument for his authorship of «Junius» has been repeatedly made and often controverted. Macaulay's statement of the evidence in his essay on Warren Hastings is an interesting one and as nearly convincing, no doubt, as can be made where the evidence is wholly circumstantial.

W. V. B.

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON

July 8th, 1769.

My Lord:—

IF NATURE had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you perhaps the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment, form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind which counteracts the most favorite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition and silenced the clamor of faction. A dark, ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue on which every Englishman of the narrowest capacity may determine for himself. It is not an alarm to the passions, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would

not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution before he had made some progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion, unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury. The collective body of the people form that jury, and from their decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have perhaps mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received as synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your grace to consider what you also may expect in return from their spirit and their resentment.

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne, we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the favorite had some apparent influence upon every administration; and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favorite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered, their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honor to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their station. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections; and nothing remained but to

find a leader for these gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my lord; for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud, imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state; but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence or fury which governed your whole administration. Your circumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants, you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your grace's well-directed labors that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign at a time when both were unquestionable. You have degraded the royal dignity into a base, dishonorable competition with Mr. Wilkes; nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, my lord, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honor and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own; and, in the common arts of domestic corruption, we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded safe and contemptible. You might probably never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished; and to a mind like yours there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundation of the laws

themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointments we may soon see a House of Commons collected, in the choice of which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex.

Yet I trust your grace will find that the people of this country are neither to be intimidated by violent measures nor deceived by refinements. When they see Mr. Luttrell seated in the House of Commons by mere dint of power, and in direct opposition to the choice of a whole county, they will not listen to those subtleties by which every arbitrary exertion of authority is explained into the law and privilege of parliament. It requires no persuasion of argument, but simply the evidence of the senses to convince them that to transfer the right of election from the collective to the representative body of the people contradicts all those ideas of a House of Commons which they have received from their forefathers, and which they have already, though vainly perhaps, delivered to their children. The principles on which this violent measure has been defended have added scorn to injury, and forced us to feel that we are not only oppressed, but insulted.

With what force, my lord, with what protection are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed; and I fancy, my lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the addressed of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress, but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote which you have already paid for: another must be purchased; and, to save a minister, the House of Commons must declare themselves not only independent of their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance; or, if their protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you, that a man marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum

should be the first servant of a court in which prayers are morality, and kneeling is religion.

Trust not too far to appearances, by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover that this is a contention in which everything may be lost, but nothing can be gained; and as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favor, be assured that whenever an occasion presses you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning which in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners, with those of their high-steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dullness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues. Yet for the benefit of the succeeding age I could wish that your retreat might be deferred until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

Complete. From Woodfall's «Junius.»

IMMANUEL KANT

(1724–1804)

IN the «Canon of Pure Reason» as in the entire «Critique,» of which it is a part, Kant attempts to define the laws of the mind's operation. As his style is obscure and his reasoning abstruse, the practical usefulness of his work is sometimes questioned. When, however, we get beyond metaphysics to the common problems of life and of the experimental science which aims at efficiency, we can see that if the «Canon of Reason» were really ascertained and clearly defined, it would be of the greatest possible advantage. If, for example, the mind operates now as it did at the origin of language, then we have only our own lack of intellectual activity to blame that there is not a true «science of language.» So of «anthropology» in all its phases; so of the higher science of civilization which so many great minds have attempted to create. In the conclusion of the «Canon of Reason,» Kant repudiates the idea that he is attempting to transcend what may be understood as a result of the general experience. «Nature,» he says, «in respect of that which affects all men without distinction, has not to be charged with any partial distribution of its gifts; . . . the highest philosophy in respect of the essential ends of human nature cannot advance any further than the guide which nature likewise conferred upon the most common understanding.»

Kant was born at Königsberg, Prussia, April 22d, 1724. His father was a saddler of limited means, who managed, nevertheless, to secure him early educational advantages, which enabled him to enter the university and take his degree. He had supported himself meanwhile by work as a tutor, and a year after his graduation he secured employment in the royal library at Königsberg. Four years later he became professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Königsberg University, a position he held until his death February 12th, 1804. His career was thus identified with his native city, and it is said that he was never more than thirty miles away from it in his life. The «Critique of Pure Reason» (Kritik der Reinen Vernunft), his greatest philosophical work, appeared in 1781. It was followed in 1788 by the «Critique of Practical Reason,» and in 1790 by the «Critique of the Power of Judgment.» Among his other works are «Dreams of a Ghost-Seer,» «Observations on the Sense of the Beautiful and Sublime,»

«Metaphysical Elements of Legal Science,» and the «Foundation of the Metaphysics of Ethics.» His «Critique of Pure Reason» is often called the most important work of modern philosophy.

THE CANON OF PURE REASON

OPINION (the «Holding-to-be-True») is an event in our understanding which may repose upon objective grounds, but requires also subjective causes in the mind of him who then judges. If it be valid for every one, so far as it has only reason, the ground thereof is then objectively sufficient, and the holding of a thing for true is then termed Conviction. If it have only its foundation in the particular quality of the subject, it is then termed persuasion.

Persuasion is a mere appearance, since the ground of the judgment which lies in the subject only is held to be objective. Consequently, such a judgment has also only private (individual) validity, and the holding of a thing for true cannot be imparted. But Truth reposes upon the accordance with the object, in respect of which, consequently, the judgments of every understanding must be accordant. The touchstone of the holding a thing for true, whether it be conviction or merely persuasion, is, therefore, externally, the possibility of imparting it and of finding this holding for true, valid for the reason of every man; for then it is at least a presumption that the ground of the accordance of all judgments, notwithstanding the difference of subjects with one another, will repose upon the common foundation, namely, the object with which they, consequently, will all accord, and thereby prove the truth of the judgment.

Hence persuasion cannot certainly be distinguished subjectively from conviction, if the subject have before its eyes the holding for true merely as a phenomenon of its own mind: but the experiment which we make with the grounds of this, which are valid for us, as to another understanding, whether they operate the selfsame effect upon this other reason as upon ours is, nevertheless, a means, although only a subjective one, not assuredly for operating conviction, but, nevertheless, for disclosing the merely private validity of the judgment, that is to say, something in it, which is mere persuasion.

If, moreover, we can develop the subjective causes of the judgment, which we take for its objective grounds, and, conse-

quently, explain the deceptive holding for true, as an event in our mind, without having need for this of the quality of the object, we thus expose the appearance, and are thereby no longer deceived, although we still are always in a certain degree cajoled, if the subjective cause of the appearance belong to our nature.

I can maintain nothing (that is, declare it as a necessarily valid judgment for every man), except what produces conviction. Persuasion I can retain for myself, if I am content with it, but I cannot wish, and ought not to wish to make it valid beyond myself.

The holding for true, or the subjective validity of the judgment, in reference to conviction (which at the same time is objectively valid) has the three following degrees: Opining, Believing, and Knowing. Opining is an insufficient holding for true with consciousness, subjectively equally as objectively. If this last (holding for true) is only sufficient, subjectively, and is at the same time held to be insufficient, objectively, it is then termed Believing. Lastly, the sufficient holding for true, subjectively equally as well as objectively, is termed Knowledge. The subjective sufficiency is termed Conviction (as to myself), the objective certainty (as to every one). I shall not stop for the explanation of such comprehensible conceptions.

I must never venture to opine without at least knowing something, by means of which the merely problematical judgment in itself receives a connection with truth, which connection, although not complete, is still more than arbitrary fiction. The law, moreover, of such a connection must be certain. For if I in respect of the law have also nothing but opinion, then everything is only a play of the imagination, without the least reference to truth. In judgments from pure reason, it is not at all permitted to opine. For since they are not supported upon reasons of experience, but everything is to be cognized *a priori*, where everything is necessary, the principle of connection thus requires universality — as otherwise no guide at all to truth is met with. It is, therefore, absurd to opine in pure mathematics; we must know, or abstain from all judgment. The case is just the same with the principles of morality, as we must not hazard an action upon the mere opinion that something is permitted, but we must know it.

In the transcendental use of reason, on the other hand, to opine is certainly too little, but to know is likewise too much.

With mere speculative intention we cannot, therefore, at all judge in this case, since subjective grounds of holding for true, such as those which can effect belief, deserve no approbation in speculative questions, because they do not sustain themselves free of all empirical assistance, nor are imparted to others in equal measure.

But the theoretical insufficient holding for true may be termed generally belief, merely in practical reference. Now this practical intention is either that of ability, or of morality,— the first for arbitrary and contingent ends, but the second for those absolutely necessary.

If once an end be proposed, the conditions for its attainment are thus hypothetically necessary. The necessity is subjective, but still only comparatively sufficient, if I know no other conditions at all by which the end was to be attained; but it is absolute and sufficient for every one, if I know certainly that no one can be acquainted with other conditions that lead to the proposed end. In the first case, my presupposition and the holding for true of certain conditions, is mere contingent belief, but in the second case, a necessary one. The physician is compelled to do something for his patient who is in danger; but he is not acquainted with the disease. He looks at symptoms, and judges, since he knows nothing better, that it is a phthisis. His belief in his own judgment even is merely contingent; another perhaps might better hit upon it. I term such belief contingent, but what lies at the foundation of the real use of means for certain actions is the pragmatical belief.

The usual touchstone, whether something is mere persuasion, or at least subjective conviction, that is, firm belief, which a certain one maintains, is Wagering. Frequently a man states his propositions with such confident and inflexible defiance that he seems wholly to have laid aside all apprehension of error. A wager startles him. Sometimes it appears that he certainly possesses enough persuasion as may be estimated at a ducat in value, but not at ten. For as to the first ducat he, indeed, stakes readily, but at ten he is then for the first time aware, which previously he had not remarked, namely, that it is nevertheless very possible he is in error. Provided we represented to our mind that we were to wager the happiness of a whole life upon this, our exulting judgment would then give way very much and we should be exceedingly alarmed, and so discover for the first time that our belief did not extend thus far. The prag-

matic belief has in this way only a degree, which, according to the difference of interest that is at stake therein, may be great or yet small.

But as, although in relation to an object we can undertake nothing at all, and therefore the holding for true is merely theoretical, still in many cases we may embrace and imagine to ourselves in thought an undertaking for which we fancy we possess sufficient grounds, provided there is a means for constituting certainty of the thing, so there is, in mere theoretical judgments, an analogon of what is practical, the holding of which for true, the word Believing suits, and which we may term Doctrinal Belief. If it were possible to decide through an experience, so might I very well wager, as to this point, all that is mine, that, at least in some one of the planets that we see, there were inhabitants. Consequently, I say it is not mere opinion but a firm belief (as to the correctness of which I would, to begin with, hazard many advantages in life) that there are also inhabitants of other worlds.

Now we must confess that the doctrine of the existence of God belongs to doctrinal belief. For, although in respect of theoretical cognition of the world, I have nothing to arrange which necessarily presupposes this idea, as the condition of my explanations of the phenomena of the world, but rather am compelled so to make use of my reason as if everything were merely nature, still, the unity conformable to its end is so great a condition of the application of reason to nature, that since experience moreover furnishes me freely with examples of it, I cannot at all pass it by. But for this unity I know no other condition which it made to me, as a clew for my investigation of nature, but when I presuppose that a supreme intelligence has thus ordered everything according to the wisest ends. Consequently, it is a condition, certainly of a casual, but yet not unimportant intention, namely, in order to have a guide in the investigation of nature, to presuppose a wise Creator of the world. The result of my researches, likewise, so frequently confirms the utility of this presupposition, and nothing can decidedly be adduced in opposition, that I say much too little, if I desire to term my holding for true, merely an opining, for it may even be said in this theoretic relationship, that I firmly believe in God — but this belief, however, in strict signification, is then, nevertheless, not practical, but must be termed a doctrinal belief, which the

theology of nature (physico-theology) must everywhere necessarily operate. In respect of this selfsame wisdom, in regard of the excellent endowment of human nature, and the shortness of life so badly adapted to it, an equally satisfactory cause for a doctrinal belief in the future life of the human soul may be met with.

The expression of belief is in such cases an expression of modesty as to objective intention, but, at the same time, of the firmness of confidence as to subjective. If I wished to term here the mere theoretical holding for true (hypothesis only), which I was justified in admitting, I should thereby already find myself pledged to have a conception, more as to the quality of a cause of the world and of another world than I really can show — for what I assume likewise only as hypothesis, of this must I, according to its properties, at least, still know so much, that I must not invent its conception, but only its existence. But the word Belief refers only to the guide which an idea gives me, and to the subjective influence upon the advancement of my actions of reason, which keeps me fast to the same guide, although as to this I am not in a state to give an account with a speculative view.

But the mere doctrinal belief has something unsteady about it; one is often turned from this, through difficulties which present themselves in speculation, although we certainly always infallibly return back again thereto.

It is quite otherwise with moral belief. For there it is absolutely necessary that something must happen, namely, that I should in all points fulfill the moral law. The object is here indispensably established, and there is only one single condition, according to my introspection, possible, under which this end coheres with all ends together, and thereby possesses objective validity, namely, that there is a God and a future world: — I also know quite certainly that no one is acquainted with other conditions that lead to this unity of ends under the moral law. But as the moral precept, therefore, is at the same time my maxim (as reason then commands that it is to be so), I shall thus infallibly believe the existence of God and a future life, and I am sure that nothing can render this belief vacillating, since thereby my moral principles themselves would be subverted, which I cannot relinquish without being detestable in my own eyes.

In such a way there still remains to us enough, after the disappointment of all the ambitious views of a reason wandering about beyond the limits of experience, that we have cause to be satisfied therewith in a practical point of view. Certainly, no one is able to boast that he knows there is a God, and that there is a future life, for if he knows this, he is then exactly the man whom I long have sought after. All knowing (if it concern an object of pure reason) can be imparted, and I should likewise, therefore, be able to hope through his instruction to see my knowledge extended in so wonderful a manner. But no, the conviction is not logical but moral certitude, and as it reposes upon subjective grounds (moral sentiment), so must I not ever state that it is morally certain there is a God, etc., but that I am morally certain. That is, the belief in a God and another world is so interwoven with my moral sentiment, that as little as I run the danger of losing the first, just so little do I fear that the second can ever be torn from me.

The only difficulty which is met with in this case is that this reason-belief is founded upon the presupposition of moral sentiments. If we depart from this, and adopt a belief that would be quite indifferent as to moral laws, the question then which reason proposes becomes merely a problem for speculation, and may then certainly be still supported by strong grounds from analogy, but never by those to which the stubbornest skepticism must surrender. But in these questions no man is free from all interest. For although he might be severed from the moral one by the want of good sentiments, still there yet remains enough besides, in this case, in order to cause that he should fear a divine existence and a futurity. For nothing further is required for this purpose than that he is not able to plead certainty, that no such being and no future life is to be met with; for which effect, inasmuch as this must be shown through mere reason,—consequently, apodeictically,—he would have to demonstrate the impossibility of both, which certainly no rational being can undertake. This would be a negative belief, which certainly could not produce morality and good sentiments, but yet the analogon of the same, that is, could restrain powerfully the outbreak of what is bad.

But it will be said, is this all which Pure Reason executes in opening out views beyond the limits of experience? Nothing more than two articles of belief? The common understanding

without, as to this, consulting philosophers, would have been able also, in fact, to execute as much!

I will not here boast of the merit which philosophy has, as to human reason, by means of the laborious effort of its critique — though it be granted that such merit also in the result were to be found merely negative; for as to this, something more will appear in the following section. But do you require, then, that a cognition which concerns all men should transcend the common understanding, and should only be discovered to you by philosophers? That very thing which you blame is the best confirmation of the correctness of the previous assertions, since it discovers what in the beginning we could not foresee, namely, that nature in respect of that which affects all men without distinction has not to be charged with any partial distribution of its gifts, and that the highest philosophy, in respect of the essential ends of human nature, cannot advance any further than the guide which nature likewise conferred upon the most common understanding.

Complete. From the «Critique of Pure Reason.» Haywood's translation.

THOMAS KEIGHTLEY

(1789–1872)

THE essays of Keightley's "Fairy Mythology," which appeared in 1828, are the beginning of the serious attempt to make a science of Folklore; but they are not too serious or too scientific to be delightful reading for people of all ages. Its author, who wrote nothing else to compare with it, was born in Ireland, in 1789, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. From 1824 to his death in 1872, he lived in England, occupied chiefly with the preparation of educational text-books.

ON MIDDLE-AGE ROMANCE

Ecco quei che le carte empion di sogni,
Lancilotto, Tristano e gli altri erranti,
Onde convien che il volgo errante agogni.
—Petrarca.

FEW will now endeavor to trace romantic and marvelous fiction to any individual source. An extensive survey of the regions of fancy and their productions will incline us rather to consider the mental powers of man as having a uniform operation under every sky, and under every form of political existence, and to acknowledge that identity of invention is not more to be wondered at than identity of action. It is strange how limited the powers of the imagination are. Without due consideration of the subject, it might be imagined that her stores of materials and powers of combination are boundless; yet reflection, however slight, will convince us that here also "there is nothing new," and charges of plagiarism will, in the majority of cases, be justly suspected to be devoid of foundation. The finest poetical expressions and similes of occidental literature meet us when we turn our attention to the East, and a striking analogy pervades the tales and fictions of every region. The reason is, the materials presented to the inventive faculties are scanty. The power of combination is therefore limited to a narrow compass, and similar combinations must hence frequently occur.

Yet still there is a high degree of probability in the supposition of the luxuriant fictions of the East having through Spain and Syria operated on European fancy. The poetry and romance of the Middle Ages are notoriously richer in detail, and more gorgeous in invention than the more correct and chaste strains of Greece and Latium; the island of Calypso, for example, is in beauty and variety left far behind by the retreats of the fairies of romance. Whence arises this difference? No doubt—

> «When ancient chivalry display'd
> The pomp of her heroic games,
> And crested knights and tissued dames
> Assembled at the clarion's call,
> In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall»—

that a degree of pomp and splendor met the eye of the minstrel and romancer on which the bards of the simple republics of ancient times had never gazed, and this might account for the difference between the poetry of ancient and of middle-age Europe. Yet, notwithstanding, we discover such an Orientalism in the latter as would induce us to acquiesce in the hypothesis of the fictions and the manner of the East having been early transmitted to the West; and it is highly probable that along with more splendid habits of life entered a more lavish use of the gorgeous stores laid open to the plastic powers of fiction. The tales of Arabia were undoubtedly known in Europe from a very early period. The romance of «Cléomadès and Claremonde,» which was written in the thirteenth century, not merely resembles, but actually is the story of the Enchanted Horse in the «Thousand and One Nights.» Another tale in the same collection, the two sisters who envied their younger sister, may be found in Straparola, and is also a popular story in Germany; and in the «Pentameron» and other collections of tales published long before the appearance of M. Galland's translation of the Eastern ones, numerous traces of an Oriental origin may be discerned. The principal routes they came by may also be easily shown. The necessities of commerce and the pilgrimage to Mecca occasioned a constant intercourse between the Moors of Spain and their fellow-sectaries of the East; and the Venetians, who were the owners of Candia, carried on an extensive trade with Syria and Egypt. It is worthy of notice that the «Notti Piacevoli» of Straparola were first published in Venice, and that Basile the author of the «Pentameron,»

spent his youth in Candia, and was afterwards a long time at Venice. Lastly, pilgrims were notorious narrators of marvels, and each, as he visited the Holy Land, was anxious to store his memory with those riches, the diffusal of which procured him attention and hospitality at home.

We think, therefore, that European romance may be indebted, though not for the name, yet for some of the attributes and exploits of its fairies to Asia. This is more especially the case with the romances composed or turned into prose in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; for in the earlier ones the «Fairy Mythology» is much more sparingly introduced.

From «Fairy Mythology.»

ARABIAN ROMANCE

THE Prophet is the centre round which everything connected with Arabia revolves. The period preceding his birth is regarded and designated as the times of ignorance, and our knowledge of the ancient Arabian mythology comprises little more than he has been pleased to transmit to us. The Arabs, however, appear at no period of their history to have been a people addicted to fanciful invention. Their minds are acute and logical, and their poetry is that of the heart rather than of the fancy. They dwell with fondness on the joys and pains of love, and with enthusiasm describe the courage and daring deeds of warriors, or in moving strains pour forth the plaintive elegy; but for the description of gorgeous palaces and fragrant gardens, or for the wonders of magic, they are indebted chiefly to their Persian neighbors.

What classes of beings the popular creed may have recognized before the establishment of Islam, we have no means of ascertaining. The Suspended Poems, and Antar, give us little or no information; we know only that the tales of Persia were current among them, and were listened to with such avidity as to rouse the indignation of the Prophet. We must, therefore, quit the tents of the Bedoween, and the valleys of «Araby the Blest,» and accompany the khaleefehs to their magnificent capital on the Tigris, whence emanated all that has thrown such a halo of splendor around the genius and language of Arabia. It is in this seat of empire that we must look to meet with the origin of the marvels of Arabian literature.

Transplanted to a rich and fertile soil, the sons of the desert speedily abandoned their former simple mode of life; and the court of Bagdad equaled or surpassed in magnificence anything that the East has ever witnessed. Genius, whatever its direction, was encouraged and rewarded, and the musician and the story-teller shared with the astronomer and historian the favor of the munificent khaleefehs. The tales which had amused the leisure of the Shapoors and Yezdejirds were not disdained by the Haroons and Almansoors. The expert narrators altered them so as to accord with the new faith. And it was thus, probably, that the delightful «Thousand and One Nights» were gradually produced and modified.

As the Genii or Jinn are prominent actors in these tales, where they take the place of the Persian Peries and Deevs, we will here give some account of them.

According to Arabian writers, there is a species of beings named Jinn or Jan (Jinnee m., Jinniyeh f. sing.), which were created and occupied the earth several thousand years before Adam. A tradition from the Prophet says that they were formed of «smokeless fire,» *i. e.*, the fire of the wind Simoom. They were governed by a succession of forty, or, as others say, seventy-two monarchs, named Suleyman, the last of whom, called Jan-ibn-Jan, built the Pyramids of Egypt. Prophets were sent from time to time to instruct and admonish them; but on their continued disobedience, an army of angels appeared, who drove them from the earth to the regions of the islands, making many prisoners, and slaughtering many more. Among the prisoners was a young Jinnee, named Âzazeel, or El-Harith (afterwards called Iblees, from his despair), who grew up among the angels, and became at last their chief. When Adam was created, God commanded the angels to worship him; and they all obeyed except Iblees, who, for his disobedience, was turned into a Sheytan or Devil, and he became the father of the Sheytans.

The Jinn are not immortal; they are to survive mankind, but to die before the general resurrection. Even at present many of them are slain by other Jinn, or by men; but chiefly by shooting stars hurled at them from heaven. The fire of which they were created circulates in their veins instead of blood, and when they receive a mortal wound it bursts forth and consumes them to ashes. They eat and drink, and propagate their species. Sometimes they unite with human beings, and the offspring partakes

of the nature of both parents. Some of the Jinn are obedient to the will of God, and believers in the Prophet, answering to the Peries of the Persians; others are like the Deevs, disobedient and malignant. Both kinds are divided into communities, and ruled over by princes. They have the power to make themselves visible and invisible at pleasure. They can assume the form of various animals, especially those of serpents, cats, and dogs. When they appear in the human form, that of the good Jinnee is usually of great beauty; that of the evil one, of hideous deformity and sometimes of gigantic size.

When the Zoba'ah, a whirlwind that raises the sand in the form of a pillar of tremendous height, is seen sweeping over the desert, the Arabs, who believe it to be caused by the flight of the evil Jinnee, cry, Iron! Iron! (*Hadeed! Hadeed!*) or Iron! thou unlucky one! (*Hadeed! ya meshoom!*) of which metal the Jinn are believed to have a great dread. Or else they cry, God is most great! (*Allahu akbar!*) They do the same when they see a water spout at sea; for they assign the same cause to its origin.

The chief abode of the Jinn of both kinds is the mountains of Kaf. But they also are dispersed through the earth, and they occasionally take up their residence in baths, wells, latrinæ, ovens, and ruined houses. They also frequent the sea and rivers, crossroads, and market places. They ascend at times to the confines of the lowest heaven, and by listening there to the conversation of the angels they obtain some knowledge of futurity, which they impart to those men who, by means of talismans or magic arts, have been able to reduce them to obedience.

The following are anecdotes of the Jinn, given by historians of eminence:—

It is related, says El-Kasweenee, by a certain narrator of traditions, that he descended into a valley with his sheep, and a wolf carried off a ewe from among them; and he arose and raised his voice, and cried: «O inhabitant of the valley!» whereupon he heard a voice saying, «O wolf, restore him his sheep!» and the wolf came with the ewe and left her, and departed.

Ben Shohnah relates that in the year 456 of the Hejgira, in the reign of Kaiem, the twenty-sixth khaleefeh of the house of Abbas, a report was raised in Bagdad, which immediately spread throughout the whole province of Irak, that some Turks being out hunting saw in the desert a black tent, beneath which there was a

number of people of both sexes who were beating their cheeks, and uttering loud cries, as is the custom in the East when any one is dead. Amidst their cries they heard these words — The great king of the Jinn is dead, woe to this country! and then there came out a great troop of women, followed by a number of other rabble, who proceeded to a neighboring cemetery, still beating themselves in token of grief and mourning.

The celebrated historian Ebn Athir relates that when he was at Mosul on the Tigris, in the year 600 of the Hejgira, there was in that country an epidemic disease of the throat; and it was said that a woman of the race of the Jinn having lost her son, all those who did not condole with her on account of his death were attacked with that disease; so that to be cured of it men and women assembled, and with all their strength cried out, O mother of Ankood, excuse us! Ankood is dead, and we did not mind it!

Complete. From «Fairy Mythology.»

HOW TO READ OLD-ENGLISH POETRY

OUR forefathers, like their Gotho-German kindred, regulated their verse by the number of accents, not of syllables. The foot, therefore, as we term it, might consist of one, two, three, or even four syllables, provided it had only one strongly marked accent. Further, the accent of a word might be varied, chiefly by throwing it on the last syllable, as natúre for náture, honoúr for hónour, etc. (the Italians, by the way, throw it back when two accents come into collision, as, Il Pástor Fido); they also sounded what the French call the feminine *e* of their words, as, In oldè dayès of the King Artoúr; and so well known seems this practice to have been, that the copyists did not always write this *e*, relying on the skill of the reader to supply it. There was only one restriction, namely, that it was never to come before a vowel, unless where there was a pause. In this way the poetry of the Middle Ages was just as regular as that of the present day; and Chaucer, when properly read, is fully as harmonious as Pope. But the editors of our ancient poems, with the exception of Tyrwhitt, seem to have been ignorant or regardless of this principle; and in the «Canterbury Tales» alone is the verse properly arranged.

From «Fairy Mythology.»

THOMAS À KEMPIS

(*c.* 1380–1471)

THOMAS À KEMPIS, the greatest devotional writer since apostolic times, was born at Kempen, in Rhenish Prussia, about 1380. His father, whose name was "Hammerken," was a poor peasant, but his mother ("sparing in her words, and modest in her actions," as he tells us she was), was well enough educated to teach the village school for young children. To her influence, no doubt, the world owes the "De Imitatione Christi," which "has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible." After leaving his mother's school, Thomas became a pupil of Radewyn at Kempen, and took the name of the school instead of that of his family. Joining the Augustinian order, he entered the convent of Mount St. Agnes, where he remained until his death at the age of ninety-one (August 8th, 1471). He was first subprior and then prior of the convent; but after his promotion to the priorship, he was reduced to subprior again, as having too little shrewdness for business management. His authorship of the "Imitation of Christ" has been questioned, and the controversy over it is likely to continue. The arguments which would make his authorship of so remarkable a work incredible, because of his simplicity of mind, would apply even more strongly against St. John's authorship of the Fourth Gospel. The "De Imitatione Christi" is not a work of talent, but of that inspired genius which has taken hold on the central realities of life through its own suffering.

OF WISDOM AND PROVIDENCE IN OUR ACTIONS

WE MUST not give ear to every saying or suggestion, but ought warily and leisurely to ponder things according to the will of God.

But alas! such is our weakness that we often rather believe and speak evil of others than good.

Those that are perfect men do not easily give credit to everything told them; for they know that human frailty is prone to evil, and very subject to fail in words.

It is great wisdom not to be rash in thy proceedings, nor to stand stiffly in thine own conceits;

As also not to believe everything which thou hearest, nor presently to relate again to others what thou hast heard or dost believe.

Consult with him that is wise and conscientious, and seek to be instructed by a better than thyself, rather than to follow thine own inventions.

A good life maketh a man wise according to God, and giveth him experience in many things.

The more humble a man is in himself, and the more subject and resigned unto God, so much the more prudent shall he be in all his affairs, and enjoy greater peace and quiet of heart.

Complete. «Imitation of Christ,» Chap. iv.

OF THE PROFIT OF ADVERSITY

It is good that we have sometimes some troubles and crosses; for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he is here in banishment, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing.

It is good that we be sometimes contradicted, and that there be an evil or a lessening conceit had of us; and this, although we do and intend well.

These things help often to the attaining of humility, and defend us from vainglory; for then we chiefly seek God for our inward witness, when outwardly we be condemned by men, and when there is no credit given unto us.

And therefore a man should settle himself so fully in God that he need not to seek many comforts of men with evil thougths; then he understandeth better the great need he hath of God, without whom he perceiveth he can do nothing that is good.

Then also he sorroweth, lamenteth, and prayeth, by reason of the miseries he suffereth.

Then he is weary of living longer, and wisheth that death would come, that he might be dissolved and be with Christ.

Then also he well perceiveth that perfect security and full peace cannot be had in this world.

Complete. «Imitation of Christ,» Chap. xii.

OF AVOIDING RASH JUDGMENT

TURN thine eyes unto thyself, and beware thou judge not the deeds of other men. In judging of others a man laboreth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth; but in judging and discussing of himself, he always laboreth fruitfully.

We often judge of things according as we fancy them; for private affection bereaves us easily of true judgment.

If God were always the pure intention of our desire, we should not be so easily troubled, through the repugnance of our carnal mind.

But oftentimes something lurketh within, or else occurreth from without, which draweth us after it.

Many secretly seek themselves in their actions, and know it not.

They seem also to live in good peace of mind, when things are done according to their will and opinion; but if things happen otherwise than they desire, they are straightway troubled and much vexed.

The diversities of judgments and opinions cause oftentimes dissensions between friends and countrymen, between religious and devout persons.

An old custom is hardly broken, and no man is willing to be led further than he himself can see.

If thou dost more rely upon thine own reason or industry than upon that power which brings thee under the obedience of Jesus Christ, it will be long before thou become illuminated; for God will have us perfectly subject unto him, that, being inflamed with his love, we may transcend the narrow limits of human reason.

Complete. «Imitation of Christ,» Chap. xiv.

OF WORKS DONE IN CHARITY

FOR no worldly thing, nor for the love of any man, is any evil to be done; but yet for the profit of one that standeth in need, a good work is sometimes to be intermitted without any scruple, or changed also for a better.

For by doing this, a good work is not lost, but changed into a better.

Without charity the exterior work profiteth nothing; but whatsoever is done of charity, be it never so little and contemptible in the sight of the world, it becomes wholly fruitful.

For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.

He doeth much that doeth a thing well.

He doeth well that rather serveth the community than his own will.

Oftentimes it seemeth to be charity, and it is rather carnality, because natural inclination, self-will, hope of reward, and desire of our own interest, will seldom be away.

He that hath true and perfect charity seeketh himself in nothing, but only desireth in all things that the glory of God should be exalted.

He also envieth none, because he affecteth no private good; neither will he rejoice in himself, but wisheth above all things to be made happy in the enjoyment of God.

He attributeth nothing that is good to any man, but wholly referreth it unto God; from whom as from the fountain all things proceed; in whom finally all the saints do rest as in their highest fruition.

Oh! he that hath but one spark of true charity would certainly discern that all earthly things be full of vanity.

Complete. «Imitation of Christ,» Chap. xv.

OF BEARING WITH THE DEFECTS OF OTHERS

Those things that a man cannot amend in himself or in others, he ought to suffer patiently, until God order things otherwise.

Think that perhaps it is better so for thy trial and patience, without which all our good deeds are not much to be esteemed.

Thou oughtest to pray, notwithstanding, when thou hast such impediments, that God would vouchsafe to help thee, and that thou mayst bear them kindly.

If one that is once or twice warned will not give over, contend not with him, but commit all to God, that his will may be fulfilled, and his name honored in all his servants, who well knoweth how to turn evil into good.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thou thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

If thou canst not make thyself such a one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

We will have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.

The large liberty of others displeaseth us, and yet we will not have our own desires denied us.

We will have others kept under by strict laws, but in no sort will ourselves be restrained.

And thus it appeareth how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.

If all men were perfect, what should we have to suffer of our neighbor for God?

But now God hath thus ordered it, that we may learn to bear one another's burdens; for no man is without fault; no man but hath his burden; no man sufficient of himself; no man wise enough of himself; but we ought to bear with one another, comfort one another, help, instruct, and admonish one another.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

Complete. «Imitation of Christ,» Chap. xvi.

OF A RETIRED LIFE

THOU must learn to break thy own will in many things, if thou wilt have peace and concord with others.

It is no small matter to dwell in a religious community and to converse therein without complaint, and to persevere therein faithfully unto death.

Blessed is he that hath there lived well, and ended happily.

If thou wilt persevere in grace as thou oughtest, and profit in virtue, esteem thyself as a banished man, and a pilgrim upon earth.

Thou must be contented for Christ's sake to be esteemed as a fool in this world, if thou desire to lead a holy life.

The wearing of a religious habit, and shaving of the crown, do little profit; but change of manners, and perfect mortification of passions, make a true religious man.

He that seeketh anything else but God, and the salvation of his soul, shall find nothing but tribulation and sorrow.

Neither can he remain long in peace, that laboreth not to be the least, and subject unto all.

Thou camest to serve, not to rule. Know that thou wast called to suffer and to labor, not to be idle, or to spend thy time in talk.

Here, therefore, men are proved as gold in the furnace.

Here no man can stand, unless he humble himself with his whole heart for the love of God.

Complete. «Imitation of Christ,» Chap. xvii.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

(1819–1875)

KINGSLEY'S «Prose Idyls» are unique among his productions for their restful quality. His career in literature and in the ministry of the Church of England was inspired by the spirit of unrest which makes progress possible. He was not content to accept anything as a substitute for the best unless it were the best possible, and as he failed to find that in the religious, social, commercial, or political life of his time, he did his best to bring it about. Born in Devonshire, January 12th, 1819, he graduated at Cambridge, and entering the ministry of the English Established Church, became Canon first of Middleham, then of Chester, and finally of Westminster. The «agnostic» spirit of science moved him to write «Hypatia, or Old Foes with New Faces,»—a very remarkable historical study, more widely read, no doubt, than «Yeast» and «Alton Locke,» two novels with a sociological motive which preceded it. His «Water Babies» is a child's book with a concealed motive of protest against theories he did not approve. He died January 23d, 1875.

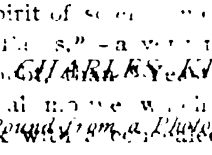
A CHARM OF BIRDS

IS IT merely a fancy that we English, the educated people among us at least, are losing that love for spring which among our old forefathers rose almost to worship? That the perpetual miracle of the budding leaves and the returning song birds awakes no longer in us the astonishment which it awoke yearly among the dwellers in the Old World, when the sun was a god who was sick to death each winter, and returned in spring to life, and health, and glory; when the death of Adonis, at the autumnal equinox, was wept over by the Syrian women, and the death of Baldur, in the colder north, by all living things, even to the dripping trees, and the rocks furrowed by the autumn rains; when Freya, the goddess of youth and love, went forth over the earth each spring, while the flowers broke forth under her tread over the brown moors, and the birds welcome her with song; when, according to Olaus Magnus, the Goths and South Swedes had, on

CHARLES KINGSLEY

(1819-1875)

[illegible] KINGSLEY'S "P[illegible]" are unique among his pro[illegible] their [illegible]. His career in [illegible] and [illegible] ministry of the Church of England wa[illegible] by th[illegible] which makes progress possible. He w[illegible] content [illegible] anything as a substitute for the best un[illegible] were th[illegible] and as he failed to find that in the [illegible] social, [illegible] political life of his time, he did his b[illegible] bring it [illegible] Devonshire, January 12th, 1819, he graduated at Cambri[illegible] [illegible] the ministry of the [illegible] Established Church, [illegible] first of Middleham, then [illegible] and finally of We[illegible] [illegible] "agnostic" spirit of so[illegible] him to write "Hypa[illegible] Fees with New [illegible]," a very remarkable histor[illegible] widely read, no [illegible] and Alton Lo[illegible] with a sociological [illegible] preceded it. His "W[illegible]" is [illegible] book with [illegible] of protest ag[illegible] he did not approve. He died January 23[illegible]



CHARLES KINGSLEY

Engraved by Round from a Photograph by Mayall, London.

A CHARM OF BIRDS

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the return of spring, a mock battle between summer and winter, and welcomed the returning splendor of the sun with dancing and mutual feasting, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approaching? To those simpler children of a simpler age, in more direct contact with the daily and yearly facts of nature, and more dependent on them for their bodily food and life, winter and spring were the two great facts of existence; the symbols, the one of death, the other of life; and the battle between the two — the battle of the sun with darkness, of winter with spring, of death with life, of bereavement with love — lay at the root of all their myths and all their creeds. Surely a change has come over our fancies. The seasons are little to us now. We are nearly as comfortable in winter as in summer, or in spring. Nay, we have begun, of late, to grumble at the two latter as much as at the former, and talk (and not without excuse at times) of "the treacherous month of May," and of "summer having set in with its usual severity." We work for the most part in cities and towns, and the seasons pass by us unheeded. May and June are spent by most educated people anywhere rather than among birds and flowers. They do not escape into the country till the elm hedges are growing black, and the song birds silent, and the hay cut, and all the virgin bloom of the country has passed into a sober and matronly ripeness — if not into the sere and yellow leaf. Our very landscape painters, till Creswick arose and recalled to their minds the fact that trees were sometimes green, were wont to paint few but brown autumnal scenes. As for the song of birds, of which in the Middle Age no poet could say enough, our modern poets seem to be forgetting that birds ever sing.

It was not so of old. The climate, perhaps, was more severe than now; the transition from winter to spring more sudden, like that of Scandinavia now. Clearage of forests and drainage of land have equalized our seasons, or rather made them more uncertain. More broken winters are followed by more broken springs; and May-day is no longer a marked point to be kept as a festival by all childlike hearts. The merry month of May is merry only in stage songs. The May garlands and dances are all but gone; the borrowed plate, and the milkmaids who borrowed it, gone utterly. No more does Mrs. Pepys go to "lie at Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to gather May-dew" for her complexion, by Mrs. Turner's advice. The Maypole is gone

likewise; and never more shall the Puritan soul of a Stubbs be aroused in indignation at seeing «against Maie, every parish, towne, and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, old and young, all indifferently, and goe into the woodes and groves, hilles and mountaines, where they spend the night in pastyme and in the morning they returne, bringing with them birch bowes and braunches of trees to deck their assembly withal. . . . They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe having a sweete nosegay of flowers tyed on the tippe of his hornes, and these draw home this Maypole (this stincking idol rather) which is covered all over with flowers and hearbes with two or three hundred men, women, and children following it with great devotion. . . . And then they fall to banquet and feast, daunce and leap about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or a thing itself.»

This, and much more, says poor Stubbs, in his «Anatomie of Abuses,» and had, no doubt, good reason enough for his virtuous indignation at May-day scandals. But people may be made dull without being made good; and the direct and only effect of putting down May games and such like was to cut off the dwellers in towns from all healthy communion with nature, and leave them to mere sottishness and brutality.

Yet perhaps the May games died out, partly because the feelings which had given rise to them died out before improved personal comforts. Of old, men and women fared hardly, and slept cold; and were thankful to Almighty God for every beam of sunshine which roused them out of their long hybernation; thankful for every flower and every bird which reminded them that joy was stronger than sorrow, and life than death. With the spring came not only labor, but enjoyment: —

«In the spring, the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love,»

as lads and lassies, who had been pining for each other by their winter firesides, met again, like Daphnis and Chloe, by shauw and lea; and learned to sing from the songs of birds, and to be faithful from their faithfulness.

Then went out troops of fair damsels to seek spring garlands in the forest, as Scheffel has lately sung once more in his «Frau Aventiure»: and while the dead leaves rattled beneath their

feet, hymned «La Regine Avrillouse» to the music of some Minnesinger, whose song was as the song of birds; to whom the birds were friends, fellow-lovers, teachers, mirrors of all which he felt within himself of joyful and tender, true and pure; friends to be fed hereafter (as Walther von der Vogelweide had them fed) with crumbs upon his grave.

True melody, it must be remembered, is unknown, at least at present, in the tropics, and peculiar to the races of those temperate climes, into which the song birds come in spring. It is hard to say why. Exquisite songsters, and those, strangely, of an European type, may be heard anywhere in tropical American forests; but native races whose hearts their song can touch are either extinct or yet to come. Some of the old German Minnelieder, on the other hand, seem actually copied from the songs of birds. «Tanderadei» does not merely ask the nightingale to tell no tales; it repeats, in its cadences, the nightingale's song, as the old Minnesinger heard when he nestled beneath the lime tree with his love. They are often almost as inarticulate, these old singers, as the birds from whom they copied their notes; the thinnest chain of thought links together some bird-like refrain; but they make up for their want of logic and reflection by the depth of their passion, the perfectness of their harmony with nature. The inspired Swabian, wandering in the pine forest, listens to the blackbird's voice till it becomes his own voice; and he breaks out, with the very carol of the blackbird —

> «*Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell.*
> *Pfeifet de Wald aus und ein, wo wird mein Schatze sein?*
> *Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell.*»

And he has nothing more to say. That is his whole soul for the time being; and, like a bird, he sings it over and over again, and never tires.

Another, a Nieder-Rheinischer, watches the moon rise over the Lowenburg, and thinks upon his love within the castle hall till he breaks out in a strange, sad, tender melody — not without stateliness and manly confidence in himself and his beloved — in the true strain of the nightingale: —

> «*Verstohlen geht der Mond auf,*
> *Blau, blau, Blumelein,*
> *Durch Silberwolkchen fuhrt sein Lauf.*
> *Rosen im Thal, Madel im Saal, O schonste Rosa!* . . .

Und siehst du mich,
Und siehst du sie,
Blau, blau, Blumelein,
Zwei treu're Herzen sah'st du nie;
Rosen im Thal u. s. w.»

There is little sense in the words, doubtless, according to our modern notions of poetry; but they are like enough to the long, plaintive notes of the nightingale to say all that the poet has to say, again and again through all his stanzas.

Thus the birds were, to the mediæval singers, their orchestra, or rather their chorus; from the birds they caught their melodies; the sounds which the birds gave them they rendered into words.

And the same bird keynote surely is to be traced in the early English and Scotch songs and ballads, with their often meaningless refrains, sung for the mere pleasure of singing:—

«Binnorie, O Binnorie.»

Or—

«With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.»

Or—

«She sat down below a thorn,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And there has she her sweet babe born,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.»

Or even those «fal-la-las,» and other nonsense refrains, which, if they were not meant to imitate bird notes, for what were they meant?

In the old ballads, too, one may hear the bird keynote. He who wrote (and a great rhymer he was)

«As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane,»

had surely the «mane» of the «corbies» in his ears before it shaped itself into words in his mind; and he had listened to many a «woodwele» who first thrummed on harp, or fiddled on crowd, how—

In summer, when the shawes be shene
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the fowles' song.

«The woodwele sang, and wolde not cease
Sitting upon the spray;
So loud it wakened Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay.»

And Shakespeare — are not his scraps of song saturated with these same bird notes? «Where the bee sucks,» «When daisies pied,» «Under the greenwood tree,» «It was a lover and his lass,» «When daffodils begin to peer,» «Ye spotted snakes,» have all a ring in them which was caught not in the roar of London, or babble of the Globe Theatre, but in the woods of Charlecote and along the banks of Avon, from

«The ouzel-cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill;
The throstle with his note so true;
The wren with little quill;
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray» —

and all the rest of the birds of the air.

Why is it, again, that so few of our modern songs are truly songful, and fit to be set to music? Is it not that the writers of them — persons often of much taste and poetic imagination — have gone for their inspiration to the intellect, rather than to the ear? That (as Shelley does by the skylark, and Wordsworth by the cuckoo), instead of trying to sing like the birds, they only think and talk about the birds, and therefore, however beautiful and true the thoughts and words may be, they are not song? Surely they have not, like the mediæval songsters, studied the speech of the birds, the primeval teachers of melody; nor even melodies already extant, round which, as round a framework of pure music, their thoughts and images might crystallize themselves, certain thereby of becoming musical likewise. The best modern song writers, Burns and Moore, were inspired by their old national airs; and followed them, Moore at least, with a reverent fidelity, which has had its full reward. They wrote words to music; and not, as modern poets are wont, wrote the words

first, and left others to set music to the words. They were right; and we are wrong. As long as song is to be the expression of pure emotion, so long it must take its key from music,—which is already pure emotion, untranslated into the grosser medium of thought and speech — often (as in the case of Mendelssohn's « Songs without Words ») not to be translated into it at all.

And so it may be, that in some simpler age, poets may go back, like the old Minnesingers, to the birds of the forest, and learn of them to sing.

From « Prose Idyls. » Macmillan & Co.

PRINCE KRAPOTKIN

(1842-)

PETER KRAPOTKIN, scientist and nihilist, was born at Moscow, Russia, in 1842. His family belongs to the oldest and highest nobility of Russia, and he himself was bred at the imperial court, and, after completing his studies at the university, was appointed Chamberlain to the Czarina. His standing in science was attested by his appointment as Secretary of the Russian Geographical Society, but when he adopted the «individualistic» views taught by Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Concord School of Philosophy in America, the Russian government arrested him. After three years' imprisonment, he escaped in 1876 to France, where he was again imprisoned. Since his release by the French authorities, he has lived chiefly in England, supporting himself by writing on scientific, literary, and political topics for the reviews and newspapers. His views of «individual sovereignty» do not seem to be as extreme as those held at one time by Emerson and William Lloyd Garrison. He leans rather to the idea that if all central power of taxation and coercion were abolished, production could be carried on most effectively under municipal organization. Among extremists in political theorizing, he may be considered representing the extreme of opposition to the theories of Karl Marx.

THE COURSE OF CIVILIZATION

THROUGHOUT the whole history of our civilization, two traditions, two opposed tendencies, have been in conflict: the Roman tradition and the popular tradition; the imperial tradition and the federalist tradition; the authoritarian one and the libertarian one. . . .

History has not been an uninterrupted evolution. At different intervals evolution has been broken in a certain region, to begin again elsewhere. Egypt, Asia, the banks of the Mediterranean, Central Europe, have in turn been the scene of historical development. But in every case, the first phase of the evolution has been the primitive tribe, passing on into a village commune, then into that of the free city, and finally dying out when it reached the phase of the state.

In Egypt civilization began by the primitive tribe. It reached the village community phasis, and later on the period of free cities; still later that of the state, which, after a flourishing period, resulted in the death of the country.

The evolution began again in Assyria, in Persia, in Palestine. Again it traversed the same phasis: the tribe, the village community, the free city, the all-powerful state, and finally the result was — death!

A new civilization then sprang up in Greece. Always beginning by the tribe, it slowly reached the village commune, then the period of republican cities. In these cities civilization reached its highest summits. But the East brought to them its poisoned breath, its traditions of despotism. Wars and conquests created Alexander's empire of Macedonia. The state enthroned itself, the bloodsucker grew, killed all civilization, and then came — death!

Rome in its turn restored civilization. Again we find the primitive tribe at its origin; then the village commune; then the free city. At that stage it reached the apex of its civilization. But then came the state, the empire, and then — death!

On the ruins of the Roman Empire, Celtic, Germanic, Slavonian, and Scandinavian tribes began civilization anew. Slowly the primitive tribe elaborated its institutions and reached the village commune. It remained at that stage till the twelfth century. Then rose the republican cities which produced the glorious expansion of the human mind, attested by the monuments of architecture, the grand development of arts, the discoveries that laid the basis of natural sciences. But then came the state. . . .

Will it again produce death? Of course it will, unless we reconstitute society on a libertarian and anti-imperial basis. Either the state will be destroyed and a new life will begin in thousands of centres, on the principle of an energetic initiative of the individual, of groups, and of free agreement; or else the state must crush the individual and local life, it must become the master of all the domains of human activity; must bring with it its wars and internal struggles for the possession of power, its surface revolutions which only change one tyrant for another, and inevitably, at the end of this evolution,— death!

Choose yourselves which of the two issues you prefer.

From «The State: Its Historic Rôle.»

JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE

(1645–1696)

JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE translated Theophrastus and published his own «Characters» with his translations from the Greek in 1688. («Les Caractères de Théophraste avec les Caractères et les Mœurs de ce Siècle.» Michallet. Paris.) As Sir Thomas Overbury's little volume of «Characters,» suggested by those of Theophrastus, appeared seventy-four years (1614) before the date of the first edition of La Bruyère's, the greater celebrity of the French wit scarcely entitles him to be called «the founder of the modern school of Theophrastus.» His own countrymen, however, will not admit the claim of any one else to rank with him in his class. In wit and sententiousness he is superior to Overbury, Earle, Fuller, and Felltham, the leading English exponents of the methods of Theophrastus, but the circumstance to which chiefly he owed his celebrity with his own generation is not an advantage in his work as it appeals to posterity. He sketched «Characters,» not as types of human nature, but as portraits of actual men and women, his friends, his enemies, or his rivals in the Parisian world of letters and politics. While the age in which he wrote was that of Bossuet, Fénelon, Boileau, Racine, Corneille, Fontenelle, the great Condé, and others scarcely less famous, those whose traits he described without naming them did not become typical under his pen. Thus while to Frenchmen this part of his work has an enduring antiquarian interest, it does not appeal to the general reader outside of France, as do his biting epigrams on the faults and foibles of common humanity. He seems to have set down his thoughts as they came into his mind, without attempting to give them any other connection than that of an underlying idea. He will condense a page of thought into a three-line epigram, or expand three lines into an essay of a page, at his own pleasure, without asking the reader's consent. The result is pleasing, and though he deals too seldom with the good in human nature, the subtle quality of the wit with which he discovers and displays the evil prevents him from being classed either as a cynic or a scold.

It is said that he was the master of Addison in literature; but if Addison learned from him subtlety in the display of wit, he did not learn the sarcasm which above everything else is characteristic of whatever La Bruyère writes in dealing with human nature. He lacks

Addison's good fellowship, but he is keener and more pungent than any writer of the Spectator school.

He was born at Paris in August, 1645, and trained for the bar, but he supported himself chiefly by work in the government revenue service and as a tutor in the family of the Prince of Condé, with whom he was a favorite. When the first edition of the « Caractères » appeared in 1688, they were only three hundred and eighty-six in number; but as their popularity was immediate, he added to them in successive editions until in the ninth, which was in press at the time of his death (May 10th, 1696), they had been increased to over a thousand. The names of those he satirized were not given, but some were easily identified by their friends, and others maliciously by their enemies, so that La Bruyère's increase in celebrity was at the expense of his popularity. He had a long struggle with his enemies in the academy before he finally gained admission. They voted him down three times in a single year, and on one occasion reduced the number of his supporters to seven. As Boileau, Bossuet, and Racine were among the seven who upheld him in his claim to a place among the « Immortals, » there is no room to complain that the judgment of posterity on him was not adequately represented in the contest.

W. V. B.

ON THE CHARACTER OF MANKIND

LET us not be angry with men when we see them cruel, ungrateful, unjust, proud, egotists, and forgetful of others; they are made so; it is their nature; we might just as well quarrel with a stone for falling to the gound, or with a fire when the flames ascend.

In one sense men are not fickle, or only in trifles; they change their habits, language, outward appearance, their rules of propriety, and sometimes their taste; but they always preserve their bad morals, and adhere tenaciously to what is ill and to their indifference for virtue.

Stoicism is a mere fancy, a fiction, like Plato's « Republic. » The Stoics pretend a man may laugh at poverty; not feel insults, ingratitude, loss of property, relatives, and friends; look unconcernedly on death, and regard it as a matter of indifference which ought neither to make him merry nor melancholy; nor let pleasure or pain conquer him; be wounded or burned without breathing the slightest sigh or shedding a single tear; and this phantasm of courage and imaginary firmness they are pleased to

call a philosopher. They have left man with the same faults they found in him, and did not blame his smallest foible. Instead of depicting vice as something terrible or ridiculous, which might have corrected him, they have limned an idea of perfection and heroism of which man is not capable, and they exhorted him to aim at what is impossible. Thus, the philosopher that is to be, but will never exist except in imagination, finds himself naturally, and without any exertions of his own, above all events and all ills; the most excruciating fit of the gout, the most severe attack of colic, cannot draw from him the least complaint; heaven and earth may be overturned, without dragging him along in their downfall; and he remains calm and collected amidst the ruins of the universe, whilst a man really beside himself utters loud exclamations, despairs, looks fierce, and is in an agony for the loss of a dog or for a china dish broken into pieces. . . .

Power, favor, genius, riches, dignity, nobility, force, industry, capacity, virtue, vice, weakness, stupidity, poverty, impotence, plebeianism, and servility generally are combined in men in endless variety. These qualities mixed together in a thousand various manners, and compensating one another in many ways, form the different states and conditions of human life. Moreover, people who are acquainted with each other's strength and weakness act reciprocally, for they believe it their duty; they know their equals, are conscious that some men are their superiors, and that they are superior to some others; and hence familiarity, respect or deference, pride or contempt. This is the reason why, in places of public resort, we see each moment some persons we wish to accost or bow to, and others we pretend not to know, and still less desire to meet; and why we are proud of being with the first and ashamed of the others. Hence it even happens that the very person with whom you think it an honor to be seen, and with whom you are desirous to converse, deems you troublesome and leaves you; and that often the very person who blushes when he meets others receives the same treatment when others meet him, and that a man who treated others with contempt is himself disdained, for it is common enough to despise those who despise us. How wretched is such a behavior; and since it is certain that in this strange interchange we gain on one side what we lose on another, should we not do better to abandon all haughtiness and pride, qualities so unsuited

to frail humanity, and make an arrangement to treat one another with mutual kindness, by which we should at once gain the advantage of never being mortified ourselves, and the happiness, which is just as great, of never mortifying others?

Instead of being frightened, or even ashamed, at being called a philosopher, everybody in this world ought to have a strong tincture of philosophy; it suits every one; its practice is useful to people of all ages, sexes, and conditions; it consoles us for the happiness of others, for the promotion of those whom we think undeserving, for failures, and the decay of strength and beauty; it steels us against poverty, age, sickness, and death, against fools and buffoons; it will help us to pass away our life without a wife, or to bear with the one with whom we have to live.

Men are one hour overjoyed at trifles, and the next overcome with grief for a mere disappointment; nothing is more unequal and incoherent than the emotions stirring their hearts and minds in so short a time. If they would set no higher value on the things of this world than they really deserve, this evil would be cured.

It is as difficult to find a vain man who believes himself as happy as he deserves, as a modest man who believes himself too unhappy.

When I contemplate the fortune of princes and of their ministers, which is not mine, I am prevented from thinking myself unhappy by considering, at the same time, the fate of the vine dresser, the soldier, and the stonecutter.

There is but one real misfortune which can befall a man, and that is to find himself at fault, and to have something to reproach himself with.

The generality of men are more capable of great efforts to obtain their ends than of continuous perseverance; their occupation and inconstancy deprives them of the fruits of the most promising beginnings; they are often overtaken by those who started some time after them, and who walk slowly, but without intermission.

I almost dare affirm that men know better how to plan certain measures than to pursue them, how to resolve what they must needs do and say than to do or to say what is necessary. A man is firmly determined not to mention a certain subject when negotiating some business; and afterwards, either through passion, garrulity, or in the heat of conversation, it is the first thing which escapes him.

Men are indolent in what is their particular duty, while they think it very deserving, or rather while it pleases their vanity to busy themselves about those things which do not concern them, nor suit their condition of life or character.

There is as much difference between a heterogeneous character a man adopts and his real character as there is between a mask and a countenance of flesh and blood.

Telephus has some intelligence, but ten times less, if rightly computed, than he imagines he has; therefore, in everything he says, does, meditates, and projects, he goes ten times beyond his capacity, and thus always exceeds the true measure of his intellectual power and grasp. And this argument is well founded. He is limited by a barrier, as it were, and should be warned not to pass it; but he leaps over it, launches out of his sphere, and though he knows his own weakness, always displays it; he speaks about what he does not understand, or badly understands; attempts things above his power, and aims at what is too much for him; he thinks himself the equal of the very best men ever seen. Whatever is good and commendable in him is obscured by an affectation of doing something great and wonderful; people can easily see what he is not, but have to guess what he really is. He is a man who never measures his ability, and does not know himself; his true character is not to be satisfied with the one that suits him, and which is his own.

The intelligence of a highly cultivated man is not always the same, and has its ebbs and flows; sometimes he is full of animation, but cannot keep it up; then, if he be wise, he will say little, not write at all, and not endeavor either to draw upon his imagination, or try to please. Does a man sing who has a cold; and should he not rather wait till he recover his voice?

A blockhead is an automaton, a piece of machinery moved by springs and weights, always turning him about in one direction; he always displays the same equanimity, is uniform, and never alters; if you have seen him once you have seen him as he ever was, and will be; he is at best but like a lowing ox or a whistling blackbird; I may say he acts according to the persistence and doggedness of his nature and species. What you see least is his torpid soul, which is never stirring, but always dormant.

A blockhead never dies; or if, according to our manner of speaking, he dies at one time or other, I may truly say he gains by it, and that, when others die, he begins to live. His mind then

thinks, reasons, draws inferences and conclusions, judges, foresees, and does everything it never did before; it finds itself released from a lump of flesh in which it seemed buried without having anything to do, and without any motion, or at least any worthy of that name; I should almost say it blushes to have lodged in such a body, as well as for its own crude and imperfect organs, to which it has been shackled so long, and with which it could only produce a blockhead or a fool. Now it is equal to the greatest of those minds which animated the bodies of the cleverest or the most intellectual men, and the mind of the merest clodhopper is no longer to be distinguished from those of Condé, Richelieu, Pascal, and Lingendes. . . .

Timon, or the misanthrope, may have an austere and savage mind, but outwardly he is polite, and even ceremonious; he does not lose all command over himself, and does not become familiar with other men; on the contrary, he treats them politely and gravely, and in a manner that does not encourage any freedom to be taken; he does not desire to be better acquainted with them nor to make friends of them, and is somewhat like a lady visiting another lady.

Reason is ever allied to truth, and is almost identical with it; only one way leads to it, but a thousand roads can lead us astray. The study of wisdom is not so extensive as that of fools and coxcombs; he who has seen none but polite and reasonable men, either does not know men, or knows them only by halves. Whatever difference may be noticed in disposition and manners, intercourse with the world and politeness produce the same appearance in all, and externally make men resemble one another in some way which mutually pleases, and, being common to all, leads us to believe that everything else is in the same proportion. A man on the contrary, who mixes with the common people, or retires into the country, will, if he has eyes, in a short time make some strange discoveries, and see things which are new to him, and which he never before imagined existed; gradually and by experience he increases his knowledge of humanity, and almost calculates in how many different ways man may become unbearable.

After having maturely considered mankind and found out the insincerity of their thoughts, opinions, inclinations, and affections, we are compelled to acknowledge that stubbornness does them more harm than inconstancy.

How many weak, effeminate, careless minds exist without any extraordinary faults, and who yet are proper subjects for satire! How many various kinds of ridicule are disseminated amongst the whole human race, which by their very eccentricity are of little consequence, and are not ameliorated by instruction or morality. Such vices are individual and not contagious, and are rather personal than belonging to humanity in general.

From «Characters.»

ON HUMAN NATURE IN WOMANKIND

THE male and female sex seldom agree about the merits of a woman, as their interests vary too much. Women do not like those same charms in one another which render them agreeable to men; many ways and means which kindle in the latter the greatest passions raise among them aversion and antipathy.

There exists among some women an artificial grandeur depending on a certain way of moving their eyes, tossing their heads, and on their manner of walking, which does not go further; it is like a dazzling wit which is deceptive, and is only admired because it is superficial. In a few others is to be found an ingenuous natural greatness, not beholden to gestures and motion, which springs from the heart, and is, as it were, the result of their noble birth; their merit, as unruffled as it is efficient, is accompanied by a thousand virtues, which, in spite of all their modesty, break out and display themselves to all who can discern them.

I have heard some people say that they should like to be a girl, and a handsome girl, too, from thirteen to two and twenty, and after that age again to become a man.

Some young ladies are not sensible of the advantages of a happy disposition, and how beneficial it would be to them to give themselves up to it; they enfeeble these rare and fragile gifts which heaven has given them by affectation and by bad imitation; their very voice and gait are affected; they fashion their looks, adorn themselves, consult their looking-glasses to see whether they have sufficiently changed their own natural appearance, and take some trouble to make themselves less agreeable.

For a woman to paint herself red or white is, I admit, a smaller crime than to say one thing and think another; it is also something less innocent than to disguise herself or to go masquerading, if she does not pretend to pass for what she seems to be, but only thinks of concealing her personality and of remaining unknown; it is an endeavor to deceive the eyes, to wish to appear outwardly what she is not; it is a kind of "white lie."

We should judge of a woman without taking into account her shoes and headdress, and, almost as we measure a fish, from head to tail.

If it be the ambition of women only to appear handsome in their own eyes and to please themselves, they are, no doubt, right in following their own tastes and fancies as to how they should beautify themselves, as well as in choosing their dress and ornaments; but if they desire to please men, if it is for them they paint and besmear themselves, I can tell them that all men, or nearly all, have agreed that white and red paint makes them look hideous and frightful; that red paint alone ages and disguises them; and that these men hate as much to see white lead on their countenances as to see false teeth in their mouths or balls of wax to plump out their cheeks; that they solemnly protest against all artifices women employ to make themselves look ugly; that they are not responsible for it to heaven, but, on the contrary, that it seems the last and infallible means to reclaim men from loving them.

If women were by nature what they make themselves by art; if they were to lose suddenly all the freshness of their complexions, and their faces to become as fiery and leaden as they make them with the red and the paint they besmear themselves with, they would consider themselves the most wretched creatures on earth.

A coquette is a woman who never yields to the passion she has for pleasing, nor to the good opinion she entertains for her own beauty; she regards time and years only as things that wrinkle and disfigure other women, and forgets that age is written on her face. The same dress, which formerly enhanced her beauty when she was young, now disfigures her, and shows the more the defects of old age; winning manners and affectation cling to her even in sorrow and sickness; she dies dressed in her best, and adorned with gay-colored ribbons.

From "Characters."

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